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LITERARY PUBLICATION OF DUKE UNIVERSITY
FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER - - 1933



EDITED BY
RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

Hudson - Squires - Garrison - Duke - Lamson - Huberman - Ancrum - Long

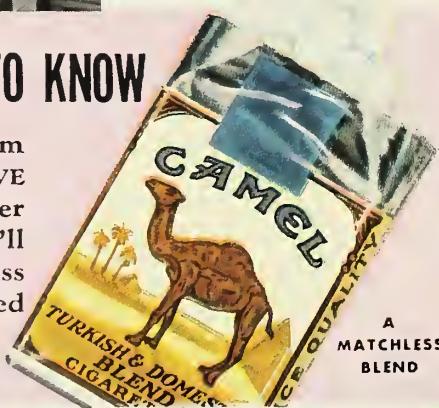
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—R. A. S.

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The ARCHIVE

Edited by RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH M. EUGENE NEWSOM, Bus. Mgr.

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HARRY WILLIS is a senior who has spent the past three years in distinguished service with the Duke Players. His ability has been frequently recognized by first places in stage designs and playwriting awarded by The North Carolina Dramatic Association. He also sings an elegant folk tenor.

GEORGIANA LAMSON shows a subtle touch of imagination in her poetry. For the past summer, she edited a Camper's Magazine with great success in spite of flies, heat, and somnambulism. There is something of the epic in that.

CALHOUN ANCRUM is a sophomore with an intense interest in Germany and her affairs. He is widely read, and a rather careful observer of foreign affairs with the expectation of entering the Diplomatic Corps.

W. H. LONG is a junior with a certain journalistic competence. He has been connected with the *Chronicle* for the past two years. His writing has a concise brevity especially adapted to newspaper work.

ROBERT WOOD is a junior in English Honors and a member of Sigma Upsilon, the National Literary Fraternity. He is much interested in English literature, and has done a good bit of reading in this field. His slightly gray hair is *not* a result of the depression.

SIGRID PEDERSEN is Literary Editor of the *Chronicle*. She has also been active in dramatics, playing one of the leads in Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*. On occasion, she wields a heavy lorgnette, eyeing ants and men alike.

I

Cut, cut my heart in quarters: you will see
 A redness and a brownness fusing there;
 Commingling tubes and pipes; a rugged blare
 Of trumpet tones; then, turbid mystery,
 More redness, brownness, tubes and blares; in me,
 As in all other mortals, vitals wear
 A repetitious aspect; flesh, bones, hair
 Sadly we are, and shall be endlessly.

Two Sonnets

But will you see one primal pulse that heaves
 And hurls these mere ingredients, then weaves,
 With defter skill than finest craftsman knew,
 An airy vision: flowered white on blue?
 And hearing firm notes, will you recognize
 The permanence of love that never dies?

E D W A R D
H U B E R M A N

II

No longer lovers, let us part as friends,
 So, when again we meet, there still shall be
 Some remnant of that mad eternity
 Which passion in a fading moment rends.
 The purple joy of parting fiercely blends
 And forces toll in blood so carelessly,
 Thereafter always must the victims flee.
 There is no help, no patter of amends.

But yet, my friend, yet may there be a way
 To find escape, which must come on a day
 When sun and sky and moon and earth are lost,
 The sea afire, and the traveller tossed
 Towards hazy planets in a rocket bed.
 When this is done, we've conquered. I have said.

All things come to him who waits

BY JOHN LELAND GARRISON

John Garrison, a senior in English Honors, has spent his three years here in close application to his studies. He combines rather keen insight with a distinct flair for character study. It might be said for benefit of the faculty that he listens best with his eyes closed, and is really not asleep after all.

• His hand shook as he struck the match, and the quick blue flame sputtered out before he could touch it to the kindling. It was not until then that he realized that he was tired, very tired. He must have walked quite fast from the post office and the package had been heavy. A sudden anger filled him that he should have hurried; how could a few minutes matter when one had been waiting for forty years. And yet all day a strange impatience had burned within him, so that this afternoon he had cut his 2:10 class in Greek Literature—and he had met every class he held for the past sixteen years. He remembered the faculty meeting last April when the president had pointed to his constancy in class attendance as an example to the younger professors, and the thought brought a pleasant suffusion of pride that went as quickly as it came under the recurring surge of his anger.

The dull dead ache of fatigue was slow in leaving his arm and shoulders. The package could not have weighed more than fifteen pounds and yet it had been difficult to carry in its awkward length. He had thought of resting it upon his shoulder and balancing it with one hand in the

fashion of some workmen he had once seen carrying heavy timbers, but the thought that such a method might not become his age and dignity restrained him. He had carried it carefully clasped in both arms instead.

Slowly, he thrust his fingers through his hair, slender, delicate, almost beautiful hands, incongruous against the ugliness of his sparse hair, ugly with the consistency and color and disorder of a frayed rope end. He was surprised when he withdrew them, to find them wet. He had forgotten his hat. He tried to see himself as he must have appeared, rushing madly along in the rain, hatless, with the package in his arms; and remembering, he remembered the group of professors he had met on the walk. He wondered what they had thought. He wondered what they would have said had they known what the package contained. It was comforting to think that it looked as though it might be golf clubs.

He was glad that it had not been Kaufman that he had met. He knew what Kaufman would have asked, and thought—but not said. No, Kaufman would not have said anything, perhaps because he was too kind, perhaps because he was too timid; and thinking of Kaufman he crossed to the door and locked it. Tonight he must be alone, tonight was his and his the happiness, not to be shared with even his best friend.

His best friend—the unspoken phrase caught up his elation and chilled it with the sudden realization of how like Kaufman he was. Kaufman! whom he had always pitied and patronized. Pitied because of his

invalid mother for whom he cared, patronized because he knew so little of life, because he had never really lived. Kaufman! his best friend—it was, he thought, rather a partnership of the damned. For the first time he sounded the depths of his friendship, and found it shallow; somehow he no longer felt deeply about anything.

He again struck a match. This time his hand was deliberate and steady; and the kindling flared, splotching the walls with patches of purple and of orange, that steadied to one warm glow as the larger logs caught the flame. He watched for awhile the progress of the fire with his thin hands spread out to the blaze that made red incandescence between his white fingers. Then suddenly he turned and looked about the room as though he had expected to find someone behind him. But the room was empty and he laughed shortly and mirthlessly in relief. For a moment he thought he had felt her eyes fixed reproachfully upon him. More leisurely his gaze traveled over the room, past the green over-stuffed chair and the floor lamp in the corner, to his desk along the right wall, and to the two partially filled bookcases on the further, and finally to where two small windows framed the gray chiaroscuro of a college campus in the early twilight of a rainy winter afternoon. But still he deliberately avoided looking at the table that stood in the center of the green carpeted floor and the unopened package upon it.

He crossed to the windows and looked out over the campus. It was still raining, and though before he had always liked the rain, he found it tonight somehow somber and depressing. The old gray stone walls were darkened with moisture and sleek black tree branches glistened in their nakedness under the dark

EDWARD HUBERMAN, a graduate in English, has led an extremely colorful academic career, studying at Harvard, the Sorbonne, and at the University of Madrid. Formerly a member of the Boston Repertory theatre, he has also been active in Dramatics at Duke. At present he is absorbed in raising a mustache and the study of surrealiste poetry, than which there is nothing more obtuse.

sky. The dark, dank chill seemed to penetrate the little square panes of the window glass, and he hurriedly drew the curtains to shut it out.

It was not until then that he took up the package from the table and carried it across to the chair before the fire. There was a studied deliberateness in his movements as he seated himself and balanced the package awkwardly across his knees. Very slowly and carefully he removed the outer wrappings, fumbling with each knot and fold of the paper as if these trivial inconveniences prolonged and intensified the final thrill. A half-smile twisted his lips, and his flushed intent face mirrored the red light of the fire.

The wooden cover was nailed, and he pried at it with the poker. The clumsy instrument slipped as the lid suddenly came loose, and the back of his hand came sharply against the edge of the box. For a moment there was only numbness and then he felt the sticky warmth of blood between his fingers. He cursed softly as he bound his handkerchief around the hand; but it was not a satisfactory curse. Even in the quiet and solitude of his room he self-consciously realized that it lacked vehemence and passion. He walked rapidly up and down the room, holding the injured hand at the wrist. He felt a pettish bitterness at the cruelty of fortune, that would do so much to rob him of this night.

Reverently he drew back the lid of the box and with trembling but careful hands took out the rifle. The fire-light lit a dull reflected glow in the Circassian walnut stock and made little glancing shafts of flame up and down the barrel. He had never seen it, during all the long weeks that it had been in the hands of the gunsmith, and yet it was just as he had known it would be, even to the moose head inlaid with platinum just over the chamber, and to the ivy leaf decoration in red, white and green gold on the bolt handle, and to the heavy horn tipped fore end. Through the letters and detail drawings and

photographs, he had known; and the possession was tinged with a faint regret that this was so. There were in all its perfection no surprises left. He had somehow expected more. Perhaps, he told himself, it was only because he was tired that the fruition seemed incomplete.

He stirred uneasily in his chair and glanced around. He felt almost as if she were seated there in the shadows at the opposite corner of the fireplace. That was foolish of course, for she had been dead for nearly two years; but nevertheless he stirred the fire until the flames drove away the shadows. Yet the half guilty sensation of having profaned her memory lingered. That was foolish too. He had kept faith, he had waited—waited for nearly forty years; waited forty years—for her to die!

The sudden truth of the words shocked him. He tried to think of something else.

But he remembered the day of her funeral. It had been cold and dark and rainy like today, and a little group of people had huddled, miserable and wet, about the open grave, while the preacher had repeated in a dull monotone a few words that he had not heard. He remembered the soft, wheezy, thud of the first shovelful of dirt, like the dropping of an over-ripe melon, and the compassionate glances of the people, and the sudden wild exultation that beat through him at the thought, "I can get it now," so that he had wanted to throw back his head until the rain beat full and free against his face, and laugh, laugh there under the dark sky.

He remembered the summer in Europe, the year after they were married. That had taken the "gun money," the rifle he had been saving towards ever since the night he had talked with Henry Porter; and handled a fine gun for the first time; and first felt the warm glow that the cold steel of a fine weapon can bring; and he had known then that someday he would possess such a rifle. A desire that the years had magnified

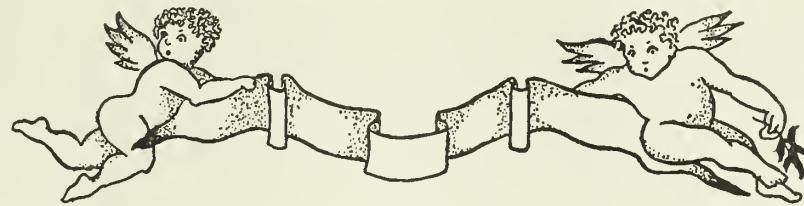
to an obsession, for in some inexplicable way the rifle came to stand for all the things he had wanted and never had, the things he had wanted to do and never been able, the exploration of old ruins, and big game hunting, and travel in strange foreign lands.

But the "gun money" had been spent in Europe, and there had never been any more; for after that the baby had come. The baby that had never lived—things, he thought, might somehow have been different if it had. As it was Marcia's little store of strength—for she had never been strong—had been broken and spent forever, and after that, for her there had only been special foods and special care, and hospitals and sanatoriums. Not that she had been unkind or selfish or cruel through all those years of suffering. He had sometimes thought that it would have been better if she had not been so sweet and brave, for her very sweetness and bravery bound him so inextricably to his duty; for he could do no less than be loyal and unselfish and brave in return. If she had been cruel, it would have been easier for him to be hard; if she had demanded more, then he might have dictated more.

Then he might have bought that farm in Maine that he had wanted so badly; and a cheap rifle, to use until that day on which he could own a truly fine one, for there had been woodchuck, and a few deer, and one time he had found bear tracks around the kitchen door. But she would not allow him to go alone, and he had been afraid to risk the change for her; and so he had waited. He could not hurt her by insisting upon it, for she would never have understood.

He remembered that when late at night he had finished the tedious task of correcting papers and wanted to be alone for a little while to dream before the fire, she would sit there across from him, silent, and sleepy, and uncomfortable, waiting for him, until he felt like shouting at her "Go

(Continued on page 25)



October, 1933

W. J. Cash, Esq.
c/o
American Mercury
New York, N. Y.

My Dear Mr. Cash,

Respectfully yours,

(Signed)

The boy

BY AMY DUKE

Amy Duke is a senior in English Honors, who confesses to a shining enthusiasm for Dorothy Parker. Her work has a certain admirable delicacy, not at all to be expected from her humbleness about it. She has the happy faculty of imagination and charm.

Author's Note: I am indebted to an article by Bonamy Dobree which appeared in the January 1932 issue of the *Criterion*, for my description of Lord Chesterfield and of his son.

- The corners of the study were darkly invisible. Occasionally when a log stirred on the hearth and settled into a more comfortable position amid a small hurricane of cinders and ashes, the walls of the room were lighted for a brief moment; then one could see that they were lined with hundreds of books—books of all sizes, all shapes, all colors, all bindings.

Lord Chesterfield sat on a divan before the fire. The divan was upholstered in dark green satin, with large black dots on it at spaced intervals. The carpet also was a dark green; but the dim deceitful light made it seem very black. The somber maroon of Lord Chesterfield's suit also appeared black except when the fire flamed up and caught an answering gleam in its darkness.

A servant entered through the heavy dark green curtains at the back of the room. He walked noiselessly across the floor; set a decanter and a glass down on the table before his master, and departed as silently as he had come. Yet his entrance had stirred Lord Chesterfield from his deep reverie. He slowly rose, with the aid of a slight ivory cane which he held in his hand. He hobbled up to the fire, and removing a brass poker from the stand beside one of the

heavy andirons, he poked the logs until a hearty flame leaped up the chimney. He looked like an ancient, bent gnome tending the fire in some dark, underground cavern. His small bent body was placed on a pair of legs not much larger than the cane which he held in his hand. His large head was quite out of proportion to his diminutive size. He was very handsome, with his sharp beak of a nose, his heavy eyebrows, and his chin which seemed to jut out more than ever owing to his lips being sunken. Someone might have said that he looked like a stunted giant. Another might have said that he was like some terrific dwarf. Both would have been right. There was about him an air of power, of implacable strength, of unbending determination. He limped back to the divan and sat down wearily. He lifted the decanter and poured some of its sparkling, transparent wine into the glass. As he sipped it he gazed into the fire. Slowly he resumed his reverie.

- He was thinking of Phillip's death. He'd loved the boy—as much for his own sake as for his mother's—perhaps more. At any rate, when the boy had grown older, he had loved him for his own sake . . . and for what he had hoped to make of him. And he had been disappointed . . . aye, keenly and bitterly disappointed. As though one could turn dross into gold through education! It had been foolish to have thought it possible. Yet the boy had been a promising little chap . . . awkward and gawky; but children usually outgrow that. The boy hadn't. Even if he had been eloquent, it might have compensated in a manner for his *mauvaise honte*; but the one speech he had made in parliament . . . it had been lamentable! He hadn't known how to hold his hands, how to stand and say what he had to say.

He had muttered and spluttered and fumbled for words. And those two fellows behind him talking about *his son!* "He talked like a schoolboy blundering through his catechism. One might have thought that he was talking German. He'll never get on!" And it was true. If he had lived twice his allotted span, he would never have succeeded. He would have failed in everything his father had wished to make of him. One can't fashion a delicate Sèvres figure out of London clay. And yet, he had been a dear boy . . . so like his mother; her eyes, her contour of cheek, the same soft brown hair growing low over the forehead. He had loved the boy's mother . . . very dearly. He had called himself Mr. . . . Grimes, that was it . . . so that people would not know and gossip about their love. And she had loved him too. She had wished that the boy had been like his father; but it had not been so. . . .

And now the boy was gone and this other Phillip would be his heir. He had seen him but once, or perhaps, twice. He was not as handsome a child as the boy had been; but he might have possibilities. Perhaps if he wrote to him and gave him advice and counsel, it might help to form him. Perhaps he might be made to have those Graces which the boy had lacked.

My Dear Little Boy,

The desire of being pleased is universal; the desire of pleasing should be so too; it is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they would do to us. There are, indeed, some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of what Cicero calls the *leniores virtutes*. Something like that . . . yes, that might help.

Puppets for pinnoccio

• Cyanide With a Smile—There is a current superstition among some of the prayerful optimists of today that Criticism should have been left in the dark ages along with Sorcery and the other Black Arts. That It should still be very much alive, and even walk abroad with a certain swaggering insolence causes these worthies no end of anguish. And yet it might ease their weary path toward Utopia were they to realize that criticism did die in the Renaissance, that is a certain form of criticism. In those happy days men were accustomed to express their disapproval of something in a rather hearty way. An axe or a catapult was the approved instrument of critical zeal, dynamite blossoming at a somewhat later date. And the craft enjoyed a prestige entirely proportionate to the keen discernment of its members: not only must the critic be capable of acute analysis but he must also be acquainted with comparative anatomy in order to express his disapproval in terms neither too mild, nor too extreme. The present critical practice of flaying alive was frowned upon; an ear, or a toe being considered as sufficient reproof. With the higher classes, mild criticism was expressed in the gesture of having two or three hundred soldiers demolish the offender's castle, while real conviction generally resulted in an impersonal roasting in the market place.

• This particular form of Criticism, having anatomy as its medium of expression, necessarily went the way of all flesh. However after three or four centuries of accumulated prejudice, a new and even more atheistic variety arose to offend the nostrils of the Utopians. It has been suspected that the critical fervor of this particular school was owing in part to dyspepsia, and in part to biliousness, which expression seemed irradically stamped on the faces of its support-

ers. Everything was definitely wrong, and even the mildest people were forced to become critical merely as a defense measure. The Utopians were hunted down like rats, or sent scurrying off to the hills. Critics roamed the streets looking hungrily about for some poor, benighted optimist who had not yet taken to the catacombs. Were such to be found, he was immediately seized upon and told with a certain relish that these were dismal times, that never had conditions been so disgraceful, and all this with being breathed heavily upon the while. Eventually, after the cannibal Kaiser's exile to Holland, things began to look up for the Utopians, and one by one they would creep out to sit blinking gratefully in the warm rays of a sun made of pure gold bricks. They gathered courage and formed luncheon clubs, where gastronomically and otherwise all was well. The Yellow Peril and Lenin's Bomb Throwers were forgotten in the glad-some handshake, and gentle, inoffensive rotundity. So came the great era of Constructive Criticism, and the Utopians were happy, and they congregated together, and they congratulated each other with shrill squeaking noises. Everything now was lovely, people said so openly without fear of being knifed. Criticism there was in profusion, but always of the most complimentary sort. And why couldn't those dear, dear days have lasted forever?

Alas came '29, and a period of national indigestion from the effects of too many luncheon clubs. Never have the Utopians taken such a terrific fricasseeing. Their clothes hung loosely upon them, and only a gentle current of air circulated where before there had been much lunch and Constructive Criticism. And then, out of the ruins of many a good steak dinner, came a gang of Cutthroats and Wife-Beaters of the most deplorable sort. Again the Utopians departed in



haste for the hills, and have been there ever since, living off berries and an occasional root. This new crew of Carrion Eaters then proceeded to bring a new and subtle twist to the art of Criticism, something entirely different and more murderous than the old Anatomical Criticism, or Constructive Criticism, or yet again DESTRUCTIVE Criticism. They brought humor. . . .

• Now, it is comparatively easy to die after having been properly introduced to an axe, and to die withal in dignity, but the present coterie of Butchers are not so much interested in your death, it is how you die—and it must be funny. Their criterion of quality Criticism, then, is to administer Cyanide, so to speak, with a smile. So far the deaths have been frequent, and most damnably amusing. For victim, any earnest Utopian will do. He is seized, injected with a touch of Cyanide, and then allowed to run squealing around a little pit. The pit is lined with spectators each of whom carries a smoking Bomb in either hand. If it is thumbs down, the spectators with great merriment toss their Bombs into the pit, and the one who gets the biggest piece of the Utopian as he comes down is entitled to make a personal meal of the next victim. For thumbs up, there is a cottage in Abyssinia. The field is still almost virgin, and a new Utopian goes to the pits almost every day. When things get a little dull, I suppose they shall seize upon our great men of history. I shall be interested to see what they can make out of Washington and the Cherry Tree.

—R. A. S.

THE DUKE COLLEGIANS, because they have combined good music with showmanship without cheapening either, because their spirit of cooperation has carried them through three consecutive years with but a single change, because they are not only fine musicians, but frequently take up the composer's pen with distinction. Because they have a fine spirit of fraternalism in their own group.

JERRY GERARD, because as director of the intra-mural sports program he has built up a fine spirit of sportsmanship, because he is known to be scrupulously non-partizan as a referee, because he has made every student at the University feel that there is a place for him in some sport among others of his own calibre.

FREDDY CRAWFORD, because he has an innate gentleness not quite to be expected in 195 pounds, because he is modest almost to the point of self-effacement, because he was second All-American Tackle last year, and because he regularly sells brooms to Freshmen in spite of efficient maid service. Because he asked why the *Archive* didn't publish more poetry.

W. M. BLACKBURN, because he has in the face of inertia and disinterest created a lively enthusiasm for creative writing, because he is big enough to disagree without exciting enmity, because he conducts his classes in narrative writing with the tact and perception of a gentleman. Because he is interested.

DAVIS WILLIAMS, because he is an amiable combination of brains and astuteness, because in spite of working his way through college he is now eligible for Phi Beta Kappa, because in very trying circumstances he has always been a true and loyal sportsman, because he is very capable and independent.

JACK CASSIDY, because he has completed two years in a minor sport without sacrificing either the academic or the social, because he has had the courage to express his likes and dislikes, because he has never been one of the boys and is still popular, because he asked us not to use his name. We didn't.

FOR DISTINCTION

This, my last ride

BY LESLIE A. SQUIRES

Leslie Squires is a senior major in English with a voracious appetite for reading, and the writing of strong realism with a touch of the supernatural in it. He has just been abroad for three months on \$125, there you have realism and the supernatural.

• I stood on the corner and looked up and down the murky street. It was late evening and the street was empty and a few wisps of light fog were slowly floating in from down the river. I pushed my hands into my pockets and shook all over like a dog that writhes and clears water off his back. But I wasn't getting rid of water. I was shaking off the smoky atmosphere of the flat that still seemed to cling to me in the street. I had been inside that flat for more than two empty weeks. The closeness had entered my marrow, the cigarette smoke penetrated my skin, and I hated it.

It hadn't been my idea. The crowd had been after me. Tony had it figured out that I was in on the little job of informing done at the time of the twelfth street holdup. So I took to hiding. But I couldn't stand it any longer. The room got so that it beat against the sides of my brain. So I came out.

I looked up and down the street. It was a cold, grey, greasy night. I pulled my hat down over my eyes and started towards the corner. The street was narrow and murky, the lights seemed to shake and flicker, the night crawled around me dull and black. And I stopped and shook myself all over again.

And I looked up and down the street.

And two blocks down seventeenth I could see a big car turning out of Severn Alley.

And I just stood and waited and looked down at two tiny chips of

wood floating across a little puddle in the gutter. And I listened to the roar of the car as it came up the street.

And it pulled up beside me and stopped, a front wheel damp where it had crossed the little puddle.

"Listen," said a voice, "the boss wants to see you plenty soon."

So they piled me into the car and we started off for the hangout on the other side of town. And I fell back inside the car and something inside me seemed to flutter and go out. Nothing seemed important any longer. Little drops of water formed at the top of the window and scooted in a gray little escapade down the glass. A yelping black hound growled at the whirling wheels. The soft wiper on the windshield went swoosch, swoosch, swoosch across the glass. And I dropped back against the black plush of the seat. All I could think of was a silly little jingle that kept running through my mind,

Tony the Wop
Decided to stop,
That lousy rat,
That squealed to the cop.

And it kept tumbling, and turning, and twisting in crazy circles through my brain.

Tony!
Short! Squat!
With a pony in gold
In his cravat;
With a scar on his chin,
And a greasy grin,
And a belly that wobbles
And won't suck in.

And they went down fourth and across the bridge and pulled up in front of Tony's, and I got out and went in between two of his crowd.

And the walls seemed thick and close together, and the space between them cramped and heavy. The black curtains sagged in uneven wrinkles towards the floor and I could see the thin streak of light where they parted. Tony sat in a chair, a lump

of greasy fat wrapped in a striped cloth. The pungent cigar smoke scurried away from his round fingers and faded into the thickness of the room. And I could see the yellow glare of his nails as they tapped the table.

And I screamed, "Listen! Listen, boss! You know that I wouldn't do anything against you, boss. You know me, Tony! Listen! Haven't I always been on the level with you? Tony! Listen! You couldn't do a thing like that. Tony! Look, Tony! You're not that kind of a guy. Give me a break, Tony. I swear I didn't do it."

And I crawled over towards him and scraped the dirty floor as I crawled, and the dirt seemed to curl up around me and cover me and hold me down. I touched Tony's shoe and looked up at him and pleaded.

"Listen! Tony! You wouldn't do a thing like that to me, would you, Tony? Listen! Tony! Tony!"

And he lifted his foot and sent it crashing into the side of my face, and I fell back against the floor, and I could feel the blood running from between my lips, and the teeth that were loose where his boot had broken them. But I just lay there on the floor and screamed and cringed and didn't move.

And the ash dropped from Tony's big black cigar and he looked over at Mike, and said, "Well, I guess he go along with the boys now, you think so."

And Mike said, "O. K., boss."

And the boss came over to me again and kicked me in the side, and said, "O. K., you come along now!"

And I looked up. And I could see him standing above me, and I could see his greasy face and the red scar, and I could see the lump in his vest where his belly was wobbling underneath, and I was suddenly quiet and all well inside, and I looked up at him and grinned, and he was startled and stepped back. And those lines ran

through my head and slipped out of my mouth, and I heard myself say, "—and a belly that wobbles, and won't suck in."

And I looked up. I saw Tony turn red, and scarlet, and purple, and I knew I had hit him. And I didn't much care when he kicked me in the head and I slipped out.

When I came out of it I was back in the car propped up in the back seat, and up front I could see Tony riding with Mike at the wheel, and I knew that it was all over and that I was on my way. And I knew I was going out in state with the boss himself riding up front. And it still didn't seem to matter much at all. I couldn't get to thinking of things that should have mattered. Those silly lines kept running through my head, and I kept thinking of Clair and her soft arms, and of the good beer at Al's, and the Sunday crowd at Coney when spring is on its way, and the thrill of the slide there, and the funny little sharp place on the first hill where Clair always slipped into my arms.

And I knew that we were headed out across the bridge. And I knew that we were going down to the swamps near the river, because I had been there many times before on a night like this, and had come back riding in the front with Mike and the boss. But tonight it didn't matter as much as before.

And they pulled up along the side of the road and stopped the car. And Tony got out of the front, and said, "O. K., boys, it's about time we get around to the job, what you think."

I was still sitting humped up in the back seat.

"O. K., there," said Mike, "you in the middle, do you think you can take it standing up."

And without ever seeming to move my legs I got up and out of the car and stood by the running board. The night was cool and crisp and there was a spanking sting in the winter air. I kept looking out across the marsh towards the river and the city beyond, and I could see the lights

flickering on and off. The night seemed suddenly cool and clean and good and I just stood by the running board and waited.

"Well," said Mike to Tony, "what are we waiting for, boss."

"Nothing," said the boss, "only, he seems to take it plenty calm, don't he."

But I never heard them. I was still looking out across the greasy marsh at the bright lights of the city beyond. I could see where a late ferry was just making its way across the river by the way its lights moved down the stream, and the lights seemed to flicker and get bigger as they came closer to me. I kept watching, and waiting, and wondering how close and how big they would get,—but with a last little flash they went completely out, and I couldn't see them any more.

And I felt a dull thud in my side again and again, and I seemed to feel it creep higher and hit my head, and I listened, and I could sense the trickle of something flowing from my body. The lights across the river had vanished, and the ferry must have reached the shore because I couldn't see the shimmer of its whiteness on the waves of the river any more. Only the trickle flowing out of my body seemed real.

And then I was sliding and tumbling over and over down the grimy bank, and I could sense the putrid waters of an open sewer below me, and I kept sliding and bouncing down the bank. Still I could feel those dull thuds pricking into my back. And I knew that the trickle still continued, and that little puddles formed in the grime and the dirt as I slid down towards the bottom.

And I seemed to have been falling a long while. And then I hit the bottom of the bank, and I could feel the dampness where my feet splashed in the sewer. But I couldn't move, and I just laid there with one foot out of sight in the sewer and the stench-dull greasy water running across it, and the scum catching in little clots against the top of my foot.

And one hand slipped down quietly and fell into the trough and the trickle seemed to slacken and it seemed that I was empty. But the sewer water seemed to flow on around my body, and it was tinged with red, and looked not dirty and oily, but somehow clean from the touch of the red flowing through it. And the red seemed to mix with the filthy water. And my head seemed to slide slowly down into the water and all I could remember was, "—a belly that wobbles, and won't suck in."

And Tony said, "O. K., boys, what you think, he's out of the way, huh."

But I couldn't hear him.

And they turned and got back into the car and I could tell that it went away by the little rocks and the stones that its wheels kicked down the bank. And three little avalanches of sand and bits of rock tumbled into my face.

Then all was silent and I couldn't hear a thing, not even the whisper of a frog in the marsh around me, and the lights were all gone, and I seemed an empty shell, and I felt the clogging of the sewer scum around my hand and foot.

And I lay there and thought of Clair and those soft arms that used to fold so tightly around me. And my head seemed to slip farther down into

(Continued on page 26)

NANCY HUDSON has the touch of unaffected beauty in her poetry. Perhaps it is because of deep delight in Romanticism, Byron and Keats and all that they bring. Under her efficient editorship, the *Homespun*, literary magazine of Greensboro High School, won first place in National Competition. Besides all this, she has a carefully guarded desire to go around the world without a cent in her pocket. Under such circumstances, we feel called upon to contribute the German car token that has been lying around the office these many years. No use walking all the way.

To the very young

Yield not to smiling lips;
 They part but to bite.
 Pursue not so eagerly life;—
 Someday it will turn and catch you.

Poetry of
 NANCY HUDSON

If you would be kind

Tenderness is such a lovely thing,
 And mortal hands to be so blundering;
 Angel touch is light, they say—
 Oh, if you would be kind, stay away!
 Our pain is far too deep for healing,
 Or stumbling fingers to be revealing—
 Fingers loving, yet harsh as day—
 So, if you would be kind, stay away!
 Man's care does but accentuate the pain
 No mortal can for me my redemption gain;
 'Tis I alone my wound can stay—
 And, if you would be kind, stay away!

Hour before dawn

I look at the cold grey sky and wonder
 That the sun will ever rise again,
 That any coming burst of glory
 Can heal this bleak, dull pain.

Six on the half shell

BY RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

People

PETER MARTIN, a novelist

NANTA MARTIN, his sister, an actress

FELICIA MARTIN, his wife

Martin's publishers

MRS. LUMKIN

THE BARON PRITZWOLD

JENKINS

• The setting for the play is in the living room of an old Italian villa. There are two archways, one on the right leading to other parts of the house, and one center back leading to the garden. They are each dimly lighted by two large wrought iron flambeaus. The white outlines of the archways give a faint suggestion of the shape of the room. Circular steps lead up to the archway center back. On the right there are benches of darkly stained wood, and a few hard chairs of primitive design. A huge refectory table is on the left, and behind it looms a great open fireplace made of white marble, its sides carved with strange sculptures. On the table there are two large copper bowls, one at either end. From the shadows of the room there comes an occasional flash of light as the dark fires from the flambeaus gleam against some burnished bit of brass or copper. The time is about eight o'clock of a summer's night.

Peter is seated at the refectory table, examining a bracelet. It flashes and sparkles in the candlelight, giving off a weird, somber flame. Peter is about twenty-six, tall and rather pale, his manner one of detachment, yet not without warmth. As he sits there Nanta softly enters, concealing something behind her back. Hers is a face possessing at once delicacy and force. She is twenty-three, lithe of figure and deft of movement. There is something about her that speaks of the theatre. Peter does not see her until she is almost center stage.

PETER (*looking up*): Hello, any news from Singapore?

NANTA: Singapore?

PETER: Well, we haven't heard from Singapore in quite a while, have we?

She advances, smiling slightly, to seat herself on a low bench facing Peter.

NANTA: Not in the past eighty years, as I remember.

PETER: Well, I just thought it was about time.

NANTA: If you remember, we had an Uncle in Singapore.

PETER (*still examining the bracelet*): Did we?

NANTA: Yes, he ran one of those glass bottom boats.

PETER: So?

NANTA: And the glass bottom cracked.

PETER (*absently*): Yes?

NANTA (*cunningly*): Well, the poor man strained his eyes so looking through the cracked glass bottom—

PETER (*suddenly very intent, interrupting*): That he went quite blind—

NANTA: And stepped overboard by mistake—

PETER: And was drowned—

NANTA (*finishing*): Poor man.

They both laugh. Peter turns again to his examination of the bracelet, then catching Nanta's movement of concealment, looks up quickly.

PETER: Hello, what have you there? (*Smiling*) An obelisk?

NANTA: Something I made, something I thought you might remember if you saw it again.

PETER (*skeptically*): Another crocheted tie rack?

NANTA (*rather seriously*): No, fool.

PETER: Not that lovely lace pin-cushion with the geranium growing out of the top?

Slowly, Nanta takes from behind her a mask. As it comes into full

view, a pale golden light seeming to come from somewhere behind Peter, delicately illuminates an ethereal face, full with elusive beauty, a strange loveliness moulded by all the Ages and the freshness of many an unborn Spring. The music from the Sixth Symphony wells up and seems to fill the very walls with sudden passion and great anguish. In a moment it has died away, and Peter's hand falls to his side. Slowly, reluctantly the golden light seems to pass from the mask of the priestess, lingering softly on the golden head-dress, stealing swiftly the life from that lovely face. When he speaks, after a little while, it has gone, leaving the mask in Nanta's hand empty of all expression.

PETER (*slowly*): Yes, it is she, she in all her loveliness, yet somehow, dead. And yet it seemed—it seemed that just then I heard the music again, and felt her eyes upon me. But that thing (*he points to the mask*) is quite dead, isn't it? (*Falteringly*) It is dead, isn't it? I mean nothing so alive as what I seemed to see could come from glue and paper could it? It seems just a mask now...

He stands there like a little child, as though he were trying to believe in something, but didn't know how to begin. There is great pity in Nanta's face.

NANTA (*slowly*): No, it isn't alive. (*Then seeming to throw off a somber mood*) I made two, and gave one to Felicia. She seemed so strange about it, and yet full of a certain understanding. But what do you think of it, you haven't said.

PETER (*softly, unheeding*):

Too long, oh Laysha, have I lain
Within the soft, forgetful temple
Of thy love; too long have looked
Upon the limpid waters of thy
soul...

NANTA (*uncomprehending*): What?

PETER (*startled*): Eh? Oh, it is very beautiful.

He sits down, very much absorbed, and begins to play absently with the bracelet. Nanta goes over and hangs the mask over the door center back. Shadows cast by the flickering candles give to the golden headdress a momentary lustre, and to the features a certain ghostly mobility.

NANTA (*lightly, indicating the bracelet*): Peter, you haven't been borrowing the crown jewels again, have you?

PETER (*in the same vein*): Oh, no. These are just a few that dropped off the Shah of Persia as he rode by on his elephant.

NANTA: I forgot to ask, but, uh, does the elephant still talk to strangers?

PETER: Not since his sister took up with that traveling salesman from Milwaukee.

NANTA: But really, where did you get them? (*Examining it more closely*) Why it's a bracelet of star sapphires! They look as though they might have been worn by some priestess in an ancient temple! *A golden shaft of light momentarily touches with life the shaded features of the mask over the door.*

PETER: It was worn by a priestess in an ancient temple. Nanta, you remember how, as children, we used to play in the white ruins that look to the sea. And how from our minds and all the legend about us, we built a lovely, imaginary creature, a thing woven from the still nights, the winds, and the song of the earth. And we called her Laysha, and filled her eyes with moonlight from blue seas, and her hair was guarded by the night, and the pale hands of Dawn softly formed her face. Hers was the freshness of Time that touches with gold a century, or an hour. She breathed of old, unsung, forgotten days whose magic murmured in her heart. (*The music of the Sixth Symphony softly begins*) Of kings and armies that clank through the centuries under an ever-changing sun.

She was old as purple in the West, and young as crimson in the East. She was everything we dreamed of, and felt, and lived—then. Do you remember?

NANTA (*simply*): Yes.

The golden light on the mask grows a little stronger.

PETER: And she seemed to grow inside us, to grow in beauty and loveliness. And then once while you were away, and I was walking through the temple in the moonlight, she appeared to me. I knew then that her laughter

The golden light and the music gradually fade.

NANTA: Yes, I remember. But she was never quite real to me, her face faded before the brightness of life, so much of beauty is only remembered. It seems to take seed in the present only to flower in the past.

PETER: She was always real to me. In a way, she was me, she seemed to take her very being from my dreams and the things that I loved. And yet, she was somebody else I had known before, like strange people you see, and feel you have known somewhere. She is like an old, half-familiar song that rouses a flood of dim memories, vague and undefined that linger in the depths of your heart. I felt something about her too great for expression. She gave me peace, and to me, was the fulfilment of everything beautiful, and yet she filled me with hot, inexplicable yearning for I knew not what, a strange, seething unrest. But all that has gone. When Felicia came she seemed to fade like mist before the sun, and I saw her no more. With Felicia, I felt as if the whole world had suddenly grown up and I was still a little boy. You remember how we went to America, and I was a success writing the kind of books Felicia liked and the world liked, being puppet and lion all in one. I tried to steal away and write the happy sort of things I used to write. The poetry of Laysha, and all that she meant. But something had died inside me, I had written so much the way people liked things to be written that I couldn't change. And yet I felt that if I saw her again, if I saw Laysha again, I could write in the old way, but she never seemed to come...

NANTA: But you went back to Italy, back to the white ruins. Didn't she walk there in the moonlight?

PETER: No, the nights were long, and full of the empty wanderings of the stars. I felt that I had lost something, lost the meaning of sky, and sun, and sea. The hills carried no legend, and no shadows walked with the moon. And so, I went back to

NOWHERE

By GEORGINA LAMSON

What is nowhere?
Is it the place
Where love goes when it dies?
Where souls,
And blue
And perfumes are born?
Is it from nowhere
That stars and rainbows come?
Is it the home of butterflies
And love songs which have been
forgotten.
In nowhere
Jewels are fashioned
And dreams.

and mine had flown upon a thousand winds before you and I together watched dark shadows on the grass, or opened our eyes to dawn. I knew that sometime, somewhere we had lived together, she and I, perhaps some land now lying close to the hot breast of the earth, buried long beneath the footfalls of a new and strange people. I knew that her eyes had filled my heart where the world listened to the old Gods, the Gods of heaven and the Gods of earth that filled men and all things with mystery. Perhaps she lived beside a quiet sea, and all the beauty of her went to light a temple in a happy land, and her soul was warm and glowing like the altar fires at dawn. And so, I came to her long ago and we lived somewhere in the music of the forgotten.

writing what the world wanted, and left my songs of Laysha to rot in the summer sun. I can write nothing of beauty now, I can only mirror the world and make it laugh at what it sees. The old fires are still burning within me, but they find no outlet, Laysha has gone and with her all poetry. (*Here the music swells to crescendo.*)

NANTA: And so you come back here with the blood-red moon, to forget for a little all meanness, and all perversion.

PETER: Yes, but it is of no use. Laysha never comes. I shall go back to America, and fulfill Felicia's idea of a great literary figure. I owe her so much, wealth, prestige, and fame. (*He laughs sardonically, then with sudden savagery.*): Damn fame!

(*There is a moment's silence.*)

NANTA: I daresay it has been damned by experts.

PETER (catching the same tone of levity): Oh, I wasn't trying to be original, merely emphatic.

NANTA: Yes, for originality I should suggest damning something like people who go around giving away thousand dollar bills.

PETER: I imagine the field is still virgin.

NANTA: Well, at that amount I should have used another word.

PETER: By the way, I wonder where Felicia is?

NANTA: Oh, probably out trying to meet the first publisher of Plato's *Republic*. She seems to smell publishers from afar. I believe they are supposed to leave a little trail of rejection slips behind them wherever they go.

PETER: So I've heard. Slips that pass in the flight.

Felicia appears suddenly through the door right. She is about twenty-five and very good-looking. She is direct and determined, but there is a certain tenderness, a certain delicacy of sensibilities that is hidden beneath her seeming materialism. . .

NANTA: Hello! We had begun to think that you had traded us off for

a pair of old roller skates, and had left to see the world.

FELICIA (walking over to sit wearily beside Nanta): Well, as a matter of fact, I did have an offer of a red scooter. Of course it had no pedigree, so I couldn't consider taking it.

PETER: Quite right, it's father might have been a velocipede just passing through, y'understand.

FELICIA: Oh, I have news, not very good for you though. The Baron, Mrs. Lumkin, and Jenkins have just landed at Rome, and will be here very shortly.

NANTA (slowly, and with conviction): Ye Gods! Them!

Peter gets up nervously, and goes over to the table to light a cigarette.

FELICIA (Patiently): Well, what could I do? I didn't even know they were coming.

NANTA (quietly): You might have sent them a time bomb.

PETER (morosely): Oh, no, you can't blow up publishers, each little piece is still a publisher. And besides, they always get in your hair. Remember that.

FELICIA: Well, after all, we do owe them a good deal. They gave us a start, and have pushed us to the top.

PETER (flatly): Yes, and strangely enough they arrived at the top the same time as we did. Oh, but they give us no peace, they dog us everywhere. Never for a minute do we get away. They even follow you to heaven, I understand, and pad along after you in halo and wings.

NANTA: In that case, I'll warn them to get used to hot weather.

Peter sighs, starts to get off the table on which he has been sitting, and sees the bracelet.

PETER (picking it up): Oh, Felicia, look what I have for you. (*The golden shaft comes softly from behind Peter, catches the bracelet in its path, and goes on to dimly light the mask over the door*) Being buried two thousand years certainly hasn't changed their lustre. (*As he hands it to Felicia, the shaft goes out*) Felicia—Oh, it's beautiful! A bracelet of

star sapphires. They have the deep blue depths of eternity in them! (*She walks a little away from Peter, and, turning, holds them up to the light. As she does so, another shaft of golden light comes from behind her, plays upon the bracelet, and passes on to soften the features of the mask into a ghostly smile.*)

PETER (smiling): Better watch out, it might be enchanted.

FELICIA: I am! It's so lovely! Where did you get it?

PETER: Oh, I found it in the white ruins. The temple that looks to the sea.

FELICIA: Oh, there. But it is exquisite, I'll put it on. The clasp seems a little loose.

NANTA: Yes, I believe the Assyrians only guaranteed them for the first five hundred years.

PETER (getting up): Well, if they are coming, I suppose I had better ask old Giacinto about the wine.

FELICIA: Yes do. I imagine they'll be a little tired.

NANTA: It sounds sort of like Hannibal's march across the Alps, pouring wine on the rocks and all that.

FELICIA: Well, it's not such a far cry from the cup to the slip. (*Exit Peter right.*)

Nanta walks over to the refectory table, and takes a cigarette from the box.

NANTA (lighting the cigarette): Felicia, I've been meaning to talk to you for some time about Peter, but this is the first time in five years we have all been together.

FELICIA: Perhaps I have an idea about what you are going to say.

NANTA: So?

FELICIA: You will probably begin by saying that I have made a great man of letters of Peter, and then—

NANTA: And then—

FELICIA (wincing slightly): Why then you will end by saying that somewhere in the building I have lost the real Peter.

NANTA: No, let's be together on this. I know you love him for the same things I do. And he adores you,

you are the only person in this world for whom he would utterly sacrifice himself. But you know that this man is just a shell, an automatic writing machine that unfailingly bangs out the tunes we want to hear, the real Peter is still a little boy toiling along in the darkness.

FELICIA: Yes, but someday when he is internationally known, he can write the things he has always wanted to. Then he can be his own man.

NANTA: But it is never that way. Even in the theatre where actors play parts for but a comparatively short time, they cannot help, if they are sincere in their study of the character, they cannot help being a little like that character, even after they have forgotten the part. Especially, if the character has made a deep impression on them. Peter is merely living a part, he has assumed all the characteristics the world demands in a man of letters. And as he has thrown his energies into that part, the real man has been buried in the background. He has lost his old touch of delicacy and beauty, and yet there still lives in him the old agony of real creative force. He is like a tempest trying to pass through a reed flute, or an ocean through the neck of a bottle.

FELICIA: But Robinson, and Dale, and Ferguson—they say his books have the quality of genius! And I want so much for him to be great.

NANTA: Oh, they do not know. They see the clever, the brilliant, the sardonic. They do not see a poet whose heart beats only to the tempo of beauty. All he asks is to live quietly with the music of the forgotten.

FELICIA: And Laysha, she whose mask you gave me...

NANTA: Oh, don't you see he is still a little boy, that once she was the personification of all beauty to him. To us, of course, she is an imaginary thing, but to him she is real. Perhaps, we do not really know. . . . It is just like an author watching his own play being produced in a theatre. He sees the actors masquerading as the people of his own

imagination, yet he accepts the actors as the actual people in his play. Peter's normal thoughts center around all beauty, Laysha is his imaginary ideal of beauty, and she is real to him because he sees in her just what the playwright sees in one of his actors taking a part in one of his plays. Now, because he can find no poetry in himself she has vanished. Yet, even that mask I made from his descriptions of her seemed to light some spark.

FELICIA: She seems so real to him, sometimes I almost believe in her myself.

NANTA: I really think that if he ever saw her again, he would become the old Peter, singing the happy song of old lives, and new lives. He is so desperately ready to believe that he would grasp almost anything. And you can never quite scorn the spiritual world. There is so little that dies with us.

FELICIA: But there is something so real about—about Laysha here. The whole land is so golden with legend. Rosina has just told me that with the rising of the moon a beautiful woman walks among the white ruins. And there is the sound of strange music, and the smell of incense faintly upon the air. Oh, if I only knew what I were fighting against. Whether it is merely an illusion in Peter's mind, or whether some of us are really awakened too soon from another sleep, our hearts half-filled with old memories, living half in the present, half in the past. If I were only sure that Laysha lived only in his mind, and that sight of her would bring to his lips all the beauty he used to speak, if I were sure, I would create an illusion of her, perhaps like that mask. But this land is so full of phantasy, I do not know. I am torn between a great man, and a little boy, who might perhaps be great. Oh, Nanta, it was the little boy who won my heart, but since he has gone I can only cling desperately to the man. I do not know that I could create some illusion of Laysha long enough to restore his faith in himself. Or

if I could, whether it would be ultimately worth more to him to be the little boy with the song, or the man with the world of letters at his feet.

NANTA: I think perhaps you could create an illusion of Laysha that would restore his faith in himself and in all things beautiful. He wants so much to believe again, to give up the gray for the golden.

Felicia gets up and crosses over to the table. There is a wealth of suppressed feeling in her manner. She speaks with her back half turned to Nanta.

FELICIA: I have never talked much about my father to you or Peter, but he also was a little boy who believed in the freshness and beauty of the world. He lived for fantasy, and found romance in everything. But people looked at his paintings, and rather laughed. They were looking for the harsh, and the bitter, and the sordid. Beauty to them was distasteful, it was soft and weak. And so he labored on, a child of the sun dying in the dusk. There was greatness in him, too, and much promise. But he would rather live with the creatures of his fancy, than make any concessions to the world. He died almost unknown. Oh, I realized then that so little of the world loves beauty, and that all great men go through an aging of ugliness before the world will accept their offerings of beauty. I wanted so much for Peter to be great. It is such a pity that a gentle melody be drowned in the scuffling of feet, when it might have filled other lives. (*Then simply*) That is why I have pushed Peter.

She turns toward Nanta, smiling rather sadly. There is a moment's silence, then Peter appears laughing through the door on the right. Both women seem to relax.

PETER: Giacinto has gone to help his brother, the village innkeeper. A great misfortune has befallen the family.

FELICIA: What, earthquake, fire, or famine?

PETER (*sitting down*): Neither. It seems that some rats drowned in the

wine casks, and Giacinto is helping his brother strain the wine.

NANTA: But they won't sell it, will they?

PETER (sadly): Yes, and rabbit stew very cheap.

FELICIA: Ah, the glory that once was Rome.

NANTA: We must ask Giacinto's brother to come up and strain our wine sometime.

PETER (with a glint in his eye): You know, I believe we've at last discovered the ideal death. Imagine being drowned in wine. And no hangover—at least I don't suppose they have hangovers in heaven.

FELICIA: No, I believe they ruled that out at the last meeting of the legislature—there seemed to be some difficulty about getting the halos to fit.

NANTA: You know I should like very much to go to heaven. Imagine not knowing a soul.

PETER: One thing certain, Mrs. Lumkin won't be there.

FELICIA: Why, in particular?

PETER: Well, she bought a wax figure of one of the more accredited saints and prayed ardently, but was so disappointed in his performance that she melted him in a frying pan, chanting pagan melodies the while.

There is the sound of laughter off-stage followed by the appearance of Mrs. Lumkin with the Baron and Jenkins in close attendance. Nanta, Felicia, and Peter sit quietly for a moment watching them. Mrs. Lumkin is small and rather neurotic. She is reminiscent of fizzing damp powder that might suddenly ignite and cause no end of furor. Her conversation is swift and her voice strident, both of which gifts have been brought to bear in talking down dissenting voices. Her only and greatest love has been herself, and there has not been even the slightest possibility of alienation of affections. The Baron is your typical hypochondriac, tall and sallow, with long oily hair combed straight back. His strongest characteristic is apathy, a kind of dogged resentment toward

movement of any sort. Jenkins also cherishes this admirable spirit of opposition. His chief claim to respect is his money and he harbors violent antipathy toward any other means of gaining respect. Large and complacent, he lends to everything a heavy air of great moment. He says good morning as though the world had been waiting centuries for that salutation. Mrs. Lumkin is still talking to the Baron as she enters the room.

MRS. L.: And, Baron, when he said, *Countess—Countess* your umbrella, I knew he must have been a gentleman. (Turning) Well my dears, how have you been?

Nanta, Felicia, and Peter rise.

FELICIA (coming forward): How are you, Mrs. Lumkin? And you Mr. Jenkins? (Shaking hands) Of course, Baron, I know that you are well.

BARON: Never worse, why the doctor said only yesterday—

MRS. L. (drowning him out): Hello Peter and Nanta.

There is a general exchange of greetings before everyone sits down. Peter and Nanta seem to view their guests with none too much esteem, indeed assuming a rather bilious look.

MRS. L. (stridently): Before I ask how you all are, I simply must tell you about the old print I got in Bordeaux. It was a filthy place, the man had a beard, but there was a picture of George Washington on the wall so I thought to myself 'Et tu Georges' and walked in. Well, it's a print of an old man with a lorgnette and I've decided that he looks just like great uncle Ferdinand. I've had a coat of arms made to fit his appearance, and now I want Peter to write something in the way of genealogy. Something exceptional, of course.

PETER (smiling slightly): How about second cousin to the king of Nigeria?

MRS. L. (doubtfully): They're awfully dark down there, aren't they?

FELICIA (interrupting hurriedly): Did you come by way of Rome?

JENKINS: By way of Rome? I

should say not, not when you can cut off an hour and forty minutes through the new tunnel.

NANTA (quietly): Isn't that just too jolly? Then you don't have to see those old ruins, do you?

JENKINS: Just what I was saying to Mrs. Lumkin.

BARON (shivering): Unhealthful places. I don't see how a man like Caesar could stand the flies.

MRS. L.: Oh he was away in those heathen countries most of the time. And speaking of heathens, did you know that Jenkins is entirely financing a missionary in China?

PETER: Sort of personal missionary, eh Jenkins?

MRS. L. (stridently): Well, we have something definite to do. Jenkins, suppose you tell Peter the surprise we have for him.

JENKINS (impressively): Peter, my boy, we've come to offer you a golden opportunity.

MRS. L. (settling herself more comfortably): We have your interest at heart.

BARON (miserably): Yes indeed.

JENKINS: We want to start a new magazine. A magazine for the man in the streets. We want an editor who will be worth \$10,000 a year. Peter, my boy, we think you're the man.

Peter's voice carries a note of studied irony.

PETER: So you want me to go back to the cities again?

MRS. L.: There's a tidy sum in it for all concerned.

PETER: Another chance for prestige, eh?

BARON: Exactly.

JENKINS: You know what the public wants, you've already proved that.

PETER (rather bitterly): Yes, I've already proved that. And the world pays rather well for what it wants, doesn't it? Pays heavily not to be reminded of what it lacks.

FELICIA: But Peter, it will give you a chance—

PETER: Oh yes, a chance to work with men of my kind, and watch

(Continued on page 26)

Let's hear you say
"They're Milder, Mate"



-the cigarette that's Milder
-the cigarette that Tastes Better

Chesterfield

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Books

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE ALION SQUIRES

The new Germany

GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH

Calvin B. Hoover—The Macmillan Company—(\$2.50).

• Calvin B. Hoover in *Germany Enters the Third Reich* has compiled a scholarly study of the "bloodless revolution" that placed the National Socialist Party in the Germanic saddle. This new book is a series of annotated observations treated without prejudice or illusion and analyzed with vigorous historical acumen.

The material contained in this book falls naturally into three distinct divisions. The first contains chapters touching upon the pre-revolutionary state of Germany and the German people. The second is a study of National Socialism itself. The third deals with the relation between the new Reich and the other nations of the world.

In the opinion of Professor Hoover the outstanding factor in the phenomenal success of the Hitler movement was the ripeness of the time. There was, he records, "a deep-seated dissatisfaction with the existing economic system." This dissatisfaction was so active and intense that he is led to query, "Did National Socialism overthrow the capitalistic system in Germany, or did the National Socialist Revolution only serve to salvage the wreckage of a sinking capitalistic system from a threatening communistic storm?" Professor Hoover concludes that the old "private profit under a system of private property" economy had failed. National Socialism provided a new system.

The program of this National Socialist group is, he points out, in a state of constant flux and growth. What slim factual basis it has is to be found in the National Socialist Party's 1923 program of twenty-five points, in Hitler's own *Mein Kampf*

(1923), and in the words of the leaders upon various occasions.

Basically National Socialism is a "mob movement of the middle class." The world is in error in assuming that Adolf Hitler is the National Socialist Party. "It would be ridiculous to deny that the character of the National Socialist movement has been profoundly influenced and its development largely shaped by Hitler. Nevertheless, it should not for a moment be forgotten that National Socialism is just as truly a mass movement as is Communism."

Hitler has placed his emphasis on five major movements. The first "is the insistence upon the decisive role of race in all aspects of human life." From this basic ideal has sprung much of the early activity of the Hitler government. The second "is a program for restoring the independent economic position of the German peasant," an integral part of the party's belief "in the desirability of

a return to a system of life and morals characteristic of an agricultural rather than an industrial society." The third "is the great program of physical training and military sports conceived as a part of the plan for improving the physical and psychological character of the youth" of Germany. The fourth is the desire "to re-create the German economic system upon a national basis." At the very center of Hitlerism is a strong hyper-nationalism of the most vigorous type. The fifth is the belief that "war is not only an inevitable part of the lives of nations and men, but that it is a desirable institution for their development."

The creation "of the Third Reich in Germany is certain to have international repercussions of the first magnitude." Fascist movements in other countries are bound to be influenced by the phenomenal success of the German revolution. It is basic part of the Hitler plan to prepare the German population outside the Reich for inclusion in the third Reich. In addition the development of the new government has already had and will continue to have an important effect upon the foreign policy of the German state. "It is not too much to say that the creation of the Third Reich has completely altered the status of international policies in Europe." A new government dedicated to militarism, revocation of the Treaty of Versailles, and a complete *Anschluss* of the German race can not help but upset the international balance of Europe and the entire world.

Professor Hoover is to be congratulated upon the successful completion of a difficult task. He has recorded contemporary history without prejudice or partisanship, and has maintained throughout his work the attitude and viewpoint of a keen but impartial observer. His style is one of questions asked and questions an-

Duke Faculty Publications

During the past month the following publications by members of the Duke faculty have appeared:

The Energies of Man by William McDougall. A scholarly textbook providing a connecting link between two of Professor McDougall's earlier contributions to psychological literature.

British Preëminence in Brazil by Alan K. Manchester. A thorough discussion by Professor Manchester of the Department of History dealing with British-Brazilian diplomatic, economic, and trade conditions.

These and other recent contributions by Duke authors will be reviewed in the next issue of *The Archive*.

swered, a literary form particularly suited to a problem study such as this. *Germany Enters the Third Reich* is without question a valuable and timely bit of historical observation.

—L. A. S.

▲ ▲

A human queen

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Stefan Zweig—
The Viking Press—(\$3.50).

• Stefan Zweig's biography of Marie of France purports to be the portrait of an average woman. In fact, Zweig has produced a scientific photograph of a perfectly ordinary female, with the outlines of the picture refined by historical perspective and literary craftsmanship. Previous biographers have displayed a tendency to show Marie as a queen, a heroine, or an unfortunate victim of circumstances, or even a villainess. Her latest biographer is infinitely more clever. He describes her as a human being, and therefore, like every other mortal, she becomes both wicked and virtuous, intelligent and stupid.

To give a complete characterization of this famous queen, it was necessary for the author to make two complete photographs. We have no glimpse of the second picture until four years before Marie's execution. This new woman (a result of a metamorphosis in her thirty-fourth year) is the forceful and interesting character with which history most concerns itself. Circumstances forced a weak and foolish woman to attain a certain greatness of mind, although, unfortunately, too late.

The first Marie was snatched from the guiding parental influence as a child of fifteen to become Dauphiness of France. Throughout her youth she displayed no seriousness of mind and no desire for stability. The first seven years of the royal marriage brought forth a great tragedy, the first of a series of causes for the crumbling of the Bourbon dynasty. Because of a physical incompetency, her husband remained a husband in

name only for seven years, until his condition was relieved by the surgeon's knife. Such a humiliating state of affairs would necessarily have a devastating effect upon the mental growth of any young woman. Owing to great dissatisfaction and nervous tension, Marie attempted to amuse herself with constant excitement and pleasure. She interested herself only in the glittering narrow life of Versailles, in nocturnal escapades at masked balls in Paris, and later in the lavish pleasures of her own charming little palace and village at Trianon. How much her extravagant pleasures cost the nation and the people of France concerned Marie Antoinette not in the slightest. Her loyal subjects remained in her eyes only lovable but stupid animals that cheered when one drove through the enchanting streets of Paris, or gave One's Majesty a tremendous ovation when one did such a simple thing as to appear at the theatre. The Queen took her position as a matter of course, steadfastly refusing to assume any responsibilities, much to the despair of her mother, conscientious Maria Theresa of Austria. That a great catastrophe would befall her light-headed daughter, was the firm belief of the empress, for she often expressed a desire not to live to see the evil day.

The effect of his physical incompetency had a far more devastating effect upon the character of Louis the Sixteenth. His humiliation brought forth many inhibitions and an inferiority complex that made him procrastinative and weak up to the time of his execution. Above all, he was unable to deny his wife her slightest whim. As a result Europe was ruled in the main by three women: Catherine of Russia, who was interested in her personal gains; Maria Theresa of Austria, who was interested in preserving her kingdom and her dynasty; and Marie Antoinette, who was interested not at all. Nor did the king have any slight interest in the welfare of France. Pachydermatous, his main enthusi-

asms were hunting and exercising violently in his blacksmith shop.

When the princess royal was finally born a slightly stabilizing influence entered Marie's life. The harm, however, had long been done to her mental growth. She meddled in government affairs only enough to gain lucrative posts and sinecures for her parasitic favorites and playmates in the paradise of Trianon. It was this provision for favorites that split the court up into bitter factions whose constant quarreling undermined the strength of the entire monarchial and aristocratic system and made Marie the most reviled and cordially despised woman in the French nation.

The metamorphosis of Marie, her entrance into the second phase of her personality, was brought about most suddenly by the outbreak of the revolutionary movement. Arrogance was immediately replaced by true regal dignity; levity gave way to a remarkable political insight and wisdom of action. Too late! For the first time in her life Marie was living the part of Marie de France, descendant of the Hapsburgs and daughter of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. It was a pathetic figure, this magnificent queen, who was trying to untangle the knotted strings of the puppet show of her power. The humiliation of imprisonment, of public degradation, and exposure to cursing mobs, was a blow that Marie could

The following publications, reviewed in this issue, will be found on sale at the Thomas-Quicke Company in Durham—

The Great I Am by Lewis Graham.

Marie Antoinette by Stefan Zweig.

The Crimson Jester: Zapata of Mexico by H. H. Dunn.

The Soft Spot by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Benvenuto Cellini and his Florentine Dagger by Victor Thaddeus.

Entertaining the Islanders by Struthers Burt.

perhaps not have born, had it not been for the constant devotion of her one dependable friend, her only love and lover, Count Alex Fersen of Sweden. The story of those four last years consists of one blighted hope after another, with constant blows to royal dignity and pride. Perhaps Marie saw her execution as a final release from a situation that was too horrible to be further endured. No human could have failed to appreciate any means of escape from a position so attended with dreadful violence and unspeakable vileness.

Zweig has achieved an admirable middle-road between the extremes of factual and psychological biography. His attention to detail is thorough, scientific. Most enjoyable is his artistry in character photography.

—CALHOUN ANCRUM, JR.

▲ ▲

Mexican murderer

THE CRIMSON JESTER: ZAPATA OF MEXICO—H. H. Dunn—Robert M. McBride—(\$3.00).

- For eight years, 1910 to 1918, Emiliana Zapata rode at the head of his Death Legion across the blood-smeared map of Mexico. The crimes of modern racketeer-infected America pale into nothing as H. H. Dunn unfolds the exploits of this self-named Attila of the South. The newspaper correspondent author, who for many years rode stirrup to stirrup with this bandit extraordinary, depicts Zapata as he found him—an illiterate Guerrero Indian who, through cruelty and indigenous cunning, rose from obscurity to the position of absolute ruler of over three million people, and master of an area greater than the Aztec Empire.

In front of his Indian horde of fifteen thousand and followed by his clean-up squad of feminine vultures, he cut a trail of loot and rapine through the southern half of Mexico. His initial ambition, to give back the State of Morelos to the Indians, was soon smothered beneath the enjoyable

Forthcoming Books

FICTION

One More River by John Galsworthy. Mr. Galsworthy's last novel and the concluding volume of the "Cherrell Saga."

Winner Take Nothing by Ernest Hemingway. Fourteen stories of varying length by the author of *The Sun Also Rises*.

I, the Tiger by Manuel Komroff. A new novel by the author of *Coronet*.

Long Pennant by Oliver La Farge. Another biographic tale by the Pulitzer Prize winner.

No Castles in Spain by William McFee. A new novel from the pen of the author of *The Harbormaster*.

The Child Manuela by Christa Winsloe. The novel of "Maedchen in Uniform."

BIOGRAPHY

The Cat Had Nine Lives by Achmed Abdullah. The author's personal adventures and reminiscences.

It Was the Nightingale by Ford Madox Ford. An autobiography.

My Battle by Adolf Hitler. The personal story of the master of Germany and the basic platform of the National Socialist Party.

The Beginning of a Mortal by Max Miller. The boyhood of the author of *I Cover the Waterfront*.

TRAVEL

Peter Arno Abroad. Written and illustrated by Peter Arno. An Arno-esque journey in pen and picture.

Paris to the Life by Paul Morand. A study of Paris by the French author of *New York*.

feel of increasing might. Power became an obsession. Through that power he elected two presidents of Mexico and controlled the actions of a third.

A man of contradictions, he butchered, he tortured, yet he gave a British subject five thousand dollars to take his sick child out of Mexico. Illiterate he was, yet it is rumored that he used a President of the United States to further his ends.

The tales of his famous practical jokes (through which he earned his title of The Crimson Jester) are still told around the campfires of southern Mexico, while his predatory adventures are sung in over a hundred ballads. Less than a generation after his death the figure of Zapata has already become legendary among the people of his race.

The book is bloody. It is unusual. In parts, newspaperman Dunn reveals a love of the super-sensational that is not reconcilable with sober reporting. His understanding, however, of the Mexican race and scene, culled through many years of residence in the republic to the south, gives the book an undeniable authenticity. A good one for that lackadaisical Sunday afternoon.

—ROBERT WOOD.

▲ ▲

A complete Cellini

BENVENUTO CELLINI AND HIS FLORENTINE DAGGER—Victor Thaddeus—Farrar and Rinehart—(\$3.50).

- Benvenuto Cellini in his pungently egotistical autobiography caught the blaring beating swing of Renaissance life. Into its pages he crammed the wealth of action that marked a saturated sixteenth-century existence. And yet, the aged and disease-eaten goldsmith groaned with disgust when he thought how Cellini the author had failed to preserve all the incident-studded life of Cellini the man.

Victor Thaddeus in *Benvenuto Cellini and his Florentine Dagger* has

attempted to do full justice to Cellini the man. The task is colossal. Cellini lived in a world period of intense existence. Life was a glorious golden steed to be ridden to shadowy far lands where unknown delights lolled on silken shores, life was a fine sweet wine to be lightly sampled and drunk to the dregs, life was a treasure house of ivory toys to amuse the new golden god, man. Cellini was a deity in a paradise of playthings. His years were filled with a rolling swinging mass of living bits, a wild disarray of life, a pungent mixture of nature's goods and man's manufactures.

A citizen of the Renaissance, Cellini was penetrated by the new subtle fluid of the zest for living. Of the seven deadly sins to which he gave his personal attention he chose as his patron saint the rounded figure and the full lips of gluttony. His desire for living was never satiated. His bitter jealousy reached its most gruesome depths when he discovered others enjoying something he had missed. It mattered little whether the item itself was good or bad. To him the pains and ills of existence were as much a part of life as the lace and pampered ladies. He enjoyed alike the racking torture of a plague illness and the soft arms of a tavern wench. His greatest disappointment (for a time) was his failure to take the French disease. The kings of the world had it. In the logic of his mind even that horror was an experience of living. It was fit for a king. It was therefore only suitable that Benvenuto Cellini, king of the goldsmiths, should know its sensations.

- Any biographical treatment of a subject already covered in autobiographical fashion must of necessity be in the nature of a rehash. Especially is this true when the autobiographical narrative is as pungent and penetrating as is that of Cellini. Victor Thaddeus, then, was faced by the inevitable necessity of retelling Cellini's story in such a way that the result would be equal if not superior

to the goldsmith's own record. This Thaddeus has accomplished with enviable success.

The method used is simple and effective. The author has broken up Cellini's record into a series of incidents. These incidents he has retained in their picturesque original form without any radical alteration. This series of colored vignettes he has placed in a group of heavily carved frames, each having a separate squareness and identity, and yet fitting as an integral part into one huge picture of life.

Victor Thaddeus has done his best original work in the creation of these individual frames. His careful study of the sixteenth century has provided him with abundant materials, the workmanship is characteristic and of excellent craftsmanship, and the resulting artistic designs provide just the proper settings for the successful display of the gaudy snapshots from Cellini's life.

The author has presented the glamorous and vivid personal observations of Cellini. These he has wisely left unadulterated. But he has surrounded them by a framework of fact drawn from a historical viewpoint. The result is a complete and vivid panoramic portrayal of the life of sixteenth century Italy.

Style is wisely subjected to content. Personal fireworks are conspicuous by their absence. The result is a complete panoramic view of one Benvenuto Cellini, goldsmith and student of life.

—L. A. S.

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Do you know that in Russia:

You can see God dressed in shorts? A short ride in a taxi will cost you \$20? There is a pig sty in the hospital at Vladikavkaz? Russians regard Americans as the biggest suckers in the world? You will be arrested if you photograph a train? For proof see KAPOOT a new book by Carveth Wells.

Books From the Month List

VANESSA by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$2.50

- The concluding segment of the panoramic study of an English landed family begun in "Rogue Herries" and continued through "Judith Paris" and "The Fortress." A series of episodic vignettes picturing the pre-war empire building and the post-war social changes.

▲ ▲

KINGDOM COMING by Roark Bradford Harper and Brothers, \$2.50

- America's most competent authority on its black inhabitants writes an authentic document of their life in the Civil War period. Touched with the racy individual flavour of the darker race.

▲ ▲

THE FAULT OF ANGELS by Paul Horgan

Harper and Brothers, \$2.50

- A prize-winning study of musical life in a middle-sized American city. A lightly satiric and adroit exploitation of a new and unpublicized vein of native American material.

▲ ▲

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME by H. G. Wells

The Macmillan Company

- A catastrophic history of the coming century and a half. In detail: 1930—another final world war; 1945—an era of crime; 1950—end of the British Empire; 1955—the raid of the germs; 1960—the disintegration of the United States; 1990—the development of a true world state.

▲ ▲

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS

Harcourt, Brace and Co., \$3.50

- A brilliant, intelligible and informative autobiographical study by a citizen of the Paradise of Literary Aesthetes, a fact which has caused much concern within that group. It is an unwritten law that no Literary Aesthete shall be brilliant, intelligible, and informative. Blame Gertrude Stein.

Racketeer journalist

THE GREAT I AM—Lewis Graham—The Macaulay Company—(\$2.00).

• Author "Lewis Graham" (Lou Goldberg) gives connoisseurs of lurid journalese another exposé thinly-veiled by the veneer of fiction in *The Great I Am*. His *Bank President* replaced the smashed illusions concerning the financial wizards of the last decade; this book sweeps aside the last barriers obstructing a view into the colossal roguery of Frederick Gilmer Bonfils, late owner-publisher of the *Denver Post*, with a monumental disregard for caution. The result is what one might expect—a story which will offend the delicate palates of our distinguished critics, but which will arouse gusty roars of approbation from the great mass of proletarians who have languished beneath the lash of racketeers long enough.

College was too tame for Garr Fallson; besides, he was hounded by creditors and he loved Sarah Felton. So he quietly stepped out of college and married Sarah, who brought him two thousand dollars and the foundation of an empire which grew to fifty millions. Garr moved west from Peaksville to Prairie City, and began his career as the promoter of worthless real estate and the Little Honduras Lottery. Exposed by his partners, whom he tried to cheat, he barely escaped mob violence, but nevertheless managed to clear forty thousand dollars. The bright lights of Mineral City (Denver), which was then a booming mining town, attracted him. He purchased *The Chronicle*, a down-and-out daily, and set himself up in the business which led him to the pinnacles of fame, wealth, and hypocrisy.

Fallson and Jake Hammer, his reformed-bartender partner, made an ideal team. Yellow journalism was their forte. Sensational stories concerning the "indiscretions" of prominent men attracted nation-wide attention; if they paid bribes to the suave Fallson, the stories were "killed,"

and if they refused political and social ruin was the inevitable result. Circulation-forcing dodges and strong-arm methods forced *The Clarion*, the rival paper, off the streets. Its editors were old-time newspaper men who could not contend with journalistic racketeers. Fallson exploited every business and individual who would pay tribute; he hypocritically exposed Carrie Watson, his mistress, and adopted their son. Irate laborers wrecked most of his plant, but he placed an edition of *The Chronicle* on the street the next morning. With the forces of an aroused society gradually hemming him in, he died before justice could balance his account.

Bonfils has received a frank obituary at the hands of Lewis Graham. Its ruthless realism is obviously appealing to those who relish sensation-

alism, but there are finely-written passages in *The Great I Am* which compensate for its slips into the gutters of sex and sordidness. An epilogue which shows us Herbert, Garr's son and the treasure of his heart, floundering in the depths of drink is both appealing and tragic. Fallson is a vivid figure—a bully, and at the same time courageous. This biography will never be a classic, but it merits commendation as a contribution to a practically unexploited field.

—W. H. LONG.

▲ ▲

Did you know that:

Temperamental tigers are given a cure for nerves? Giraffes patronize chiropodists? Snakes have broken jaws mended? These are a few of the incidents in LONDON ZOO, a series of stories by Gertrude Gleeson.



A human anomaly

THE SOFT SPOT—A. S. M. Hutchinson—Little, Brown and Co.—(\$2.50).

• As a creator of notable characters, Mr. Hutchinson has few peers among contemporary novelists. His *Mark Sabre* made *If Winter Comes* one of the memorable books of our times; an equally great character, Stephen Wain, is drawn in this novel, but unfortunate structural defects in the plot of *The Soft Spot* deny it literary parity with the earlier work.

Supposedly writing his story biographically from diaries, letters, and first-hand information, the author proposes "to put as it were a capital L to these materials and make of them, present them for publication as, a Life." In this he fails, for Stephen Wain is a human anomaly—a man driven to a tragic end by his own good fortune—rather a case for the psychoanalyst's study than the pen of the novelist. As a paradox to the normal in emotional composition, he is a credible enough Frankenstein, but as a man in relation to the environment in which Mr. Hutchinson places him, he becomes at first unbelievable and finally ridiculous.

Stephen Wain had, apparently, about all the attributes a young English architect needed for success—education, capability, personality, connections—plus an elder brother, Maxwell, whose patience made of him a veritable Job; but, as his headmaster once said, Stephen "had a soft spot somewhere." He meant well, but he did not possess the moral courage necessary to face an unpleasant situation. His errors began in overlooking, to please an associate, imperfect construction materials, and ended by his neglecting to warn his brother when the latter attempted to jump his horse over a wired hedge. Although he realized his responsibility for his brother's death, he was not above cheating Maxwell's bride-to-be and her son of their heritage by hiding a will. From this point in the book, the story becomes inane.

The man who would have proved Stephen guilty of criminal neglect is killed just in time by a taxi; Maxwell's rightful heirs are drowned; Stephen succeeds to the estates and amasses huge fortunes without any apparent exertion of his intelligence by his unfailing—and unbelievable—luck. He becomes terrified at the possible consequences of its failure, and flies to the Malay archipelago and the arms of an inamorata, who commits suicide rather than ruin him. Finally, he returns to England to make restitution to his family and his daughter's lover, and dies heroically in a fire saving the hidden will.

Despite the difficulties of his vehicle, Mr. Hutchinson sustains remarkably the interest of his reader until the poorly-devised final chapter, which is unworthy of an otherwise good book—a kind of Horatio Alger ending to an Ibsen drama. Certain brilliant passages, among them one describing the attitude of the mortgage-ridden, landed English gentry to middle-class commercial success, compensate for irritating habits of composition. Stephen and Maxwell Wain will be remembered as striking characters, and the book as an obviously sincere effort and one of the better novels out of England this year. The tragedy in *The Soft Spot* lies in what the author might have made of it.

—W. H. LONG.

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Three-point landing

ENTERTAINING THE ISLANDERS—Struthers Burt—Charles Scribner's Sons.—(\$2.00).

• A hectic exposé of muddled manners and morals against a three-point background; New York, a Carolina plantation, and St. Birgitta, an imaginary Caribbean island. Love, life, and laughter through the eyes of a typical twosome of fiction, the man and the women. A satiric symposium of modern civilization against the semi-barbaric background of St. Birgitta.

Mr. Burt has a certain loquacity which might be distressing were it not accompanied by definite excellencies of taste and selection. The width, depth, and degree of his vocabulary invalidates any charge of talkiness.

The most distinguishing quality of Mr. Burt's fiction is a quality of subtle charm that pervades the novel. In discussing the general subject of sharks and the particular subject of William Beebe's total lack of fear in regard to that species of fish, Mr. Burt adds this charming note, "perhaps Beebe had a particular smell that charmed the sharks." There is in that bit of language the breath of quiet charm.

Entertaining the Islanders is a modern story of modern life and modern morals. Struthers Burt, however, handles his characters not in the blare-and-flash method of modern fiction, but with a quiet reserve and restraint characteristic of the more classical school of literature. The result is an excellent character analysis distinguished by great charm and beauty.

—Sigrid Pedersen.

LUCREZIA

By ELSA THANE

Immerse the blade

In the long dream,

Shards of a moon

Cast in the stream—

Kneel to the priests,

Murmur at mass,

In the chill dawn

Weep tears of glass.

All things come to him who waits

(Continued from page 6)

to bed, go to bed! Can't you see that I want to be alone." But somehow he couldn't. She was too good and kind, and the words would have hurt her terribly.

Slow bitter anger filled him that he should think of her tonight. Of her whom he had had forty years too close to remember, and only two years to forget. The very neatness of the room was somehow depressing. Impulsively, he took a great pile of

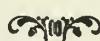
magazines from one of the bookcases and began to throw them about the room. They were magazines of hunting and fishing and outdoor life, and their pages were wrinkled and torn from frequent use. He felt a childish absurd delight in the disorder of their rumpled covers there on the faded green carpet. She had always liked to have things so neat and clean. But tonight was his, not hers. He had

waited for it; waited, because it had been the brave and unselfish thing to do, because it had been the only thing to do.

But tonight, and tomorrow—he drew the fine leather sling strap, soft as a woman's cheek, between caressing fingers and rubbed his flushed face against the checkered walnut stock. Suddenly he realized that he was not happy. He wondered why.



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Come In and Browse



THOMAS-QUICKEL
COMPANY

Six on the half shell

(Continued from page 18)

the dirty, grimy fingers of the world guiding their pens. Oh, but I've nothing to lose. Time to think? No. What do I dare think about? Peace? (*He laughs*) Peace only brings that strange emptiness.

JENKINS (*obtusely*): Yes, that sort of thing is all very well, but you'll never get anywhere. You want something that people will recognize, something that will do you some good.

PETER: And if the magazine were a success, we could expand it into a national publication, couldn't we? And only publish the kind of things that sold well and caused no offense. And then we could hire critics to say that they were good and were great literature. Why we could even hire critics to say that *our* critics were good. And then, if we controlled all the critics we could print nothing but advertisements, and tell the critics to tell the public that it was literature. Why, Jenkins the thing has unlimited possibilities.

BARON: This having our own critics is a good idea.

PETER (*absorbed*): And if I had enough money I could own most of the critics and those that I didn't own, I could discredit. And if any new writer tried to write the kind of stuff we didn't like or understand, we'd turn our syndicated critics loose on him. We could even make an agreement with other publishers so that they too would only publish the same kind of drivel that we would. It wouldn't be long before the world would have to accept it as literature.

He pauses rather exhausted by his bitterness.

JENKINS (*urbanely*): Then you'll accept it?

PETER (*slowly*): Jenkins, I don't know whether I'll be strong enough to take it. I've been ill for sometime.

Felicia and Nanta start and look at Peter strangely.

JENKINS: What's been the matter?

MRS. L. (*loudly*): Why—

PETER: It was a rather strange sickness, sort of a dream. I seemed to live in a great, gray waste. People moved about in the gloom, people with white, frightened faces. There was no light, only shadows, black shadows and gray shadows. And the people would sit in the gray shadows and write. But they could never see what they had written because of the darkness. We carried golden lamps that shed no light, and pretended to see by them. And everywhere there was strange, inexpressible agony sweeping through the darkness on the wings of loud, hopeless laughter. (*he pauses, then smiling*) I suppose you furnish golden lamps with your magazine, Jenkins?

JENKINS: Eh? What?

Felicia has listened to Peter with an expression of mingled sorrow and resolution.

FELICIA (*steadily*): I think it best that Peter recover completely from this illness before he accepts your offer.

MRS. L.: But that is impossible! Why we might be held up for several weeks; anyone can see his illness is

purely imaginary.

FELICIA: You might quite possibly be held up for several years.

JENKINS: We've been good to you, surely you'll do us this little kindness. Peter will be under the care of the best doctors money can buy.

FELICIA: Yes, money can buy. Did you ever hear of love?

MRS. L.: Why Felicia, I used to think you were a person of sound common sense, but this is idiotic. Anyone can see that Peter is perfectly well.

BARON: It simply upsets all our plans.

JENKINS (*angrily*): I warn you, Felicia, if we go without Peter our relations are at an end. Think it over!

FELICIA: Then go!

JENKINS: What?

MRS. L.: Perhaps Jenkins was a bit hasty, Felicia dear, he—

FELICIA: Nanta will show you to your car.

JENKINS: But—

NANTA (*rising cheerfully*): Come along, people. I'll even give you a road map.

Jenkins, white with rage, stamps out after Nanta. Mrs. Lumkin's hauteur accentuates the Baron's docile shambling. Peter sits quietly watching them go, his face expressionless. At length he turns to Felicia.

PETER: I really didn't mind going. And it meant so much to you. Besides, I'm probably better off there anyhow. Felicia, there's something dead here. (*He taps his chest*)

(Concluded on page 28)

This, my last ride

(Continued from page 12)

the muck, and I thought of Clair and how she used to touch her lips to mine, and how the mass of her yellow hair would cover my face and almost

keep the air from my lips, and I would laugh and say, "You'll suffocate me someday with that hair, lady."

And I could feel the marsh grass that grew around the edge of the slough gather in my face and choke it down into the muck.

Two Sonnets

BY WALTER CUTTER

I

Although I cannot tell it in a word.
 It is not that yours is a lovely face
 Or that your voice is music to be heard;
 I think I know the secret of your grace
 It is not that you have a trick of hands or eyes
 Which works upon my spirit like a spell,
 Or that you bring, each dawn, some new surprise
 Which I, in futile words, may try to tell.
 No it is something deeper far than these,
 Some steady impulse of your radiant soul
 Which opens to my heart deep mysteries
 Bringing a splendid meaning to the whole,
 That you through all the world of men and things,
 Bring poignant promise of unending springs.

II

Each day the miracle occurs again,
 As pink dawn cleaves aside the veil of night,
 Out of dead yesterday's mistakes and pain
 We are reborn afresh into the light.
 But greater miracle than this rebirth
 Is the sweet, radiant freshness of your face.
 More perfect than the splendor of the earth
 Are your increasing miracles of grace.
 How can I doubt and fear when love has lent
 Such intimations of such gracious peace;
 For even now I have the fragrant scent
 Of joys which each day brings sweet increase.
 Is final resurrection more than this—
 Waking to a fuller love and deeper bliss?



Why rope 'em when
 you can dope 'em?



NO WONDER that cow was
 cowed! Brother, there isn't a
 steer in Texas that could stand up un-
 der the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument
 we ever heard for strong, heavy to-
 bacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in
 the cow punching game—and out of
 it—should smoke good, mild tobacco
 in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter
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SIX ON THE HALF SHELL

(Continued from page 26)

(Simply) I care so much for your happiness. These last years haven't been quite happy ones, we seem to have grown a little apart, somehow.

FELICIA (wincing): Perhaps we'll win her back, perhaps she'll come again from the white ruins by the sea.

PETER: Laysha? perhaps.

FELICIA (taking Peter's face in her hands): Oh, Peter, don't you see, the world has always sacrificed someone for beauty. In the days of Babylon men felt its agony, the agony of beauty, and called it religion, making sacrifices in the names of strange gods. Someone has always paid for beauty. . .

She crosses the stage and swiftly passes through the door right. Peter sits quietly for a moment, and then gets up to go over to the table. He stands there awhile, lost in thought. Softly but insistently the music of the Sixth Symphony is heard, seeming to come through the archway center back. As it gains in volume, he raises his head to listen. Then it fades away and he slips back into his old apathy. Suddenly it is heard again, stronger and more beautiful. The flambeaus beside the archways flicker and grow dim. The whole room seems filled with the dull gleam of brass, dark fires spring from the copper bowls at either end of the table. The very air breathes of ancient ritual and the worship of long-forgotten Gods. From behind Peter comes the pale golden shaft of light to lightly guild the mask of the priestess over the archway. As the details of the room fade into purple shadow and the stage is filled with the suggestion of some dim, lonely temple in a strange land, the music moves to crescendo. Peter turns and looks at the mask above the dark-

ened archway. The music peals forth its melody of passionate loneliness, and strange, unhappy longing for far-off things. Softly the music begins to fade away, and with its going the golden shaft falls from the mask to dimly light the archway. First it seems to draw from the darkness a golden headdress, then a lovely face, glowing with an unearthly beauty. She seems to be the living incarnation of the mask of the priestess. From her purple robes comes the subtle flashing of burnished metal. Slowly the figure moves into the room, seeming to float along, buoyant and dimly alluring. Drowsy fragrance fills the quiet air. Peter seems spellbound by some soft enchantment, watching her drift about like music made to live, her face now dim in a pool of purple shadows, now ethereal in the dark flames of the copper bowls.

PETER: Oh Laysha, Laysha you have come again, come to bring all the gold of you into my heart, and all the freshness of you to my lips. Ah, you bring old songs, old whispers of the sea, tales from forgotten lips and hearts grown cold in history. You bring Troy, black against a summer sky, and Babylon sending her last galley into the setting sun, the old Gods murmuring in the temples beneath the Nile and the new Gods singing in the temples under the sky. You bring back the clank of legions pressing through a sea of brutal faces, and the dim shadows of a cobbled street under an eastern sky, the beat of drums and stealthy lights along a water front, the whispered words of queens written in blood on the sands. Oh, I tried to find your laughter in the winds, and all the strangeness of you in lonely lands, to find the softness of you in the dawn, and all your understanding in the night. Yet you haunted everything, the moonlight was filled with your magic, and all

the unhappiness of you went to weave faint, half-heard melodies. I could not forget the temple by the sea, and those last strange days filled with the rumblings of the gods and the sweetness of the earth. Days of happiness, full with your laughter and words half-spoken, blindly sweet with the nearness of eternity and that last, lonely galley into the west. Oh, I have not forgotten, not forgotten, and now I shall live to make memories.

The figure steps again into the shadow of the archway, full in the soft beams of the golden shaft. Slowly she seems to blend into the darkness, and the light once more moves upward to touch the features of the mask before fading completely. The flambeaus flare up in their usual brilliance. Peter starts to turn from the archway, when his attention is arrested by the bracelet of star sapphires lying on the steps leading to it. He picks up the bracelet and looks at it a long while. The music begins again. Then he places it on the table and walks slowly through the archway. He calls: 'Felicia' and with the sound of her name the flambeaus die out leaving the stage in darkness except for two shafts of yellow light one playing on the bracelet as it lies on the table, and the other on the mask over the archway. These fade as he calls: 'Felicia' a second time, and the bracelet seems to revolve sending out a shaft of iridescent light full upon the mask. The stage is utterly dark except for this beam. The music increases in volume. Peter calls again with something in his voice that says he has found her. The colors play over the features of the mask for a moment then as the whole stage goes black the music swells to crescendo, ending on a note of great happiness.

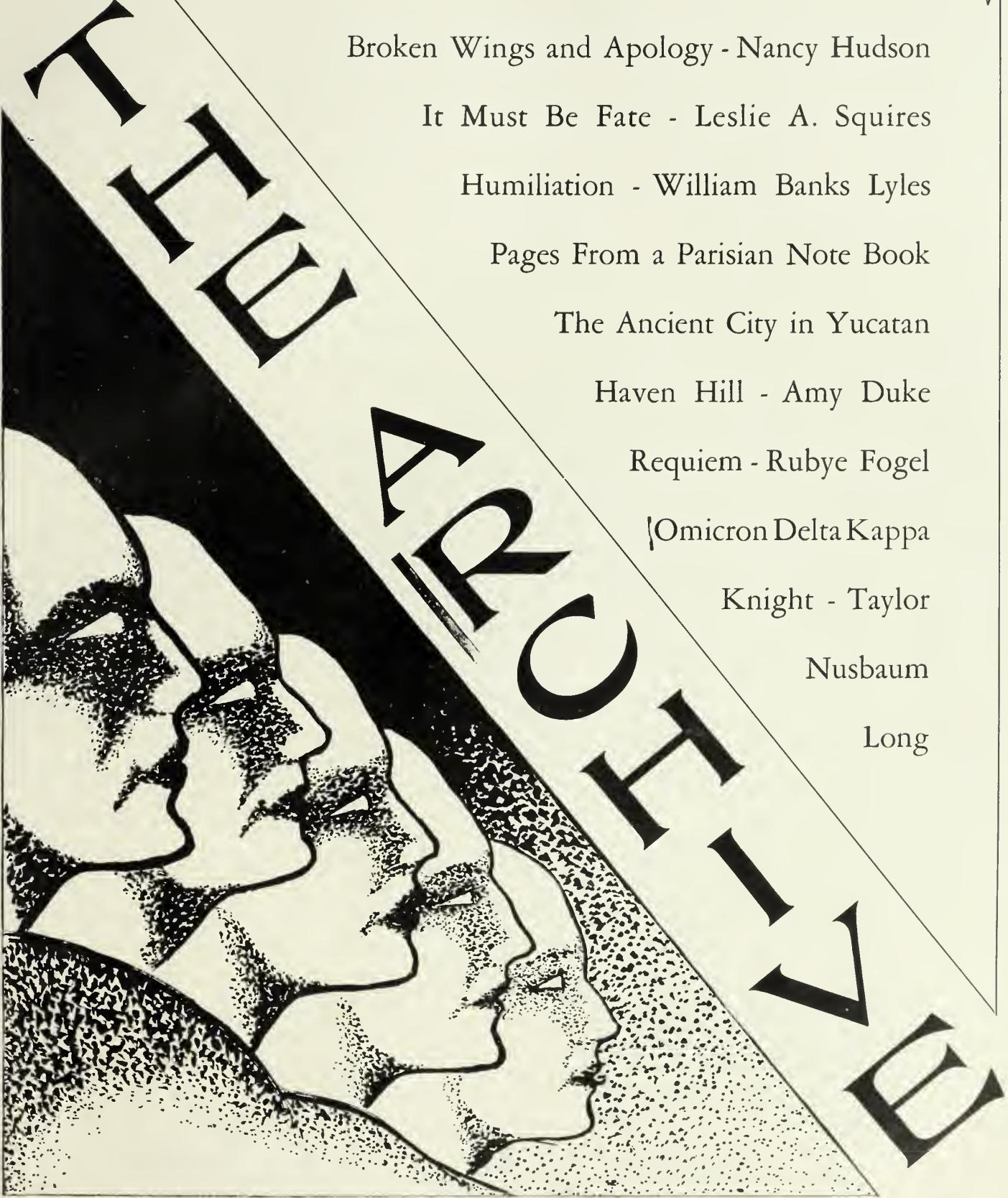
(Curtain)

"Just one more"

HAYDEN HAYDEN

"It's toasted"





Whither, These Many Years?---Sheldon Robert Harte

England and Indigestion - John L. Garrison

Broken Wings and Apology - Nancy Hudson

It Must Be Fate - Leslie A. Squires

Humiliation - William Banks Lyles

Pages From a Parisian Note Book

The Ancient City in Yucatan

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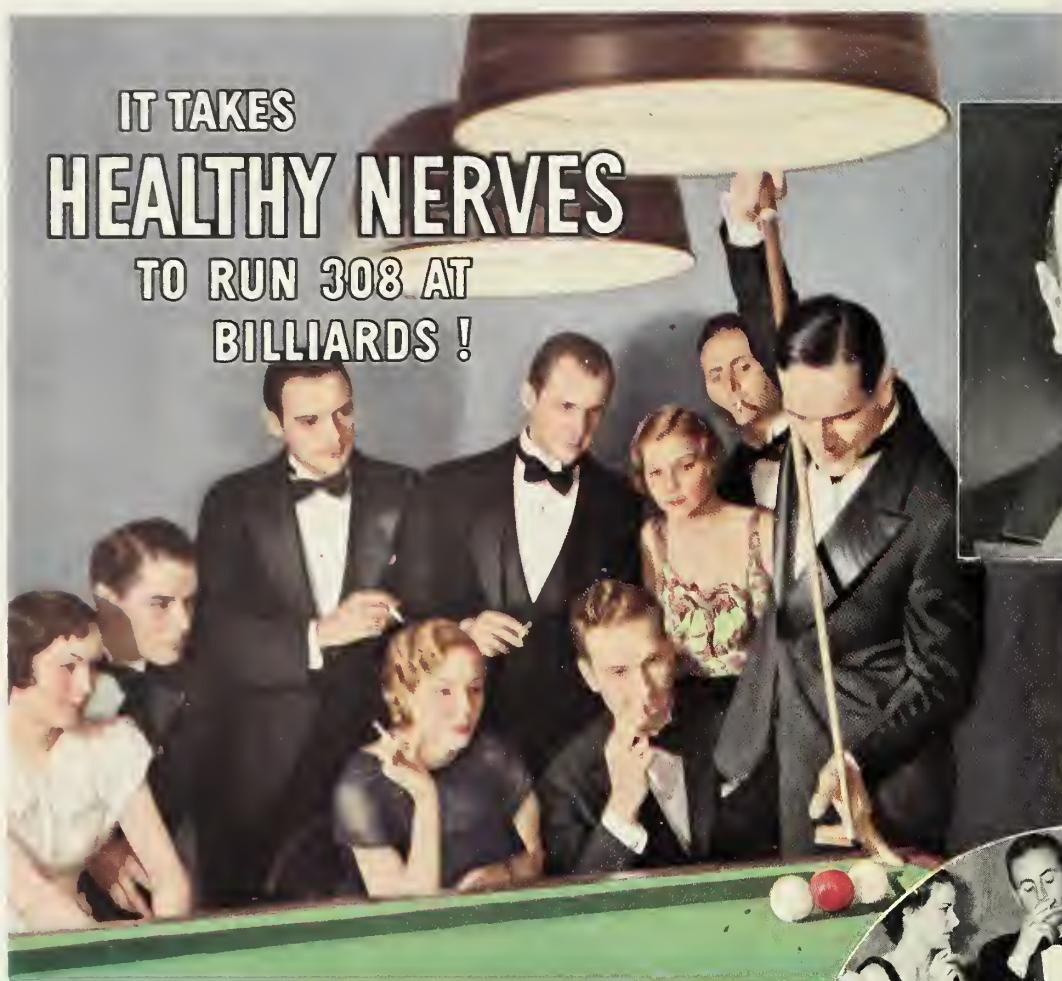
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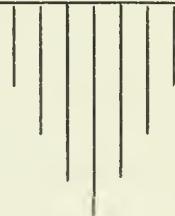
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JEANNE MANGET is a graduate student, embellished by Phi Beta Kappa and the Nebular Hypothesis—but innocent of Peroxide.

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ELINOR DOUGLASS is a Senior for whose prose we have sent out many a passionate appeal, even disguising ourselves as Fuller Brush salesmen. While not at first successful, we did sell our brushes.

▼ ▼

WILLIAM BANKS LYLES is the nom de plume of a Sophomore in English Honors. He is given only literarily to dark glasses and a false beard.

▼ ▼

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE is a member of the freshman class. He believes in God, Tschaikowsky, and B. O. S. We can only say Amen.

▼ ▼

RUBY FOGEL is a Sophomore with the knack of giving a subtle twist to her poetry. Besides all such, she does not care for Edgar Guest.

▼ ▼

GEORGE HARWELL is a graduate in English. He haunts various carrels in the library with remarkable success. Plato still remains an enigma.

▼ ▼

HERBERT NUSBAUM, a member of the Sophomore class, has turned from straight A's to book reviewing with equal success.

▼ ▼

MILDRED TAYLOR is a Senior with Phi Beta Kappa and an evident admiration for Dorothy Canfield to her credit.

▼ ▼

BETTY KNIGHT is the Editor of the *Distaff*. We appreciate equally her cooperation and the excellence of her work. We are pleased, we hope Mr. Galsworthy is pleased—and will say as much to de Lawd—or to de devil.

When I step from our threshold on a crisp autumn evening, I find our street silent and deserted. Gone are the plump housewives with their market baskets, the children and their toys, the old men with their canes. My only companions are the eager wind, and the dry leaves that scrape along the sidewalk. The houses, by day so white and proper, pull their roofs low over their eyes and give me a baleful, orange stare. The moon shines through empty trellises in the prim gardens. Rose bushes, wrapped in straw, hug the ground like squat brown gnomes. Only a few dried stalks of summer flowers remain. Their sere leaves rustle in the wind.

Our little stone church nestles among shadows thick enough to hide a band of thieves. I never pass it without fearing a meeting with some brigand—or worse—an encounter with some periwigged grandsire on leave from his low granite tomb.

Now, I approach the store. Its interior reflects a ghostly green from the night light. In the window, a bunch of bananas hangs like an oversized bird-cage. Tiny rivulets meander down the steamy window panes.

Next I pass the home of the town's rich merchant. His substantial, red-brick paradise looms gaunt and sombre amid its southing pines.

Just beyond is the spot I seek. Here grows a huge elm. Leaning against it, I can see the whole street: the low, comfortable houses, the sidewalks white with moonlight, the long arcade of interlacing elms. The wind tugs at my coat, and bids me go. But I linger—thinking perhaps—or simply listening to the dying leaves which snap from their twigs, and fall.

—An Autumn Reverie

—ELINOR DOUGLAS

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE

Whither, these many years?

• There was something familiar about his gait as he hurried along the crowded avenue, and yet I could not place him. He slipped in and out, weaving his way through the mass of people, as only one who has lived in a big city can do. My curiosity aroused, or perhaps annoyed at the fact that I could not place him in my mind, I started after him. I bumped my way through the crowd, just able to keep him in sight, but finding it impossible to catch up with him.

As I hurried along, keeping my eyes glued to his back, I noticed that his suit was worn and unpressed. He wore a greasy hat with a wide brim, pulled down over his face. The collar of his suit jacket was turned up, and unlike most pedestrians, he wore no overcoat. He walked with his head bent, his shoulders stooped, and his arms swung listlessly at his sides.

When he reached the end of the block, he was forced to stop as a stream of automobiles and trucks filed past. I hurried on as I was within a quarter of a block of him when the lights on the avenue switched. The solid wall of humanity on either curb had taken but a few steps into the street, when he was already half way across.

A sudden gust of wind from the side street lifted his hat from his head, and carried it out into the avenue, leaving a mussed and unkept shock of thick curly hair waving in the breeze. I started. A man's hat blown off on a windy corner is nothing unusual, but that thick mass of curly hair! That head of hair might once have been blond. What was now grey might have been yellow.

My mind went racing back many, many years. A University campus. College dormitories. Boys, young boys, kids. A group of us, separated now for years, scattered over the four corners of the earth, some living, some dead; but all forgotten, by one another, and by all who knew us.

Some few had made good, but nothing worthwhile or important. For most of us this world had proved too vast, too unfeeling. We had fought our way along the surface for a while, but were gradually sucked under, separated from our inspiration; and bewildered and lost we had come to ourselves with the appalling realization that we were already firmly embedded in the horrible state of languid mediocrity.

The sight of that thick shock of curly hair, brought back with a rush, thoughts of a day long past, when animation and a desire to learn and progress, when the spirit of hope and inspiration burned, and glowed within the heart of a youth.

He had retrieved his hat, dodging in and out of the cars with short brisk steps, and had started off again, winding his way through the multitude which thronged the avenue; with me close behind. Who was this man? Of the thousands of people who hurried by, why should I have noticed him? What was there about the way he walked, the way he carried himself, that was so familiar? And that head of hair, why should it bring back recollections, so long forgotten, perhaps better never to have been remembered?

• The group of boys so long ago, could he possibly be one of them? As I hurried after him, I tried to recall them. I remembered there were ten of us altogether. The ten inseparable, we had called ourselves. And we were inseparable then, always together, in thought and action, in work and play.

There was George, George Wright. What a long time it had been since I last thought of him. Always good-natured and willing, you couldn't help but take an honest liking to him. When we graduated he was the man with a future. He went into his father's business; his life was laid out

*The story of genius shou-
dered by life, and left with
empty hands.*

before him. Every chance, every opportunity was his. After his father's death he took over the business himself. I saw less and less of him after that, heard less and less about him, and gradually lost track of him altogether. I never heard what he did with himself and his father's organization, or what ever happened to him; probably nothing.

Then there was Joe Slaton, the mathematician. He was the most brilliant fellow of the group. He earned highest honors, was a Phi Beta Kappa man. Another of the ten, lost and forgotten. He got a professorship a year or two after graduation, and was widely known for some time as the youngest mathematics professor, and perhaps the most brilliant. We all received formal invitations to his engagement reception. We all came, and were together again for the first time in five years. The first gathering in five years, and the last of a lifetime. He gave up his career after his marriage, and went into business. It was then that I lost track of him. Sometime later I heard indirectly that he had left the business world, and was teaching again at some little university in the West.

And there was John Raltee. One heard of him even now from time to time. The president of this bank, the director of that. Organizer of one concern, financeer of another. I never saw John again after the reunion at Jo Slaton's reception. I don't believe any of the other fellows did either. He just slipped out of our already fading lives, and left us behind. But in his haste to be under way, he forgot something, something of vital

importance, something of the beautiful secret of life...

And there was Alec Neuton. I remember him as the man of ambition. Nothing was too much for Alec. He went in for Pre-Legal work, and came out fit and ready to study Law. He went in for Law and came out a good lawyer. He went in for love, and came out a fine husband. He went in for big politics, was defeated once, and I never heard of him again. He didn't know how to take a beating; he had never taken one before.

• As I continued down the avenue after this man, the sight of whom had brought rushing back memories of long ago, I continued plucking names and faces out of the medley of jumbled features in my mind, trying to match them, and remember them; so long forgotten. Still that shock of thick, blond, curly hair, and the gait and carriage of the man I was following, wandered together through my mind, together but alone; I could not place them.

There was Jesse White, John Mayer, Ken Worth, Red Fisher, the names flew through my mind. Some I remembered distantly, some more vividly, and some were mere names, the characters and personalities that went with them, hopelessly lost in the hoard of marching years.

I remembered the bunch of us gathered together time and again of an evening, in one fellow's room or another, talking among ourselves and discussing topics of common interest. I saw that head of curly yellow hair among us, but the name, for the life of me I could not remember the name. What was he like? What did he do? It seemed to me that there was something about him which held our respect and admiration. Some gift of genius which made us look up to him with a feeling of awe and wonder. What could it be?

I rushed forward, pushing my way through the crowd, with an urgent longing to look into his face and remember him. We had continued down the avenue another block, and I was fast catching up with him, when he

stopped. He turned half way around, and was apparently gazing in a shop window. As I drew closer to him, he pushed his way nearer to the window, his eyes fixed upon the display within. I did not notice what he was looking at; I only saw his face. Yes, I was sure, there was no doubt about it; he was one of the ten. I remembered his features distinctly. But who was he? What was he? I could no longer remember.

The years had not slipped by without their toll. Deep wrinkles had formed under his eyes, and his shaggy brows were grey. There was a certain drooping about his mouth that did not belong there. I did not remember it when I thought of him as a youth. It was not a characteristic development of age. It lent an expression of weakness to the otherwise fine features of his face. And his grey eyes, they were sad and weary.

As I stood gazing at him however, a change took place. He straightened up and clinched his fists. His eyes, still fixed on the window, began to sparkle with animation and vigor. That weak drooping disappeared, and his mouth became firm and strong once more. He stood erect, head held high in an attitude of pride and joy. Intelligence and determination were written upon his face. I saw him again as my memory pictured him; genius, unafraid, faith in himself and faith in life, hope, unfearing hope of the future, and—yes, even in that moment I saw it as in the days long past. Even that trait forced itself upon him again, standing out in each line of his handsome face, and in those cold, glittering grey eyes, truly reflecting the selfish character beneath, and a heart from whose lowest depths the throes of a mad genius inborn, had driven all love and charity.

Bit by bit, I was fitting back pieces of memory into my mind. Gradually I began to see him, but still there remained spaces of blank.

Slowly he unclenched his hands. His fingers began to twitch. His breath came in short gasps. His lips

quivered, and his face tightened in pain. Huge tears rose to his eyes, and unashamed rolled down his cheeks. The corners of his mouth began to droop. He became bent and old once more. With a smothered cry, his head sagged against his breast. He took off his hat, and ran one shaking hand with long tapering fingers through his hair.

I remained where I was standing, rooted to the ground. Ten thousand fires burned within. What was this momentary ecstasy through which he had passed, bearing him back for a few fleet seconds to those buried days, decayed and mildew with age and neglect; yet bearing him back again to youth!!?

One or two persons glanced up, hardly seeing him as they hurried on. The sea of life swept by on either side of him; each individual absorbed in his own thoughts, and intent upon his own way, noticed him not, but passed on unheeding. Slowly he turned about, and with his head drooping upon his breast, he started down the avenue. I took a few steps after him, then stopped. This brought me in front of the store window. I turned about quickly and looked to see what it was that had caused this sudden transformation from withered age, weak and weary, to the sparkling youth of animation and joy; and the merciless relapse to age once more.

Mounted on a red velvet cushion, carefully lighted from hidden sources so as to bring out the rich deep luster, and lighter grain of the wood, otherwise unseen, was displayed a Stradivarius violin.

• Then it all came back. With a violent pounding at my heart, and humming in my ears, it flew back! The picture was complete in my mind. Except for his name. I saw it all. He was the boy who drew the bow across the strings, bringing forth immortal melodies of the masters of all times. He was the boy upon whose heart the light fingers of fate had impressed the love of beauty; and

(Continued on page 36)

NANCY HUDSON

Apology

A heart broke in the afternoon.
It was not the time for tragedy,
Was it lady?
Nor for breaking hearts.
Most untimely
And most inconsiderate—
So I judged it to be.
And so I counseled my heart:
“Heart, most untimely,
Most ill-fitting
To break in the afternoon!”
But it was an unruly heart,
An uncultured heart,
Not versed in the more tender points
Of contract bridge and etiquette.
You must chastise it, lady;
Shatter it with one glance from your
clear cool eyes.

For
Tea cups, yes,
And even crullers, perhaps,
But hearts—no time for hearts—
Rash hearts!
To break in the afternoon.
And so, my apology,
My humble apology to you,
Lady of the lifted eyebrows,
For the heart you broke in the
afternoon.

JOHN LELAND GARRISON

England and indigestion

• In 1851 was held the *Great Exhibition of the Works of all Nations*; and that supreme triumvirate of modern blessings, Peace, Progress, and Prosperity,—progeny of Science, Democracy, and the Machine—were sprung like Pallas Athene, in “the most *beautiful* and *imposing* and *touching* spectacle ever seen,” upon a delighted and astonished world, and a more delighted and enthusiastic England. One could not doubt that the millenium had arrived for Englishmen. Soon Democracy would come of age, in the Reform Bill of 1867, and all the manifold blessings of a rule by the people would be showered upon happy England; soon the machine, and the natural laws of supply and demand, and the governmental policy of “*Laissez faire*,” would extend prosperity to the lowest and most wretched factory workers. And soon the dove of peace would fold her wings, and grim-visaged Mars would retire from the earth; and universal benevolence, and brotherly love, and English goods would fill the world; and raw products and wealth would pour into England, and finished merchandise would pour out, even to the further corner of darkest Africa, where the missionary had taught the black savage to love Jesus Christ, and English soap.

And, if in the meantime the huge, dumb, half-human population of the manufacturing towns went hungry; if free men, women, and children had sold themselves into perdurable slavery for the right work, and had gained nothing—but to be ground beneath the iron wheels of a cold, universal “*Laissez-faire*,” and a deaf, dead, “Infinite Injustice”—; they must forget Marxism and Trade Unionism, and remember the formulas of free competition, social necessity, and freedom of contract. They must wait, and have patience; for did not Darwin show in the doctrines of, “the struggle for existence” and “the sur-

vival of the fittest” that anarchy was the natural order of the universe; and after all was not England:

“A land of settled government
A land of just and old renown
Where Freedom slowly broadens
down,

From precedent to precedent.”

And then too there were other things to think about; —there was for instance the happiness of the negro.

And there was a Darwin to give the sanction of inevitability to the squalor and hideousness of a commercialism, for which men could find no interior sanction; and there was a Tennyson to show them what, and how to believe, and to guide them through the spiritual perplexities of life; and finally as a fitting climax, there was a Browning to sing:

“God’s in his heaven
All’s right with the world.”

And who could doubt it?—Carlyle did, but Carlyle was old, and Carlyle had indigestion.

Carlyle sat in the sound-proofed room in the attic of his house in Cheyne Row, in those years, apart from London and its smoke-tumult, like some stern Scottish Jeremiah, and called down the “Eternal Verities” from heaven, to curse the unbelievers and the false prophets. His express contributions to criticism and philosophy and history, had not been small, and England could no longer disparage or ignore him; for his *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, and *Frederick*, had established him as the acknowledged head of English literature; and Germany had conferred the Prussian Order of Merit upon him. He was thought to hold, he alone in Victorian England, the key to German philosophy and thought; to know the sublime secret of believing by the “instinct” and self-intuition” what “Sense” and “Faith” had been obliged to discard as incredible; and could still after Gibbon and Darwin

A critical essay written in easy, satiric style, dealing with Empire, Enigma, and English Soap.

and Mills had done their worst with him, profess himself, to be the adversary of analysis and intellectualism, and the apostle of instinct.

• A sublime, gloomy, dyspeptic, old man, who alone in those days of Reason and Science, Utilitarianism and Materialism, had saved himself from the diseases of the modern soul, puerile doubt and pain, through the gospel of *Wilhelm Meister*, a doctrine of self-forgetfulness, renunciation, and action. “Close thy Byron, and open thy Goethe,” he exclaims; and again, “Do the duty which lies nearest thee,—Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God’s name!”

A much mistaken, a foolish man, to preach of Production to an English audience; a people who might better have harkened to the words of a Malthus:—for the production they excelled in was of another sort; and the “cult of the double bed,” and the terrible efficiency of that “Holy of Holies” in its irresistible combination of the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity, threatened to outstrip even that of the Machine. Of labour they knew, but not of the sanctity of Work; and they carelessly reckoned their prophet as a mystic, a metaphysical idealist,—who could not understand the Spirit of the Age, and the Progress of the Species, and the March of the Intellect.

They might respect and admire, nay, even apotheosize his person and his art; but the altar and the sacrifice he demanded were denied him. They bought his books but neglected his

teachings. True, he had his disciples; had evangelized a small elite, and made the English conscience know, if not admit, that "Laissez-faire" and "Every man for himself" were but keys for the opening wide of Mammon's Temple, and the eternal barring of the Temple of God. But, it was not enough,—for Carlyle. He would be satisfied with nothing less than the reign of a noble justice and virtue, with a national salvation; and England would not listen—for Carlyle was little fitted to preach, least of all to an English audience, and his vigorous, unrestrained, and pessimistic utterance was repulsive to a temperament that demanded reserve, reticence, and repose,—, but went blindly on to her doom, trusting to the demoniacal idols of Science, Democracy, and the Machine, and their false prophets.

• So the gloomy mystic of Cheyne Row sat apart, and alone, in his double-walled attic room, and spewed forth steam and stones; and scanned the darkened skies for his hero, a hero long overdue. And great clouds of volcanic ash settled down and clothed his eruptions in obscurity, and only occasionally through the haze of erudite allusiveness would his sentences shine forth, as beautiful, and concrete, and suggestive as molten lava.

The good man, he was now growing old, past seventy perhaps; and the vehement passion of his middle age was dissipated and gone. A brooding, serious, silent, and sad old man, gazing into eternity without hope and without fear; and looking upon England with disgust and despair. There were still traces, of the lively anecdote and streaming humour that floated everything he looked upon, in his conversation; but something of the Annandale peasant had stolen back over the proud air of conscious intellectual superiority—the scorn, the fierceness, were gone from under that cliff-like brow, and a hint of tenderness and mild sorrow had passed into his face.

It was his custom to walk twice daily upon the Chelsea Embank-

ments, in a long brown coat and slouch hat, letting the weather—for he was seemingly impervious to wind or rain—do its worst to him, and his gaunt, tall figure was a familiar and respected one to Londoners. Occasionally, in the warm days of early summer, he would go with Froude to the Kew gardens to see the flowers

The Brunette Scientist Ponders

By JEANNE MANGET

I wonder if out in that Somewhere
Where T starts to zero and gets
there;
Where electrons give up and stop
spinning;
Where N becomes infinite or some-
thing;
Where G is no more, and tons are
grams;
Where plus X and minus X aren't
worth a damn;
I wonder if I got to this far beyond
A gentleman would still prefer a
blonde.

and to listen to the cuckoos and nightingales; at other times he would ride about London in an omnibus, taking the seat by the door when he could get it, and sitting obliquely in the corner to avoid being squeezed. A much-respected, much-misunderstood, and surely much-suffering old man.

A lonely, solitary, man; there was left only Ruskin and Stephen and Froude. All the others were gone, Erskine, Ashburton, Irving, Mill, Sterling, and Wilberforce; and now,—even Jeannie. She was much in his thoughts now; and he remembered things that he before had been too busy to think of—he might not have missed her, had he had *Cromwell*, but now he had neither Jeannie nor *Cromwell*.

• There were memories of Craigen-
puttock: of the first time that
Jeannie had attempted to scrub the
huge kitchen floor, while from the
vantage of a chair where she had
installed him, he gave advice and

encouragement; and of "how my loved one at Craigenputtock, six or seven and thirty years ago, on summer mornings after breakfast, used very often to come up to the little dressing room where I was shaving and seat herself upon a chair behind me for the privilege of a little further talk. —The figure of her bright cheery beautiful face mirrored in the glass beside my own rugged soapy one, answering curtly her cheerful pretty talk, is lively before me as if I say it with eyes."

But there were more bitter memories; that filled him with the peculiar remorse and self-reproach we feel for our actions—when they might have been kinder—towards one now dead. He had been so blind, so busy, so forgetful; "Oh," he cried in contrition, "If I could see her but once more, even were it but for five minutes, to let her know that I always loved her through all that. She never did know it, never."

He remembered how on the morning after his wedding day he had torn to pieces the flower-garden at Comely Bank in a fit of ungovernable fury. He remembered his cruelty after her fall on the curbstone, when the nerves and muscles had been completely disabled on one side preventing the closing of her underjaw, which had dropped; and how he had entered her room one morning, and leaning on the mantelpiece, had stood looking down at her. "Jane," he had said presently, "Ye had better shut your mouth." She had tried to tell him that she could not. "Jane," he began again, "Ye'll find yourself in a more compact and pious frame of mind if ye shut your mouth."

And he remembered the time when she had told him, that after the intimacy with the Ashburtons in London had become established, she had definitely made up her mind to go away, and even to marry another person; and upon how narrow a chance it had turned that she had not. He remembered his reply, she had felt it more cruelly than anything he had ever said to her, "Well, I do not know

(Continued on page 35)



East Campus
Panacea



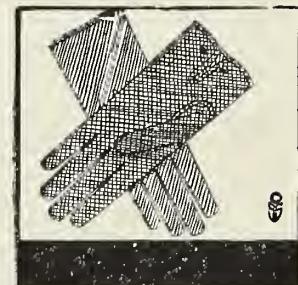
A little gift for
Mr. Wade—guaranteed
to get hard-boiled
in two minutes.



If you are
to be a
graduate
student



For use in learning
the multiplication
tables.

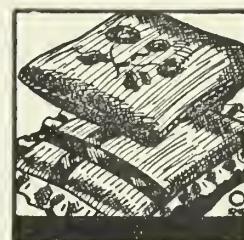


Kid gloves for
handling the
Deans

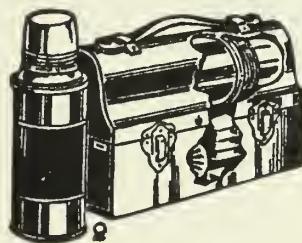
Because of the recent searching criticism of American Colleges by Al Capone, Jack "Legs" Diamond, and W. J. Cash, the ARCHIVE here suggests a few things that every College Man should have, or know about, in order to be a righteous member of "our great, happy family."

**BUY WITH US, TAXES ONLY
ON THE TRADE WINDS**

To be knelt upon
when talking to
University employees



Token tree—grows
eight tokens for a
dollar—negotiable in
Mr. Whitford's office



For refreshments after
waiting 30 minutes at
intermission



As appropriate decorations
for freshman intelligence
quizzes



On rainy days—
pedestrian in one
puddle to talk to
his brother in another—
West Campus.

This blindness is the atmosphere of death:

This earth is delicately somber stuff.

I have forgotten stars and wind and breath. . .

For memory of these was not enough.

If you would come and lift the earth from me,

Remove the traces of this somber sod,

If you would come and ask eternity

To give me back to you instead of God,

If you would come and weep like rain in spring

To stir this quiet, half-forgotten dust,

If you would make an effort just to bring

Back my belief in you and my dead trust—

If this should happen we might yet pretend

That we possessed the love which cannot end.



—Requiescam

—RUBY FOGEL

AMY DUKE

Haven hill

• Miss Mattie was thinking with a kind of numb happiness that this would be the last time—yes, the last—that she would ever sort out mail. At six o'clock she would remove her paper cuffs for the last time; she would stop by Mr. Woolsey's desk to receive her check for the last time; and then the door with its squeaky hinges would close behind her, and she would be free . . . free for the rest of her life.

She stopped her work for a moment to glance at Mr. Woolsey, the postmaster, lounging in the swivel chair behind his cluttered desk. The one wisp of hair which grew on his otherwise bald head dangled over his left eye as it had done ever since Miss Mattie could remember. His white linen suit was wrinkled and soiled and he had removed his collar. For the first time Miss Mattie regarded him with detachment. Yes, he had grown shabbier and more careless since his wife had died. He wore the same necktie every day. A profound pity for him welled up in her heart: a momentary pity for his loneliness . . . a great wave of sympathy for his unrelaxing servitude. For twenty years he had sat at his desk, repeating the same duties, duties grown automatic from long use. And for the rest of his life he would sit behind his desk, repeating these duties . . . while in an hour she would be free. She felt that Mr. Woolsey sensed her attitude and resented its unharmoniousness. Since she had submitted her resignation and made definite arrangements for Amanda Stone to take her place, he had been vaguely hostile. Perhaps he was annoyed at the deviation in his habitual routine. Perhaps he envied her. But his irritation would be momentary. Years of frustration had deadened what spirit of adventure he had been born with. She turned her gaze from him with a slight shudder. She might have become like him.

She turned to look at Stenson, the assistant post-master. He was placing mail in the boxes, whistling a rollicking tune in time to the motions of his hands. He was always whistling: he arrived in the morning whistling, whistled all day, and departed at night still whistling. Miss Mattie wondered if a few more years would not suffice to perpetuate his lips into a purse. It was funny, too, that he seemed always happy, with a sickly wife and five sickly children. It was whispered about town that his children were sickly because he had married his first cousin. Miss Mattie felt sorry for him too. He had been assistant post-master for ten years, and time had brought him a contented lassitude. She knew what the rest of his life would be: ten more years, perhaps, as assistant postmaster, and then he would succeed Mr. Woolsey. He would take his place behind the desk to perform the same duties day after day, and someday, when it was too late, he would comprehend, in all its tragic barrenness, the futility of his life. And she might also have become like him!

But she was safe; she had made her escape. Her last week's deposit of half her salary had made her bank balance total ten thousand dollars. Twenty years ago she had planned her future carefully, and today marked the culmination of her plans. Twenty years ago John had died . . . suddenly, with pneumonia. Miss Mattie had known then that she would never marry. She had been thirty and a confirmed spinster when John had proposed to her. He had died the week before their marriage. She had taken the position in the post office the next month and had told herself that as soon as she had saved a sufficient sum, she would retire and build herself a small house and grow flowers the rest of her life. When her first check had come she had laid aside half of it. When the sum had

A sketch painted in blacks and greys with strong irony in its conclusion.

grown into three numbers, she began to think about starting a bank account. She had finally determined to start the account in a large Anston bank. Month by month she had watched it grow until it had almost approached the sum of her desire. And month by month she had added to her plans. Last year she had found the home of her dreams—a big stable two miles out of town. It belonged to a horse-breeder and he had promised it to her for a song. She knew exactly how she wanted to arrange it. The stalls would be made into small bedrooms, one for her, and the rest for her sister's children when they came to visit her. Oh, it would be lovely! And the garden; There was a knoll just behind the stable where she would plant daffodils, nasturtiums, and pansies. She would plant Legustrums around the stable, and . . . Miss Mattie's thoughts wandered off into a riot of flowers.

• A small girl appeared at the window to disturb Miss Mattie's reverie. She pushed a package through the window.

"Mother says insure it for ten dollars," she piped in a shrill voice.

"Is there anything breakable in it?"

"No Ma'm."

"Any writing?"

"No Ma'm."

Miss Mattie smiled . . . she felt benevolent toward the whole world today . . . and placed the package on the scales.

"Twenty cents," she said, filling out a blank.

When the child had gathered up her change in a small, dirty hand and gone away, Miss Mattie resumed her reverie. She would have to give her

home a name. She hadn't thought of that before. "Journey's End," perhaps. No, that would n't fit; she was just beginning her real journey. "Haven-Hill" . . . ah, that was it.

The face of a negro appeared at the window. Miss Mattie turned her stool on its pivot with a gesture of annoyance. She felt it an imposition to be called on to work. It seemed as though she were already free.

"What can I do for you?" she inquired absently.

"Air there any mail fer Magnolia Smith?" the negro interrogated.

Miss Mattie ran briskly through the general delivery mail and shook her head. A man replaced the negro at the window. It was Mr. Stiles, the manager of the theatre.

"Good afternoon, Miss Mattie," he smiled. "Three airmails and a book of three's, please."

Miss Mattie handed him the stamps, counted the change, and pushed it through the window. She stifled a desire to tell him that after today somebody else would be there to wait on him.

A whistle blew loudly. That would be the five-thirty train. As soon as she sorted the five-thirty mail, she could leave . . . forever. She wondered how to say good-bye to Mr. Woolsey. He had been good to her. Perhaps she ought to give him something . . . a necktie. Mullins had arrived at the back door with the mail sacks. Stenson hurried forward and helped him drag them to the center of the room

near the post-office boxes. Miss Mattie wondered why he was in such a hurry. Perhaps his wife was ill again and he was anxious to get home. She might give him something too . . . for his wife. She would make an apple roll and send it over in the afternoon.

Stenson handed her a stack of letters and she began to sort them hurriedly. Her one thought was to finish and leave. A silly rhyme ran through her mind continuously.

"After today
I shall be gay."

She hummed it in time to the motions of her hands. Spiritually she was already at Haven-Hill; it was only her body here, at work. When she had placed the last letter in its box, she removed her paper cuffs and slipped into her coat.

• She paused a moment to gaze around the room, this small, indescribably ugly room that she had worked in for twenty years. She could read the letters backwards on the big glass front which faced the street: Post Office, Benson, South Carolina. The glass was streaked where Mullins, the janitor, had washed it with dirty water. The floor was covered with boxes, packages, envelopes, paper, and dust. She wondered how long it had been since anyone had swept it. She had always been too busy to. Perhaps Amanda would sweep it sometimes.

She walked over to Mr. Woolsey's desk and stood before it, nervously

clasping and unclasping her bag. Mr. Woolsey glanced up from the evening paper.

"Mr. Woolsey," she began.

"Yes?" he muttered, still gazing at the paper.

"Mr. Woolsey, I . . . you . . . I'm sorry to be leaving you."

"Why, Mattie! Eh? Leaving?" Mr. Woolsey rose in such a hurry that he dropped the paper.

"Yes, you remember, I'm leaving today. Amanda Stone will be here for me tomorrow.

"Well, well." He looked around the room with bewilderment, pushing the lock of hair back from his forehead with a trembling hand. Miss Mattie waited for a moment, but Mr. Woolsey continued to stare distractingly off into space, so she slipped out of the door.

A newsboy dashed up to her excitedly.

"Buy a paper, Ma'm! Read about the big bank failure! Buy a paper!"

With a sudden feeling of apprehension, Miss Mattie seized one of the papers and looked at the headlines.

"Anston Bank Fails, Big bank in Anston closes, The Bank of Anston closed its doors today to the great astonishment of the public. Its directors are striving to arrange the bank's affairs so that a partial return may be made the depositors in the near future; but as yet no definite action has taken place. It is probable that the bank will be able to pay its customers five cents on the dollar."

Once I saw the jagged lightning tear

A blasphemer's tongue while he spoke;

I called it chance—men cried it God.

In a summer's rain I watched grow fair

A tiny rose beneath a sheltering oak;

Men passed it by as nature—I thanked my God.

GEORGE
HARWELL

Religio
Scholaris

Puppets for pinocchio

• OH, COME ALL YE FAITH-FUL

F—About this time every year the Lord's Anointed gather together with the avowed intention of conferring all honor and glory upon those to whom they leave their halos. Our walks are peopled by hooded figures in black, artlessly trailing a shoelace or a busted garter, but otherwise quite intent on smiting the innocent for dear old OMICRON DELTA KAPPA.

Before the appearance of these exponents of all honor and glory, however, there had been a dark ceremony in the temple of their God, the Great Gold Key. The priests, fat with Achievements and rolling in Righteousness, had waddled forward into the Presence bearing lists of names, names of those who were to be extolled, extradited, or exempt. The Lord High Priest of Olefaction would then pass the names singly beneath the nose of the Great Gold Key God. If the odor was not pleasant, He would say: "Let there be black pellets." And there would be black pellets. In abundance. However, were the smell to be pleasant and remind Him of the excellent tripe at the last Rotary luncheon, He would say, smiling His own private smile, "Let there be all honor and glory." And there would be all honor and glory. In abundance. And the priests would writhe on the floor, emitting sharp, yapping noises to the future glory of their God and the Elect. Yea, the priests would roll among the black pellets, munching loudly their golden keys, for was not all honor and glory to come to man?

Sometimes the priests would bring up a name which they knew would remind the Great Gold Key God of limburger, but there were among them those who were very fond of limburger. And such would cry out, shouting that, after all, the moon was made of cheese, and what was limburger but cheese, a little insistent, perhaps, but cheese nevertheless. But others of a more practical nature

would anoint the name with perfumes, and deck it with roses, even lending some of their own aroma to soothe His outraged nostrils. Under such guise, the name is genially passed on to posterity, wincing slightly, however, at the mention of curdled milk in any form.

• This same ceremony, with variations,

goes on year after year to the honor of men and jewelry companies. I gather it has been considered impudent, and provocative of that limburger look on the face of the Great Gold Key God to question the worth of His order, an order conceived in fatuity and dedicated to the proposition that all men should be campus leaders.

To begin with, the idea that a certain number of men should be singularly distinguished each year, is as absurd as the childish belief that the wearing of a key will convert its possessor into a dominant individual, a sort of perfect 36, garnished with cauliflower and everything nice. This conception was original with the Ku Klux Klan, who believed, and that ardently, in the great moralizing influence of anything wrapped in a sheet, be it dirty laundry or mattress. The government lept avidly upon the illusion after the Great War when those who weren't blown to bits were phlegmatically presented with medals, neatly boxed and tied with blue ribbon. Since so much agitation for the Bonus, soldiers who still possess these gold medals will probably be fined for hoarding.

But regardless of whether it be keys, or medals, or sheets they don't fundamentally change the man. He is what he was before, most damnable so. Yet OMICRON DELTA KAPPA, in its frantic efforts to create each year a new Twelve Apostles, believes that the wearing of the Great Gold Key will bring out genius where before there was but mooing and the clumping of hooves.

It has been seemingly overlooked



that the good people of the United States have some difficulty every four years selecting *one* gentleman of sterling qualities. Yet OMICRON DELTA KAPPA, by the grace of God and a blue carnation, managers to get a baker's dozen twice a year, not counting relatives, faculty members, or visiting Governors. How this is done, what methods are actually used has not been discovered, but likely the operation is accomplished with a Diviner's Rod and a prayer book. There is a superstition among the members that the selections are upon the basis of points, but whether they actually believe this, and also that virtue is its own reward, is still a mooted question.

• Suppose the point system fiction is accepted, even with much gagging and appeals to conscience, what then? Well, in order to collect the required twenty-five points, the candidate has either to try for a major honor, which gives him twelve points and divides his time between labor and profanity, or he can go out for athletics which occupy still more of his time and energy, with, perhaps, a broken bone thrown in for good measure. Either one of these is not enough, however; OMICRON DELTA KAPPA standards read like a glorified dietetic chart with calories for activities, and indigestion in the offing. In order to acquire, I use the term advisedly, the points remaining, one, if he sincerely wishes to become of the Lord's Anointed, is obliged to join a number of honorary fraternities at three points each. For this pleasure, he makes insignificant financial concessions of from forty to sixty dollars, and receives in actual benefit something symbolized in a large, re-

(Continued on page 32)

WILLIAM BANKS LYLES

Humiliation

- John walked down the dock towards the ship on this pleasant Sunday afternoon. His mood was as pleasant as the day. He was reminiscing about gay, romantic experiences in the North Carolina he had left many years before.

On deck, at the top of the gangway, there were eight or ten young sailors from the naval training school. They were boots, greenhorns, rookies. They had come aboard to visit the ship. Some of them had never been on board a ship before. The quartermaster and the officer of the deck had just finished rebuking them for failing to salute the deck, which is equivalent to a service man's failure to salute the American flag. When the quartermaster finished bawling them out and explaining the naval regulation, he pointed to the man coming down the dock. "There's a regular sailor from our ship. Watch how John salutes the deck without being told."

John walked under the graceful swell of the bow over head and climbed the gangway. His mind was still a thousand miles away, reliving the delightful escapades of his youth. He reached the top of the gangway, stepped down on the forecastle, and walked over to the companionway hatch, still far away in pleasant thought. Quartermaster O'Hara's voice rang out in an angry bellow: "Signalman! Come here!" John snapped back to reality, realizing that something was wrong, and stepped up to O'Hara, saluting the officer of the deck as he came to a halt.

Both men on duty were purple with rage. They had been made ridiculous before a handful of boots. O'Hara clipped off his words harshly: "What do you mean coming up that gangway without saluting the deck? Go—back—down—that—gangway! Come—up—again—and—salute—the—deck! And—go—below!"

The blood began pounding in

John's temples as the angry realization that he was being treated like a child surged into his brain and flooded it like liquid poison. With the velocity of electricity, his thoughts flew to every conceivable conclusion in a split second. He would refuse to obey such a humiliating command; he would not salute the deck. This was no way to treat a man. They could both go to blazes and be damned! He looked into those brown Irish eyes of O'Hara, now black with fury; then his glance shot to the face of the officer of the deck, which doubly substantiated the severe command, and more. John knew if he refused duty he would be put in irons, thrown in the brig, and tried by a General Court-martial. Those thirteen naval officers would convict him of refusing duty, refusing to show proper courtesy to the flag of the United States of America. They would call him a treasonable blackguard, take away his citizenship, and sentence him to ten years in the federal penitentiary. He was helpless. There was nothing intelligent to do but to obey.

That split second had no more than elapsed when he saluted, jerked around, and walked down the gangway with shoulders up. . . His mind was now roaring like the turbulent waters of a cataract; he was conscious only of the fact that he was going through the most humiliating experience of his life. John strode back, turned aft and saluted the colors, about faced and saluted the officer of the deck, and returned to the companionway hatch. A group of his shipmates close by spoke up to jibe. His brain now in an almost cataleptic state, he simply glared at them. They became silent.

- Down below the air seemed stifling, and he went up to the stern-deck. Anger and hatred blanketed his mind like a delirium. The fresh

The story of what happened in the mind of a man, resolved on murder.

air did little good. He leaned on the life-line and stared out to sea where sky meets water, but saw nothing. A number of seagulls were flying near the stern, darting down to the water with shrill cries when they discovered bits of carion, but he did not see or hear them. When the delirium lifted enough for him to grasp a few thoughts, fury raged again and his mind, like nervous sensation being drowned by the chemical effect of alcohol, soon slid back into a coma-like state and mental darkness.

Sometime later John awoke to the fact that he was still leaning over the life-line, staring, and it was night. His thoughts flashed back to the incident and began to smoulder. But he pushed them off. He went back to his childhood days—his patriotic upbringing in the Carolinas, the sensitiveness with which he had responded to every show of patriotism, his civic pride and national respect, his boyhood love for playing soldier and saluting the flag of the United States with all the fighting spirit of a full-blooded Carolinian whose ancestors had built the first stockades in Charleston. His life marched in review, up through the years. He saw a boy enter the service; a crack gunner experience the thrill of putting eight consecutive shells through the bullseye of a floating target; a man among a company of sailors salute Admiral Byrd, and escort him up Broadway to City Hall after his flight to the North Pole. He saw a man in a squad which saluted their dead comrades and burried them in Arlington; a man in an escort which saluted Charles E. Lindbergh when he came back from his epoch-making

flight across the Atlantic; a man among tired sweaty men during the Nicaraguan Rebellion; then he saw the same man go down a gangway, return, and salute the deck, and he recoiled as though he had been struck.

John's mind flared up once more, burning out all logical thought as if it were a highly inflammable tissue; burning, burning until it developed a white heat. Then thoughts of flags, soldiers, sailors, and patriotism came back and reacted in the form of fuel to the flames. What did it all matter? What had his past life amounted to? Ultimate public humiliation? These thoughts rankled while his soul was withering in the intense heat. Damn the American flag! Damn the patriots! They were fools! To hell with the United States of America! The devil take their government! Their army and navy! John was through. He would get off the ship in morning somehow before she sailed. He would leave the country. And never come back! God damn even the memory of it! This madness went on and on.

His utter helplessness made reciprocity more hopeless. Gradually his intense hatred centered itself in the quartermaster. It was his words that still burned like branding irons. Dimly, he knew that he would kill Michael O'Hara.

• John realized feebly that the men below were eating. He descended the ladder, took his place at the mess-table and tried vainly to push food past the lump in his throat. He had to wash it down with the bitter scalding tea to keep from choking. He saw none of the men about him at the tables. The drone of voices and clatter of dishes seemed far off in the distance. Shipmates spoke to him, but he did not hear. They thought he was drunk. His mind was still a raging furnace. As the heat rose, things about him got blacker. He shoved his plate away and his head sagged down to his elbow. He thought he was having a brainstorm. As if in a nightmare, John's mind became a small ball of fire on a spinning world of molten lava. Waves of lava

rolled over the surface of this whirling sphere until one dark swell came over his head in a rush. He was helpless. Suffocating. Down, down—then suddenly this ball of fire—his mind—came up to the surface at the top of the sphere, and acted like a knob, a north pole. Now the whirling sphere hummed; the terrific velocity was

Lunar
BY RUBY FOGEL

Some nights I lie awake and watch
the moon
When it is full—resplendent there
on high.
Awake, I dream beneath the saff-
ron glow
Of beauty from a black macabre
sky.
The light of moons is argent lust-
fulness,
For lunar beauty's fickle—it is
lewd;
Eternally it changes day by day.
Yet somehow when I'm vested in
this mood
On nights when I just lie and
watch the moon,
Up in the sky a tiny silver stain—
Thin remnant of great beauty gone
too soon—
Makes we aware of some great
aching pain
Of longing for the beauty I re-
member . . .
Like some past spring recalled in
mid-December.

sickening—then down, down again into a whirling maelstrom. The drunken feeling, the sounds, the nauseaation were beyond his endurance. He was mad. He would kill himself. He would jump in the black waters of the bay. Both lungs full of cold water would be a sensation of heaven compared to this torture.

He finished the bitter tea and staggered to his feet drunkenly. He would not admit to himself that he was ill in mind and body. He strove mightily to keep his balance as he stumbled forward in the passageway. In the distance he heard his name called.

It was O'Hara. He was standing in front of John. His anger raged again until it was white heat. It was consuming his soul again. He wanted to kill O'Hara then, but he knew that he was physically incapable. This huge Irishman was a brute of a man. It would take two, no, three like John to handle O'Hara. Yet John wanted to jump on him like an hysterical animal, snarl, and sink his teeth in his throat and tear away the flesh.

John could catch far-off words: "John—sorry—you know—wouldn't—know—you feel—O. D.—it happened—way it—the boots—tough luck—I wouldn't—myself—old man." Words, words, they meant nothing to him; they were consumed by the raging heat along with his soul. All the bitterness in him surged higher. All the profanity he had ever known rushed to his lips; all the vile abuse he had ever uttered tried to burst out in a torrent. He wanted to scream: "O'Hara! You—you son-of-a—!" and scream it over and over again. But the feeling of helplessness and physical cowardice turned him to stone. He could do nothing, say none of the bitter things he wanted to say.

Finally he blurted out hoarsely: "O'Hara, the world isn't big enough for both of us!" and left him standing there in dumb amazement. John was scarcely aware of the trite words he had uttered.

He climbed to the navigating bridge and sat down on the signal platform on the starboard side. He looked up at the stars, but saw nothing. He looked far down at the water of the bay, but it meant nothing to him. For the first time he realized that he had not been smoking. So he smoked. John felt a hand on his shoulder, a pat on the back, and looked up to find his signal watchmate. Rob seemed to know everything as he said: "Pull yourself together, pal; don't let it get you down like this—come in the pilot house and have a drink." John did not answer, and Rob finally left.

He got up and walked back and
(Continued on page 31)

1

Not content to let it stand
 In beauty there on every hand
 For thirty minutes every Sunday
 We must ask our God: Let it be Monday.

2

Oh, pretty students row on row
 Please tell the teacher what you know:
 "Our foreheads pure and bare of wrinkle
 Are from our God, old Rip Van Winkle.

3

They welcome all comers with talk of the Gods,
 The butcher, the baker, the carrier of hods,
 But let us inform you, before you begin
 It's best to possess no Original Sin.

4

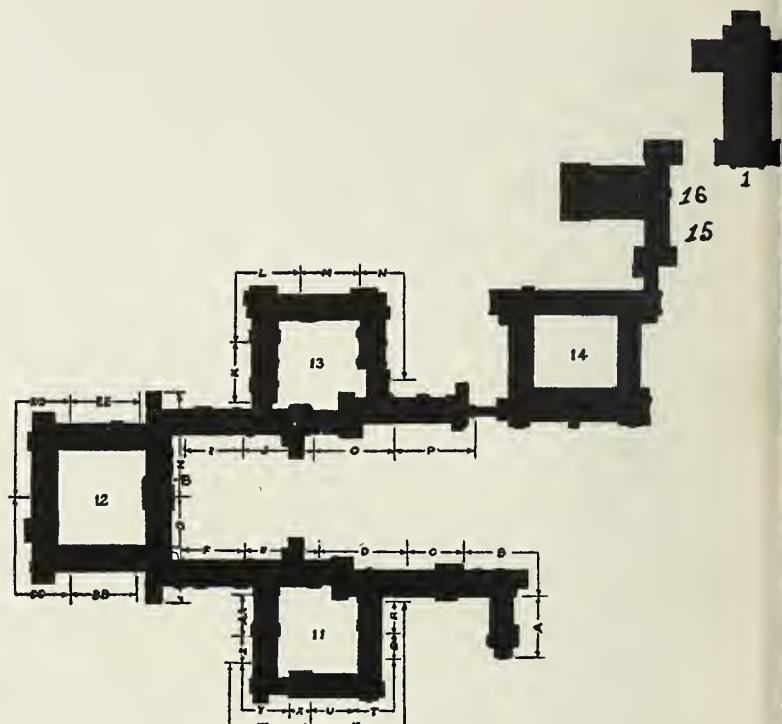
Here the weather's never better:
 It's just dependent on the debtor,
 For be the skies of blue or gray
 You know it's always Fine today.

5

Makin' laws, breakin' laws all the day long
 The scales of justice to sell for a song;
 They practice all day the bar to bestride
 At night are content to fall by its side.

6

All the day long with fire and smell
 They play in their own little sulphurous hell
 So equations and valence to them are just sport—
 And there's nothing satiric about a Retort.



In response to urgent requests for information regarding the ancient city of Chichen Itza, William Beebe Brown and Martin Johnson Jones, to Mexico, have sent a map of the lost city, and some verses copied from its walls. I can speak Yucatan, or English either for that matter. But that's I

7

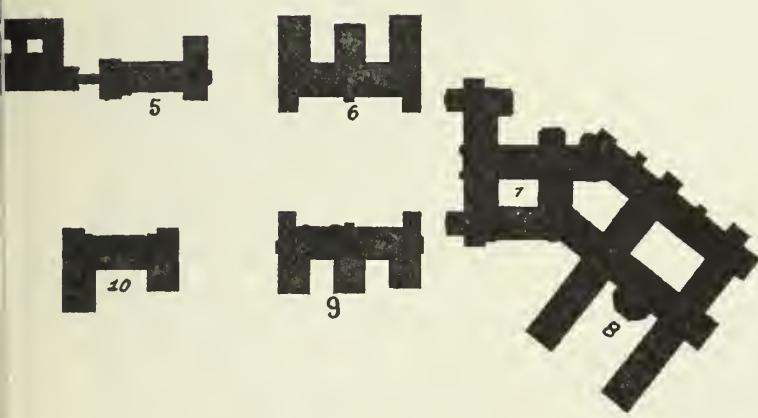
With scalpel and bandage they putter about
 Cutting up those who could do without
 And if they should prune the old family tree—
 They smile at you sadly and say that it's free.

8

Broken arms, and ankles sprained
 Sore of throat, or muscle strained
 Bring us much of mankind ill
 We give to all the same small pill.

11

They love 'em, they leave 'em, and that without shame
 "We done it for glory, it's all in the game"
 Their motto is brief and goes with the song:
 "Fifty million Freshmen just can't be wrong."



in Yucatan, the ARCHIVE sent two of its most able explorers, *sunt*. The report of these intrepid gentlemen is composed of *ulations* are at best inaccurate as neither Jones nor Brown

12

From North and South and East and West
 We bring to thee a virgin breast,
 But as nearer and nearer the end we reach
 We know the thing's a figure of speech.

13

Gothic here and Gothic there
 Saints and gargoyles blankly stare
 Be ye British, Lapp, or Pole
 Here must have a Gothic soul.

9

They know all about life in its various phases
 And delight in the earthworm's infinite mazes
 But this is their Bible, their Primer, and Log:
 Now what is more fun than an excellent frog?

10

Oh, they love all wheels, and pendulums too,
 Because they're the same for atoms and you
 And if they're tough and sometimes tyrannical
 It's all because of their Advantage Mechanical.

14

Come hoist thou the flag on high
 And shout down the dissenting cry
 Our motto with the food is served:
 "The UNION, it must be preserved."

15

Long in service, old in gore
 We stand for what we did before:
 Who touches a hair of our fair head,
 Dies like a dog. So much be said.

16

Ah, they come every Thursday and sit for a bit
 And grind their teeth at the manner of it
 But forever they hear that phrase aptly turned,
 "Thy hand put in fire, the same shall be burned."

Pages from a Parisian note book

PARIS. Bits of varicolored paper tossed in a crystal bowl a hidden trickle of gay laughter the swinging gait of life as it surges past a rolling bus platform the sore thumb of the Eiffel Tower pricking the horizon a long barge floating down a blue-grey river the pungent throb of the intense night the orange blur of the boat lights floating through the *Bois* the lilting wail of a stringed orchestra the clink of a half-emptied glass the soft blur of dawn on the horizon a dim and subtle whispering Paris.

▲ ▲

RANDOM NOTES. The youngest edition of the new Roosevelts stomp and stepping it at Montmartre's hottest Harlem-ish night spot:—the black-leather and red-plush "Brick Tops" the mellowed volume of the revolutionary "Convention" bound in human skin on view at the Museum Carnavalet the thumping can-can in the gold and gaudy *Bal Tabarin*:—ten young ladies demonstrating (with gestures) what it must have been like to have been bad in the not so gay 90's Harlem's black and tan Duke Ellington driving all Paris that-a-way with his ultra-modern syncopated blasts the grand upward sweep of the world's greatest avenue:—the *Champs-Elysées* between the *Place de la Concorde* and the *Arc-de-Triomphe* weeping Laurel and chubby Hardy crowned the cinema kings of Paris after rolling up a record run of sixteen weeks at the ritzy *Cine Madeleine* the glorious wooden doors of the old house at 12 rue *Chanoinesee* on the *Ile de la Cité* black and shiny Countess Josephine Baker still the toast of the Parisian elite:—now at *Casino de Paris* where Chevalier first made famous his hanging lower lip Marlene Dietrich in green pants on

the Grand Boulevards the inner glow of aged and mellow *Notre Dame* just at sunset.

▲ ▲

QUAI VOLTAIRE. Roaming along the banks of the Seine one day I happened to note this faded inscription high on the wall of an old river-front house:

Voltaire
Ne a Paris
Le 21 Novembre—1694
est mort
dans cette maison—
le 30 Mai 1778

It must have been in this very house that the famous incident of the priest took place. Voltaire lay dying. He was so near the end that a priest was called to shrive him.

"From whom do you come, Monsieur l'Abbe?" inquired Voltaire.

"From God Himself," mumbled the priest.

"Well, well, sir," said Voltaire, "your credentials."

The good priest left without adding Voltaire's soul to his account. The passing of the years has left in this house one external indication of a mind that altered the course of the world by laughing at itself and it.

▲ ▲

DINING AROUND TOWN. Paris is a paradise in clay for the gourmet. So much is traditional. But what of the lover of fine foods whose pocket fails to provide the support necessary for a dinner at *Le Lido* or *Cafe de Paris*. Within the student section one can find a host of atmospheric little restaurants with a fixed price of from five to eight francs (twenty to thirty cents). Here's how you might dine at the Restaurant Saint-Michel on the boulevard of the same name:

Soupe à l'oignon
Contrefilet roti avec pommes
Tomatoes provencalé
Tarte aux pommes

Or if you prefer your wine and bread with a certain artistic touch you might try this at *Le Coq d'Or et Kis Pipa*, seven francs.

Borcht—(that Russian delicacy made with sour cream)

Oeuf's à la Russe—(eggs spiced with a certain amount of mystery)

Chateaubriand—(French for the best in the way of a steak)

Petit pois—(than which there is nothing more Parisian)

Mousse choclat—(a delicate pastry hiding under a trite name)

Top off all that with even the most ordinary of *vin ordinaire* and you have a meal costing less than thirty cents yet fit for the traditional king. And eaten to the strains of a three piece gypsy orchestra.

▲ ▲

BAR MONTPARNASSÉ. *Le Dome* at the intersection of *Boulevard Raspail* and *Boulevard Montparnasse* is, at the moment, the most popular of the cafes in the Latin Section. Seen during any one of the twenty-four hours it is a surging whirlpool of strange types drawn into the vortex of the Parisian student quarter. In the motley crowd one finds all the stray pieces of human driftwood that clog the edges of a whirling mass of life. The types are indeed plentiful— the little boy-lady that sells dirty books, "Ulysses," "The Rainbow," and "Lady Chatterly's Lover" in plain wrappers. . . . dark, smiling, and handsome, who peddles his mediocre engravings to corn-belt school teachers through the power of a flashing smile.

▲ ▲

Then the lovely lady from Iowa who looked at *Notre Dame* and murmured vaguely that it was pretty.

LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

It must be fate

THE TIME—*An indefinite date in the recently dim past.*

THE PLACE—*A country farmhouse on a rural road in a somewhat remote and backward portion of Ireland.*

THE SETTING—*The room is the usual combination living room, dining room, bed room of a country family. In fact, it is the only room in the house. It is poor and rough, and yet it seems quite comfortable. It is not without a certain share of the very elemental luxuries. There is a large stone fireplace at the right in which a few logs are burning. Suspended over the fire by means of a crane, the family dinner is cooking in a copper pot. In the center of the rear wall there is a door that opens into a sort of shed. Another door, at the left, provides a means of entrance from the outside. There is an old fashioned bed in one corner, and a table in the center of the room. Several long wood benches are drawn up in front of the fire. The room is lighted only by fire and candle light.*

THE CHARACTERS

The following take part in the action:

MAX MACCARTHY, a native farmer.

MARTHA MACCARTHY, his wife.

LORD HOWARD OF EXETER, a young English nobleman.

THE GIRL, who has everything that a heroine ought to have.

THE ACTION

(As the curtain rises Martha is seen by the fireplace. She is stirring something in the metal pot held over the fire and is singing some bit of a local religious ballad in a cracked and broken voice. She is an old lady of perhaps sixty years but still retains some of the fire of her youth. The door opens and Max enters in a billow of snow. He is an active farmer of the same age and is almost as alive as is his wife. Martha turns as he enters. It is a wild, wet night.)

MAX: Well, is this enough for ye, ye old devil of a woman.

(He walks across the room and dumps the armful of wood that he has been carrying into a bin by the fireplace.)

MARTHA: That's a fine way for a daicent respectable man to be talking to the fine wife that heaven's been kind enough to give him.

MAX: And if that's a specimen of heaven's blessings I'll be a visitin' the other place, be glory.

Broken Wings

BY NANCY HUDSON

Wings beating, beating, and forever beating.
A clear wide sky, sweet and deep.
Far lands that the wild heart loves—
Far lands and long waters,
Lonely marshes and rich forests
Crying to soul aching with longing.
Far lands calling,
And the wild wings beating—
And wings, beating, beating,
Eternal wings beating,
Heart-breaking, despairing wings
beating,
and
Forever beating—at the ground...

MARTHA: Keep still, ye old coot. If you keep that idle tongue of yours a waggin', there's no knowing what you'll be saying next.

MAX: And a pity it would be, wouldn't it, if I should speak the truth about that waggin' bit of tongue in your own mouth. Sure, and it's as quiet as a mouse—

MARTHA: That'll be about enough from you, Max MacCarthy. If you be knowing what's good for you, you'll be going out after another bundle of wood for the fire.

MA *(suddenly losing his spirit and becoming quite contrite):* But Marthy, it's snowing like the very

blazes out. You won't be needing more wood than that tonight, will ye?

MARTHA: A lot you know! Out with you!

MAX *(knowing very well the matter is settled):* But Marthy, it's such a mighty bad night outside. The snow is coming down, and the wind's a blowing, and the woodpile's covered up with more than a foot of snow.

MARTHA: All the more reason why we'll be needing that wood before morning. Now, out with ye, before—

MAX: But, Marthy—

(Martha gets up and makes for Max with the spoon she has been using to stir the pot. Max moves towards the door with haste.)

MARTHA: Out with ye now, before I use this spoon to stir your idle blood. *(Exit Max.)* And when you come in again put that coat of yours in the shed. My, but your a lazy man, Max MacCarthy.

(Martha goes back to her seat by the fire and sits on one of the benches. She stirs the contents of the pot and mumbles to herself.)

MARTHA: And it's a fine husband that Max turned out to be. Forty years now we been living in this hut, and still it takes the spoon to make him get the wood. *(She waves the spoon in the air and sighs.)* Oh! well, the saints be praised that he isn't worse, I suppose. *(There is a moment of silence as she stirs the pot.)* He's been faithful to me these forty winters, and that's something for a woman to brag about. *(There is another period of silence. The wind increases in volume. Martha turns at the sound.)* Sure, and it's a wild night, it is. Listen to that wind a whistling. *(There is another period of silence ended by a sharp knock on the outside door.)*

MARTHA: Come in, ye blustering old fool. Is it forty years you've been passing through that door and still you're knocking.

(The knock is repeated.)

MARTHA *(rising and going to the door)*: And I suppose you've got your arms so full of wood that ye can't manage it. Ye was always a useless creature, Max MacCarthy.

(She opens the door and a man jumps in slamming the door behind him. He is covered with snow and stands in the middle of the floor as he brushes it out of his eyes and mouth. He is tall and quite handsome, and very apparently English, although not obnoxiously so.)

MARTHA: Blessed Saint Peter, and who might you be?

STRANGER—*(He is as formal as his position will allow)*: I hope you will pardon me, madam. I've lost my road and it is such a terrible night out that I came to the first light I could see. *(Regaining his poise he smiles slightly.)* It isn't very fine weather to be riding across the country.

MARTHA: And there I'm agreeing with you. Here, it's fine hospitality I'm showing standing here and gabbing like an old fool. Pull off that coat or the snow will be melting and getting you even wetter.

STRANGER *(pulling off his coat)*: I really don't think that is possible.

MARTHA: Here, give it to me and I'll hang it in the shed. It's a tidy house that I like to be keeping.

(Martha takes the coat and goes out of the room into the shed. The stranger walks across the room and stands before the fire. Martha re-enters.)

MARTHA: Now pull off them boots and put on this pair of my good husband's slippers. Then you can sit there in front of the fire and it's a certain that it won't take the heat but a minute to dry the dampness out of you.

STRANGER *(sitting down in front of fire)*: You are very kind indeed. I couldn't have found a better place if I had deliberately selected it.

MARTHA: Well, it's not much we be having to do with here, but what we have is as much a stranger's as it's ours.

(While she is speaking Max has entered with another armful of wood.)

Seeing the stranger seated before the fire he stops suddenly and remains quite still.)

MARTHA: Well, what are ye standing there like a dummy for. Put the wood on the pile, and try to act daicent before this stranger.

MAX: And you can't blame me for being surprised, Marthy. I didn't expect to find you sitting with another gentleman, and him with his feet in my slippers too. *(He dumps the fire-wood at the side of the bench and stands leaning against the rocks of the fireplace.)*

STRANGER *(rising)*: I must apologize. I'll admit that I look almost too much at home, but your wife has been very kind to a stranger.

MAX: Yes, more than she ought.

MARTHA: Keep quiet, Max MacCarthy. It's a fine type of man that you are. Acting up before a stranger that's been driven into your house by the storm.

MAX *(sharply)*: By blessed Saint Patrick. I'll wager you don't even know his name.

MARTHA *(fencing sharply)*: And what if I don't. If the Good Father hadn't given you a pair of poor deceitful eyes, you could see by looking at him that he is a man of worth.

MAX *(very much aloof)*: The Good Father gave me inquiring eyes.

MARTHA: The Good Father gave you eyes that look for evil till they find it. It's an apology that you ought to be making to this poor man.

STRANGER *(breaking in)*: I'm afraid that I am to blame. You must let me—

MARTHA: And that tis nonsense, stranger. Sit down by the fire. For forty years I've been married to this old devil, and in all those years I haven't heard one word of wisdom come from between his lips. It's a certain that he wouldn't begin to think at his age. You sit down and be making yourself at home.

MAX *(very stubbornly)*: I still be saying that ye ought to know who he is.

MARTHA: And I'm still saying that it is none of your business.

STRANGER *(rising again)*: Ah! yes, but it is. He does have a right to know the name of a guest in his house. *(He turns and bows to Max and his tone is very studied and formal.)* I am sir, your most humble servant, Lord Howard of Exeter.

(This announcement comes as a shock to Max. He is plainly very much embarrassed and a little uncertain whether to believe it or not. Marthas shows no particular sign of surprise.)

MAX: You couldn't be the Lord Howard?

HOWARD: Ah! yes, but I could.

MAX: Lord Howard, the landlord of this parish! *(He is plainly quite skeptical.)* But no Lord Howard's been in Ireland since my father was a wee 'un.

HOWARD: Ah! that's just it. We had remained away from Ireland too long.

MARTHA: But why should Your Lordship becoming to the parish now? 'Tis no place for a fine young man.

HOWARD: Ah! but it is the place for a young man, if that young man is a Lord Howard. It's high time that a Lord Howard came to see his lands in Ireland. *(He is quite proud of the title and shows it.)*

MAX *(catching at a glimmer of light)*: Oh! then it's to see about the income that your here.

HOWARD: No. I don't care about that. I've come to see the people on my lands, to give them a share of the new equality, to see that they get a proper portion of what they produce. *(He is very pedantic yet quite sincere.)*

MAX *(not understanding at all now)*: Oh!

MARTHA: Then you really be Lord Howard?

HOWARD: That I am.

MAX *(still not quite sure—he has never met a real Lord)*: The real Lord Howard in my own house.

MARTHA: There ye go braggin' in front of His Lordship.

MAX *(trying hard to be polite)*: Will you be having some tea, Lord Howard?

HOWARD (*plainly enjoying the last*): Thank you, I will.

(*Max goes to the fireplace and taking up the pot, burns himself, and drops it.*)

MARTHA: Bah! You're a useless man, Max. You get the cup for Lord Howard and I'll pour the tea.

(*Max goes to the center table and gets a cup and saucer and brings it back to Howard.*)

MAX: Here you are, Sir.

HOWARD: Thank you, Max.

(*Max smiles broadly and stands rather self-consciously in front of the fire. Martha is still very much at her ease.*)

MARTHA (*pouring tea into the cup*): It's a sort of snowy night to be out riding isn't it, Your Lordship.

HOWARD: Rather! But you see I am on an important mission.

MARTHA (*very curious*): An important mission?

HOWARD: Yes. I am on my way to be married.

MAX (*quite amazed*): Married!

HOWARD: Yes, married! It has been planned for tomorrow.

MARTHA: But why should a London gentleman be marrying in this part of Ireland?

HOWARD: It is a part of my plan. You see, I have come to believe very strongly in the new equality. (*He thinks he is very serious.*) The new doctrine is the important thing in my existence. I have planned to give my life to making it a complete reality in my own little part of the world.

MAX (*very much at sea*): But, why—.

HOWARD: That part is very simple. I have arranged to marry the daughter of Shan O'Connor. When that is done it will be possible for me to come in on a basis of perfect equality with my people. (*He is intensely serious in his own eyes. Max is quite completely lost. Martha shows no outward sign of emotion except for a slight upward turn of her lips.*)

MAX: Oh!

MARTHA (*seriously*): Peggy O'Connor's a sweet little 'un, but it's a

shame I'm thinking for a fine young fellow to marry away from his heart.

MAX: Dou't you be lovin' the girl.

HOWARD: Love her? Why I haven't even seen her. But that doesn't really matter. What really matters is the success of the new equality. (*He becomes quite inspired and didactic.*) All men were created equal. That is the important fact about life. What little I can do to spread the new gospel is worth far more to me than any personal pleasure or pain.

MAX: I don't be thinking as there's anything more important than a good loving wife.

MARTHA: Ah! and tis a pity. Marriage is enough of a task if you be loving your husband. It's a sad feeling for you two that I have. Marrying, and not even in love.

MAX: It's a real pity.

MARTHA: Hush, ye old coot. Will ye always be saying the same things that I say. (*To Howard*): Will ye be having more tea?

HOWARD: No, thank you. I am really very grateful to you. I'm almost dry, and I feel warm and mighty comfortable again. (*He is enjoying his position intensely and is in an expansive mood.*) You have a really nice little home. With the few improvements that I intend to make on the houses in the parish it will be really excellent.

MARTHA: Of course you will be staying all night. It's too bad a storm to venture out in.

HOWARD (*pleased at the thought of a sacrifice for the cause*): I'm afraid there isn't any real choice. Have you room?

MARTHA: Sure, and you'll be using this room for the night. It's a mighty poor bed for a Lord and a bridegroom at that, but it is the best that we can be giving you.

HOWARD (*more pleased with himself each minute*): Thank you, I couldn't ask for better.

(*Martha rises and goes to the door to the shed.*)

HOWARD: But where are you going to sleep?

MARTHA: Sure, and it wont be the first time that me and Max have slept in the shed. When we were a happy married couple we slept many a night in a worse place than that.

(*Max is still sitting in front of the fire.*)

MARTHA: Come along, Max. Can't you see that His Lordship is ready for his sleep.

HOWARD: But really, I can't let you sleep in the shed while I use your bed.

MARTHA: Tut! Tut! Your Lordship! what would the couple of us be doing in a room with you.

HOWARD: But, really, the new equality—.

MARTHA: Tut! Tut! Max and I like our privacy at night.

HOWARD: Really—.

MARTHA: Come along, Max.

(*Max rises and joins her at the entrance to the shed.*)

MAX (*muttering*): It's a shame to be leaving so fine a fire.

MARTHA (*whispering*): Come along, have ye no respect for His Lordship?

MAX: Not when he takes my bed and fire. And wasn't he talking about some sort of equality—.

MARTHA (*smiling*): That was just His Lordship's blarney. His Lordship is a young 'un and his ideas run his head.

MAX: If he's going to talk about—.

MARTHA: Quiet, ye old devil, His Lordship will be hearing you. (*Out loud*): Good night, Your Lordship, and may you dream of a sweet bride.

(*Exit Max and Martha.*)

HOWARD: Really, you know you should—. (*He sees that they are gone.*) Goodnight! Goodnight!

(*Howard is really pleased with himself. He goes over to the fire and stirs it up a bit. He has planned on doing just this for a long time and now he is really doing it. It really makes him feel quite romantic and active. He takes off his coat and vest, and removes his collar and tie. He has rolled up his sleeves and is about to wash his hands in a bowl of water on the table when there is a slight*

knock on the outside door. He looks up and listens and another knock is heard. He is about to open the door, but, before he can reach it, it is thrown open and a girl, wrapped in a long coat, enters and closes the door behind her. She stands in the room without speaking while the snow falls in little lumps from her coat.)

HOWARD (*he is completely master of the situation and completely at ease—one gathers that he is always master of every situation involving the feminine sex*): Good evening, it is really quite charming of you to drop in this way.

GIRL (*not quite understanding this beginning*): Please stop, this is no time to be frivolous.

HOWARD: Oh! but I really wasn't being frivolous. I was being romantic. One gets so few chances to be romantic these days, don't you think?

GIRL: Do stop being silly. This is a very serious affair.

HOWARD: Oh! do tell me! Are you being pursued by some cruel step-father,—or is it an undesired suitor!

GIRL (*quite unable to get the situation in hand*): Will you stop, or shall I go back into the snow?

HOWARD: Fine! Fine! now you are getting the spirit. Be heroic! Be romantic!

GIRL (*turning towards the door*): Oh! what am I going to—.

MARTHA (*from the shed*): Who is that out there?

HOWARD (*to the girl*): Shhh! That's the lady of the house, and she's very vicious. If she found you—.

GIRL (*shocked*): Your wife?

HOWARD: Good heavens, no!

MARTHA (*still from the shed*): I'll have to be putting on my clothes, I suppose, and be going out and see what it is.

GIRL: Please stop her!

HOWARD: Will you promise to be very romantic?

GIRL: You are very impolite. I'm cold and wet. You're just about—.

HOWARD (*at shed door*): Everything is quite all right, Mrs. McCarthy. One of my party that I lost in the snow has just turned up.

MARTHA (*still in shed*): It's all right then?

HOWARD: Yes, perfectly!

(Howard walks back over to where the girl is standing in front of the fireplace.)

HOWARD: And now for the wet things.

GIRL: What are you going to do?

HOWARD: We really must be serious until you get these wet things off.

(Howard removes the girl's coat and hat and takes them over to the table where he places them on the back of a chair.)

HOWARD: Now, if you'll come over here and sit down by the fire you'll soon dry out.

(She goes to the bench and sits down sticking her feet up close to the fire. She is a young and attractive girl with nice features. Howard comes and sits down on the bench beside her.)

HOWARD: And now, was it a step-father or a suitor? Or perhaps it was a husband?

GIRL: I thought for a moment that you really were going to be serious.

HOWARD: You're evading the subject. You really must tell me, you know. You see, it makes so much difference. If it was an angry father, then I had better hide. If it was a suitor, I'll get a gun and shoot him. If it was a husband, he'll probably shoot me.

GIRL: No! I was wrong. You can't be serious.

HOWARD (*smilingly persistent*): I can see that you are going to be very hard to manage. For the third and last time was it a father, a suitor, or a husband?

GIRL (*being very precise*): Very well, I see that you are a very stubborn person. And there is only one way to treat a stubborn person, so I suppose I will have to baby you.

HOWARD: Oh! I think that's an excellent plan.

GIRL: I'll tell my story on only one condition, that you keep very quiet while I am speaking.

HOWARD: Condition accepted, I shall be a model listener.

GIRL: It's really very simple. I was on my way to town on horseback this morning with a party of friends. It was such a beautiful day that I decided to strike out across country rather than follow the road which was very crowded and dull. Well, I did, and then it began to snow, and then I got lost, and here I am.

HOWARD: I'm so disappointed.

GIRL: Yes?

HOWARD: No father, no suitor, not even a poor insignificant little husband. Romance just won't come to me.

GIRL: You're absolutely hopeless.

HOWARD: Really! Hopeless?

GIRL: Were you ever for one moment serious?

HOWARD (*with mock severity*): I don't think that I like that. I have a reputation for being a rather staid and conservative young man. I don't recall ever before being accused of either lightness of head, or frivolity of spirit.

GIRL: Then you must be turning over a very new leaf.

HOWARD: Shall I really be serious.

GIRL: Please do.

HOWARD: All right! Here we are in the middle of a snow storm that seems certain of keeping up all night. We're miles from everywhere, alone in a house with only two old and rather insignificant natives to keep us company. And they, quite probably, are sound asleep by this time. You are young,—and quite beautiful. I am young,—and—.

GIRL: That is quite enough. You make it sound very awful.

HOWARD (*with mock dignity*): It is very awful. You shall probably be compromised for life.

GIRL: Which of course doesn't bother you in the least.

HOWARD: Oh! but it does. You see at heart I am a very good man, and like all true chivalric knights, I'm always ready to come to the aid of ladies in distress.

GIRL (*sarcastically*): That relieves my mind of a great weight. Shall I sit down while you climb on your horse and dash away to bring aid to

the distressed maiden. If you don't mind I think I prefer the snow to your chivalry.

(She goes over to the door and opens it. The wind is very strong and swirls into the room bring snow and sleet with it. The girl is blown back away from the door. Howard goes to the door and closes it.)

HOWARD: You see even the elements have joined in my conspiracy.

GIRL *(she stands in the middle of the floor looking very meek and dejected)*: Really, this is very serious to me.

HOWARD: It could be very serious to me, also.

GIRL *(with dignity)*: You have evidently failed to notice my hand.

HOWARD: No! it is very pretty. *(He looks down at it and sees that she wears an engagement ring)*: Oh! I see. *(There is a pause)*: Of course it couldn't be an engagement ring.

GIRL: You see—.

HOWARD *(breaking in)*: Then there is a suitor. *(He becomes suddenly quite serious)*: You know I almost wish now that there wasn't one.

GIRL: Please help me. I must keep him from suspecting anything. I can't tell you of all that would happen if this should come to his ears.

(The girl is very serious and almost crying.)

HOWARD: Why, you're crying. *(There is a pause and he continues in a very serious mood.)*: I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't, well, I didn't think that my idiocy would touch you so. I'll be serious, very serious. *(He pauses and touches her arm)*: But you must help me, little lady, not to be too very serious.

GIRL *(going over to the bench and sitting down)*: What are we going to do?

HOWARD: You'll have to stay in this room tonight. There isn't any other place to go.

GIRL *(very contrite)*: Yes!

HOWARD: But that will be a very compromising thing to do.

GIRL: Yes!

HOWARD *(after a long pause)*: I'm really very safe.

GIRL: Yes?

HOWARD: You see I am to be married very soon, also.

GIRL: Oh! And is that supposed to make me feel perfectly secure?

HOWARD: Well, I—. *(He really doesn't know what to say.)*

(There is quite a long pause while they sit looking at each other. Both are ill at ease and hardly know just what to do with the situation.)

HOWARD *(jumping up)*: I've got it!

GIRL *(with evident hope)*: What?

HOWARD: Now listen carefully. We'll draw up a written set of rules for our conduct this evening. Then we'll both sign it. And if the,—well, if the happenings of this evening should get out, we will have a written statement of just how we acted.

GIRL: But suppose that you don't act in the same manner that you write?

HOWARD *(seriously)*: I assure, I have never broken my word, and my signature is stronger than my word.

GIRL: Well, it can't hurt matters any, I suppose.

HOWARD: Fine! *(He goes to the table, takes up pen and paper, and sits down to write.)* Now, you tell me what to say.

GIRL: I don't know how to start.

HOWARD: Very well, I'll begin. *(Writing)*: The lady shall be called the party of the first part, and the gentleman, the party of the second part.

GIRL *(meekly)*: Yes!

HOWARD: Let me see now. *(Writing)*: The party of the first part, that's you, shall occupy the bed. *(Looking up)*: Is that satisfactory?

GIRL: I guess so. I can't say for sure until you put down where you're going to sleep.

HOWARD: I'll write that now. *(Writing)*: The person of the second part shall occupy the bench in front of the fire. How's that?

GIRL: But the bench will be so hard.

HOWARD: Yes. *(He thinks a minute)*: You know, you're very pretty.

GIRL *(sternly)*: Have you forgotten that you are engaged to be married?

HOWARD: Oh! yes, that's right, isn't it. *(He scowls as he attempts to pick out the bits of the new from the old in his brain. He has been completely absorbed in the girl since she came into the room.)* But that doesn't really matter so much.

GIRL: Oh! I see.

HOWARD: Don't misunderstand, please. I'm going to marry her because it's my duty to what I believe. I hadn't thought about love before, really I hadn't. Marriage was to be just a means to an end that I wanted.

GIRL: Will you go on with your writing please.

HOWARD: Oh! Yes! Let me see! What was it I was writing! Oh! yes, the bench! Well, it's softer than the floor, don't you think?

GIRL: Yes.

(There is a long pause.)

HOWARD: Confound it but he's a lucky fellow.

GIRL *(innocently)*: Who?

HOWARD: The fellow that you're going to marry.

GIRL: Will you go on with that statement, please.

HOWARD: Yes. *(He begins to write again)*: The party of the first part shall keep all of the bed-covers, and—.

GIRL: May I make a necessary suggestion?

HOWARD *(he is trying hard to regain the lost poise)*: The judicial council is open to a suggestion from the floor.

GIRL: Please be serious! I suggest that you sleep with all of your clothes on.

HOWARD: Oh! do you think it is fair to add that discomfort to the hard bench?

GIRL: It may not be fair but it is quite necessary.

HOWARD *(rising with great dignity)*: The party of the second part rises to disagree. He wishes to propose an alternative amendment. He suggests that he remove his outer

clothing and sleep wrapped in the great-cloak that hangs there on the wall.

GIRL (*looking at the cloak*): Well!

HOWARD: What are you thinking about?

GIRL (*smiling*): I was wondering if the great-cloak is great enough.

HOWARD (*bowing with mock stiffness*): I choose to ignore that remark. Has the party of the first part come to a decision?

GIRL (*rising and catching the spirit of the mood*): The scribe may record the following: The person of the first part has decided to allow the person of the second part to remove some of his clothing, and sleep in the great-cloak; but, only on the condition that all the lights are extinguished during the period of partial disrobing.

HOWARD (*writing*): The scribe so hears and records. (*There is a pause while Howard writes this last. He looks up.*) Did you say partial disrobing?

GIRL: The amendment was very specific upon that point.

HOWARD: Yes. (*There is a pause.*) You know, you are really so very good looking.

GIRL (*sternly*): I have another suggestion to make.

HOWARD: Another?

GIRL: Yes! You must write an amendment promising never to speak of that, or anything connected with it again.

HOWARD: But you should really let me explain.

GIRL: Your fiancee?

HOWARD: Oh! but she doesn't really matter. She is just a country girl from some little village, and—why I haven't even seen her.

GIRL: A country girl?

HOWARD: Yes! There you see! Won't you let me explain?

GIRL (*very seriously*): Please do.

HOWARD (*surprise at her sudden acquiescence*): I was just out of college, and, well, my head was filled with all those ideas about the new equality. I wanted to do something that would actually hold it along the way. And so I decided to come to

Ireland where I could help the people on my own lands.

GIRL: Your own lands?

HOWARD: Yes. But I knew they would never accept me as I was. You can realize that. So I had it arranged for me to marry into some family in the parish seat. That's all it was really. My engagement meant nothing more to me than a means to help along the doctrine of the new age. Won't you believe me?

GIRL (*standing very still and straight*): And you intended to marry her for that reason alone?

HOWARD (*he is so very serious that he has quite forgotten much of his affected interest in the new era*): I swear it! Love didn't enter into my mind at all. And then, well, when I saw you, well—.

GIRL (*suddenly starting towards the door*): I'm going! I'm going, and all of the snow, sleet, rain, ice or whatever there is outside will not keep me in this room another second.

HOWARD: But, why—. (*He sees she is really going to leave.*) Please don't go.

(*The girl goes to the door and opens it. Howard follows her and attempts to stop her from leaving. She starts to go out but the wind is much the stronger of the two forces and throws her back in such a way that she falls into Howard's arms. It is impossible for her to leave. She remains in his arms quietly for a fraction of a second before saying—*)

GIRL: Will you let me go, please?

HOWARD (*loosening his arms*): Certainly.

(*There is a strained silence. The girl is more at ease than she has been all evening, and is very still and cold. Howard, being in love, is quite at sea.*)

GIRL: Will you do whatever I say?

HOWARD (*suddenly very serious*): Yes. If you will only not leave this house tonight.

GIRL: Very well, sit down at the table and add this to the statement that you were writing. Are you ready?

HOWARD: Yes.

GIRL: I, Lord Howard of Exeter, hereby swear and promise that I will never again touch even the smallest finger of Peggy O'Connor.

HOWARD: But, how did you—. (*The whole truth is rather slow in dawning on him.*) Why you, you couldn't be Peggy O'Connor.

GIRL: And why not?

HOWARD: But she, she is a country husbandman's daughter.

GIRL: And did you think that all the Irish were just dumb, uneducated peasants. Didn't it ever occur to you, Your Lordship, that perhaps, just perhaps there might be one or two really decent people in Ireland.

HOWARD: But—, but—!

GIRL: Really, you know, some of us are almost on a level with you English. We have schools. Actually! and we have parents, and homes, and culture.

HOWARD: But, how was I to know—.

GIRL: Of course! How were you to know that the little Irish girl you had so kindly decided to marry would turn out to be something else. You had such fine plans, didn't you, such nice plans? You were going to elevate her by lowering yourself. How nice! Now really, you know, I don't believe I'm at all interested in your kind of elevating.

(*Howard stands in the middle of the floor not knowing at all what to do. The girl, to say the least, is complete master of the situation.*)

GIRL: Have you written that last statement?

HOWARD: But, Peggy, please let me explain—.

GIRL: Really, Your Lordship, the English schools must teach a very slow method of penmanship.

HOWARD: But, Peggy, must I really—.

GIRL: It was Your Lordship's idea, and Your Lordship has such excellent ideas.

HOWARD: Very well, then. (*He writes*): I, Lord Howard of Exeter, hereby swear and promise that I will never again touch—.

(Continued on page 33)

*“What does it take
to Satisfy?”*

*“That's easy...
and they're MILD
and they TASTE BETTER.”*



Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

Books

Acid vignettes

WE ARE THE LIVING—Erskine Caldwell—Viking Press—(\$2.00).

• In "We Are the Living" Erskine Caldwell speaks lightly and starts echoes that thunder across the pages. It is strong stuff. Pungently saturated with the intensity of life itself, the words pound unceasingly on the brain of the reader with the recurrent shock of actual reality.

Its pages are spotted with drops of acid, an acid that eats away the flimsy cotton garments of humanity and leaves it glaringly naked, trying in vain to cover its sores and scabs with the thinness of ten long fingers.

The power of words and the sweeping intensity of mental music sweep through the stories with the crashing crescendo of a great power. Erskine Caldwell has the ability to take "we humans" and examine us with the aid of microscopic photography.

• When a young writer's name is found on the court records under a charge for obscenity it may rather logically be concluded that he is a member of the younger generation of super-saturated realists. When that same charge is honorably dismissed it may be assumed, with equal logic, that the young author has emerged as a literary figure of considerable proportions, and that, as a result of this success, it is possible to substitute in the public mind and on the public records the laudatory term "unadulterated realism" for the defamatory word "obscene."

When Erskine Caldwell wrote "God's Little Acre" he was a young and unknown quantity in the field of contemporary literature. "Tobacco Road" and "American Earth" were pungently acid in their view of existence. Whatever attention they attracted, however, was largely confined to the young literati and their encircling admirers. They were essentially

too subtle for the popular mind. One may well suppose that Caldwell, with a feeling of success-or-else, determined to use both barrels and attract the public attention. Such a move was not without precedent. Faulkner's "Sanctuary" was a result of the same mental decision. As a result of some such inner process Erskine Caldwell produced "God's Little Acre," a book which lacked all subtlety and therefore succeeded in slightly penetrating a portion of the public mind.



ERSKINE CALDWELL

The first reaction to the brazen blasts of this book was a cry of "obscene," "obscene." The recorded legal charge was the result. But, the very character of "God's Little Acre" was such as to attract the attention of all intellectual minds to a new exponent of the art of literary creation. The decisions of expert and amateur were alike. A new star had risen in the firmament of native writing. Erskine Caldwell was called "one of the most important voices in American literature," "a rare phenomenon," and "a recognized leader." The leader, it is axiomatic, may do what the

camp-follower dare not try. Erskine Caldwell and "God's Little Acre" were alike cleansed of all taint of obscenity. A new creator of unadulterated realism had appeared. But, the fact remained that "God's Little Acre" was essentially a mutation. It was an unusual bloom in the garden of its creator and blossomed as a result of a very special application of fertilizer.

In "We Are the Living" Erskine Caldwell has been able to return to the logical course of his development. It was no longer necessary for him to attract attention through doubled applications of his paint and perfumes. A successful writer is able to create (within certain broad limits) whatever it pleases him, and depend for protection on the aura of literary holiness. "We Are the Living," therefore, may be taken as the apex as well as the temporary terminus of Erskine Caldwell's literary life-diagram.

• Caldwell's literary technique (as far as it is expressed in the short story) consists in the use of incident as a basic formula, the expansion of this selected incident through an intensive investigation of each nook and cranny of its internal structure, and a constant striving for the unusual in effect and atmosphere.

This technique is well exemplified in "We Are the Living," as is Erskine Caldwell's very personalized method of approach. The creations of his mind are all basically sensual. He pays little attention to the emotions as external evidences. He is more interested in the internal sensual combinations that produce the emotional result.

For example, in "Warm River" (included in this collection) Caldwell describes the birth of an emotion in a youthful character. This emotion (pure spiritual love) is the external

(Continued on page 34)

A tiger records his opinions of the human race.

I, THE TIGER—Manuel Komroff—Coward McCann—(\$2.00). The foibles and failings of the world of men as viewed through the satiric eye of a Royal Bengal tiger. A series of pungently salty comments brilliantly drawn by a human mind only slightly concealed beneath the skin of a denizen of the jungle. Hollywood, human-ballyhoo, polities, and personalities acidly etched in sharply contrasting tone.

Excerpts

...In imperialism, as I understand it, you lick one man's hand in order to acquire the taste and be able to bite off other people's hands.

...Economics is the art of drawing social fever charts.

...I, the Tiger, want to enter into this record the fact that the human race is capable of much decency. But why the devil they hide it for such long periods is a mystery.

...Cleverness in man is only a glossy varnish to cover over and hide his defeat.

...How strange that an animal should be so close to man and remain uncorrupted.

...I am beginning to think that weariness is a natural part of man's existence. He makes himself weary; and he makes everybody about him weary. Certainly this feeling does not exist in the jungle. We run, we jump, we hunt, we become fatigued, and then we sleep and are fresh again. But that corroding weariness of man we do not know.

...Behaviour, I guess, is only a matter of geography. What is quite proper in a forest may be quite improper in a zoo. And it is only geography that divides the forest from the zoo.

...My spirit is ill with a dry rot. I have contracted a disease from man. I am consumed by something that in the forest we have never known. It saps my very heart. It is Hate, the great sickness of man!

...This is how it is in the world of men; helplessness is in the kernel of their existence. Some are born helpless and others work hard to achieve this state. Helplessness seems to breed dependence and cruelty. And without cruelty the whole flimsy world of man falls apart.

Comment

• In *I, the Tiger*, Manuel Komroff has attempted to criticize man from the viewpoint of one entirely apart from the realm of humans.

A tiger with a mind unadulterated by civilization observes man. And what does this tiger—robust, intrepid—what does this tiger see? He sees in man a creature of hate whose existence depends upon his helplessness—he sees man as a bold, insolent, cruel, weak, lonely, hesitant, foolish clod of mud who now and then exhibits traces of love, decency, and generosity.

Author Komroff has presented his philosophy of the human race—a philosophy that states that hate is the chief characteristic of man—in a form purporting to be sugar-coated pills. Actually he has written a book that strikes the defenseless reader with poison-tipped spears. Mr. Komroff seeks to revise all of man's fundamental ideas. He attempts to do this by writing cynical satire in a novel, fantastic fashion.

The story is narrated in first person from the tiger's point of view. The plot itself is related almost entirely by the use of suggestion. A tiger, trapped in the jungle is sold to a circus—then to a zoo—then to a motion picture company which takes him back to his native India to make a super production, *The Struggle for Existence*. Having returned to his longed-for jungle, he discovers that his old spirit has left him and that he has contracted a serious malady from man—hate. The disease takes its course.

In writing an unusual style it is difficult to prevent the novelty from wearing off. This book succeeds only partially in this respect. It is also

difficult, in attempting this type of lampoon, to be consistent. At times *I, the Tiger* appears as a tender fairy tale for kindergarten pupils; in other places it shows a profound depth of thought, worthy even of a college professor.

The chief fault with the book is that there is too much satire—entirely too evident, masked only by the cleverness of its expression. At times one is conscious of the fact that Mr. Komroff is preaching to the reader on the ills and diseases of man which, by the way, he diagnoses in an uncommon and bizarre manner. Another blemish is that the characters are too broadly drawn to stand out as fine examples of literary art. Komroff himself admits that his villain is "cheap and conventional."

The finest feature of the book is the group of vivid and electrifyingly real passages of description. Among these might be mentioned the section dealing with the trapping of the tiger and that portion describing the death of a leopard after being bitten by a cobra.

The division of the book dealing with Hollywood is the most adroitly handled part. Since the early sequences of the narrative are so pointed, one wonders and anticipates what horrible things Komroff will have to say about the biggest fraud in American life. Strange as it may seem, the satire here is subtle enough to make really enjoyable reading.

Despite the novel's several defects, Author Komroff has managed to record some profound and startling observations and to weave these together into a plot that sustains interest, although sometimes only by a slender thread. When all wrangling is over and done, the fact will probably come to the top that Manuel Komroff has written a novel, thought provoking, fascinating book of fiction.

—HERBERT S. NUSBAUM.

▲ ▲

...In a tiger's eyes 'tis really a miserable thing to be born into the human race.

Charwell saga

ONE MORE RIVER—John Galsworthy—Scribner—(\$2.50).

• This last book by Mr. Galsworthy, "One More River," has been eagerly welcomed by those who became acquainted with the Charwells of Condonford in "Maid in Waiting," but that former acquaintance is not necessary to make the enjoyment of this final novel fully as complete as that of the former. Dinny Charwell, the most charming and completely drawn of all Galsworthy heroines, is reintroduced. She is saddened by experience but not subdued, no longer desirous of anything but peace for herself but still ardent and affectionate in her loyalties to others. Dinny's sister, Clare, flees to England from her sadist husband, Gerald Corven, to whom she has been married only eighteen months. Confiding to Dinny alone the reasons for her decision she looks to her sister for the support and counsel she knows her incapable of refusing. Dinny is drawn inevitably into the affairs that follow.

Clare has definitely decided that the only way she can retain her self-respect is by leaving Corven. It is "instinct with her" not to discuss her married life so only Dinny enjoys her confidence and that vaguely. Matters are complicated by Tony Croom who, meeting Clare on her return trip from Ceylon, has fallen desperately in love with her. Clare, seeking to relieve her family of the added burden of her support, secures a position as secretary to Eustace Darnford, the new member from Condonford for whom she has canvassed in the recent election. She realizes that she probably was employed because Darnford is in love with Dinny. She moves to a flat in London alone and, since she does not return Tony's love, carefully prevents him from making love to her on his visits there. Conscious of their rectitude, however, they are guileless enough to appear indiscreet.

Darnford finds it impossible to awaken any response in Dinny. All feeling in her has seemingly been deadened by her unhappy affair with

Wilfrid Desert, from which she has never recovered. Darnford decides to be patient. He assumes the position of family friend. Corven, on a brief visit home, sees Clare and angers her by his persistence. She refuses to listen to any terms and he leaves, warning her that he will not permit things to go on in their present condition. Not realizing, in their utter guilelessness, that Corven means to have them watched, Clare and Tony spend the night in a car, innocently enough. Three weeks later Gerald sues for divorce, naming Tony as co-respondent and seeking damages. Croom is penniless. Clare and he are innocent so the family counsels them to fight,

Illustrated Editions

Random House has announced for publication on November 5th a new edition of Dostoyevsky's brilliant masterpiece, *The Brothers Karamazov*. This new printing will use the Constance Garnett translation and will contain a series of twenty-four illustrations by Boardman Robinson.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge's unfinished *Kubla Khan* will be reprinted this fall for publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. John Vassos has completed a group of thirteen impressionistic drawings to interpret the text.

feeling that failure to do so would be a far greater disgrace.

Dinny is upset, in the midst of all this, by news of Wilfrid's death on that far expedition to which he had fled. For a month she is ill from shock, and then she is somewhat comforted by a letter written by Wilfrid shortly before his death. He had found peace and the knowledge of this brought her some measure of content. She seeks it for herself.

The divorce case is sensational but the family back Clare staunchly. Clare loses the decision through the overwhelming weight of the circumstantial evidence against her. Her indiscretions have been so compro-

mising as to make her appear guilty of greater error. She gains her freedom from Corven but young Croom, having learned from her testimony that she does not love him, leaves.

Dinny has had a significant dream in which Wilfrid urged her to cross "one more river." She has gradually become reconciled to her loss. Clare and Tony succeed in erasing their difficulties and the sight of their happiness makes Dinny desire love for herself. She awakes to the realization that Darnford, the gentlest, most controlled man she has ever met, can bring her happiness. He needs her. So Dinny shakes herself free of the last remnants of her old grief and goes to him saying "This is the beginning—"

"One More River" presents John Galsworthy at his best. His portrayal of the two sisters shows once again his delicate insight into character. His treatment of Clare and Dinny, widely different in type, is equally sympathetic. The dramatic situations and continuous action of the story make a strong emotional appeal. The descriptive passages are handled with the accurate and sensitive restraint characteristic of this author. Galsworthy is thoroughly familiar with his background of modern English society and thoroughly in sympathy with his characters. This book has a maturity and beauty which must be experienced to be appreciated.

—BETTY KNIGHT.

▲ ▲

Vermont village

BONFIRE—Dorothy Canfield—Harcourt Brace and Co.—(\$2.50).

• Dorothy Canfield's latest novel, *Bonfire*, is the story of a Vermont village, of love, and of marriage. It is utterly alive and real; completely and vividly its amazing drama is enacted with the placid beauty of New England mountains and valleys for a background. The book is excellently written, but what it has to say is even more excellent.

(Continued on page 34)

Wild Oscar

OSCAR WILDE—G. J. Renier—D. Appleton-Century Co.—(\$1.50).

• If the gentle reader is not already too bored with endless discussions of Oscar Wilde, he may find this latest biography entertaining, even fascinating. G. J. Renier has not attempted to describe a personality much different from the conventional bad little boy, Oscar. Renier tries instead to outdo his contemporaries in presenting a series of clever catching phrases, such as those which were so dear to the heart of the famous aesthete himself. He seems also to take a bit of pleasure in giving scholarly refutations of statements by earlier biographers. We may be thankful, however, that we find here one Wilde history that is free of defensive writing.

Whenever one tries to evaluate Oscar Wilde, his sayings, life, and works, he meets a tremendous problem. The artistic Wilde presented so many facets of his personality that it is almost impossible for the far less complex average personality to recognize any one facet as the characteristic Oscar. When one asks himself for his own true opinion of Wilde, he finds that he is unable to give a satisfactory answer, especially when he prides himself on trying to be unbiased.

Finally, perhaps, one comes to realize that he must simply regard Wilde as Wilde, without passing judgment. He realizes that Oscar was like an everflowing limpid stream, graced with innumerable reflections, good and bad; or he may think of him as a ball of very soft clay, rolling down a stony mountain-side, changing its myriad impressions and outlines at every turn. It can be said that it is futile to regard Oscar as an entity, for he can be looked upon only as a rhythmic collection of ideas of all types. There is a possibility that this elusiveness is the secret of his fascination. No matter how lengthy, it seems that any discussion of Wilde can be only symbolistic.

The course of events in the life of the famous wit, poet, playwright, talker, disciple of beauty, and social-climber is at once ludicrous, interesting, pathetic, and repelling. Lively conversation, ridicule, and admiration were stirred up by his escapades. Oscar's achievements, adventures, and daily habits proved a fruitful source of material for the cartoonists of *Punch* and the sophisticated conversationalists of London clubs and drawing-rooms. Whatever Wilde did, it never failed to bring forth heated discussion. Although Oscar Wilde enjoyed in his youth the excitement of being a sensation, he found it to be a great drawback when he presented to the public his really serious efforts. Only his incomparable vanity protected him from the nearly constant barbs of public opinion. When at the zenith of his career his plays became the object of delight in London theatrical circles, Wilde allowed his vanity to expand so that it was an increased protection when the public turned on him in scorn.

The success of Oscar Wilde's plays marked the peak of his history. The dénouement soon followed, bringing with it disgrace, imprisonment, and complete dissolution—timely death.

—CALHOUN ANCRUM, JR.

▲ ▲

Credits

The following books have been reviewed in this issue through the courtesy of the Thomas-Quicke Company of Durham:

I, the Tiger by Manuel Komroff.

One More River by John Galsworthy.

The Dragon Murder Case by S. S. VanDine.

Reviews of the remaining books have been made possible through the courtesy of the various publishing houses.

All publications mentioned in this department will be found on sale at the Thomas-Quicke Company.

Lamp lighter

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA—Alice Tisdale Hobart—The Bobbs-Merrill Company—(\$2.50).

• “The Company always takes care of its men.” That was the promise the American Oil Company made to Stephen Chase, young and ambitious, in 1908, when he sailed for China. A quarter of a century later, amid the seething turmoil of reactionary modern China, the general manager rebuked him, “But, see here, Steve, these burns of yours don’t entitle you to hold the Company up.” With this dénouement, Mrs. Hobart closes her saga of the career of an American business man in the Far East, unquestionably one of the most extraordinary books ever written on American big business against the background of inscrutable China.

To bring light into the darkness of China’s millions was Stephen Chase’s criterion when he left New York, thrust out of America by the economic stress of 1908. After three years of roaming across Manchuria building up a business front for the Company, life held promise; Lucy would reach Yokohoma in August, and they would be married immediately. But Steve, ever honest, had written to Lucy to confess a midnight indiscretion with a geisha girl; at the dock, the cord of reality snapped when Lucy said “Stephen, I don’t love you. I haven’t since. . .” Five days later he married Hester Wentworth, another orphan of the storm. Their honeymoon was spent on a train crawling across the broad expanse of Manchuria to the last Company outpost, where Stephen assumed his first important position as manager.

Stephen got his first taste of business gratitude during his fourth year in China. With oil sales decreasing steadily, he hit upon the idea of giving small oil lamps gratis to purchasers of small amounts of Company oil. Sales boomed immediately, but no word of commendation, no in-

(Continued on page 34)

Humiliation

(Continued from page 17)

forwards athwartship in the wings of the bridge. The whole humiliating incident began going through his mind again, again and again, around and around, developing rotational velocity until it was maddening. It seemed that his soul had already gone up in flames, and now the rest of his being was burning away. Back and forwards he walked, smoking, smoking—lighting one cigarette from the other. Hours passed. All his life began to pass in review again. He began where he could see himself standing on the station platform, waving flags at the boys who left for the training camps—to help Pershing lick Franco Villa; then he saw himself standing on Main Street, near the victory arch, waving flags and shouting at the khaki-clad doughboys as they made their triumphant return after the Armistice. If he should stop walking, he would go to pieces. If they discovered how insane he was, he would not be able to kill O'Hara. But he would kill O'Hara.

• John's life resumed passing in review on down through the years. But every memory was melancholy now, and tinged with bitterness. Then came the saluting incident again, over and over the scorching memory turned, faster, faster. The blood began to pound in his temples again. The terrific heat arose; the speed maddening, until the tears finally flooded his eyes and ran down his cheeks. Tears of heartbreak, utter helplessness. Tears of a man who was losing a battle with himself, already lost a thousand times over in a few hours. Tears that only a woman could take away through warm, sympathetic human contact into forgetfulness.

On he walked, blindly, madly, until his nerves reached the end of their endurance and began cracking under the excruciating strain. His knees sagged, and he fell face down on the deck. Agonizing, convulsing sobs

shook his body as though they were pumping out everything within the shell, taking out with it the charred remains of a once unmarred memory and a human soul. Presently he was quiet. When the damp hours of the morning began to chill him, he got up and went back to his room above the radio cabin and flung himself on the bunk.

The ship sailed at six o'clock. When John awoke later in the morning, he was surprised to find the man-of-war well out in the Atlantic, on her way south. Then yesterday's memory flooded back, engulfing him, clutching him like the dread of the supernatural clutches one in a terrific electric storm. He would keep in his room all day. He wanted to avoid all human contact. He would deal with O'Hara when the proper time came.

When he went on the bridge that evening to take the eight to twelve watch, he found that the ship had entered the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The Bermuda atmosphere did not evoke in him the ecstatic tingling sensation that it usually did. He made every effort to concentrate enough to execute his duties. Luckily, no ships passed, and no visual signaling was required. O'Hara would have the mid-watch, and John would be relieved by Rob. Now that the watch was nearly over, his mind began to smoulder again. Now was the time to map out a definite plan of action.

Eight bells struck. Rob climbed the bridge ladder and relieved him. He went below. On the main deck, John crossed over to the rail behind the ventilator in the passageway on the port quarter. The blackness of the passageway was complete. The sea was running fairly rough. He knew that on the half-hour O'Hara would leave the bridge to get the log readings. He would go into the lower pilot house, take the readings from the barometer and the wet and dry bulb thermometers, descend to the port



PEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When they complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the right kind of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

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passageway and go aft to the stern, and take the readings on the taft-rail log and return to the bridge.

On the ventilator rack was an oaken hatch-wedge. It weighed about sixteen pounds. He knew that O'Hara would never take the taft-rail log reading that night. His mind was a raging furnace again. All moral reasoning had gone up in the intense heat. The same terrific flame that had consumed his soul had also wrecked his once iron character like an acetylene torch gouging a steel plate until it was nothing but distorted débris. After O'Hara was gone, he would try to rebuild.

One bell would sound soon, and O'Hara would be along. John would step out from behind the ventilator in the darkness and smash his head with the wedge. He would then toss his body over the rail. The sound of the splash would be drowned in the dull roar of the running sea. Even were he alive, his body would not be seen again. Anything landing in the water on the after quarter would fall into the swift current of the propeller suction. O'Hara's body would be drawn into the whirling screws and mangled like tissue paper in an elec-

tric fan. All evidence would disappear and become a mystery of the sea. He would never be found out! There would be no *corpus delicti*! Nothing could ever be proved.

• He felt a warm hand on his shoulder. "Hello, John." It was Rob. "Was just down in the engine room for a cup of coffee. Can't you sleep?" He had been with John for three years. He seemed to know the terrible thing that was smouldering in John's mind. But he did not touch on it. He talked of past events, recounted the kind of experiences one enjoys remembering. He must give John's mind something to grasp. He knew nothing of the science of psychology, but he knew men. He spoke of the pleasurable anticipations of the tropical cruise, of the old friends they would revisit in Kingston, Colon, Balboa, Corinto. Life ahead was always worth looking forward to.

One bell sounded. "Rob, you've been gone fifteen minutes. Hadn't you better go back to the bridge before they miss you?"

"No. Simms has the deck tonight. I can take half an hour easy." O'Hara passed on his way to the stern. Rob spoke to him. Both Rob

and John talked now. The ship would drop anchor in Kingston harbor Thursday evening. They would sit on the broad veranda of the English hotel, sip Martinis, and chat with old friends of prohibition in the States, of that rascal Sandino.

"I've got to go back to the bridge," said Rob. "You must be all in. Come on up with me and hit the bunk." Exhaustion black as the night about them suddenly descended on John's mind like a dead weight. He felt as though he had been trudging down through the weary ages and could go no farther. Automatically, he followed Rob up the ladder. Tomorrow would be another day.

Two mornings later the ship passed San Salvador off the port bow. John was leaning over the rail on the quarter. The green palm trees swayed gently in the wind. The stretches of gleaming white sand contrasted sharply with the deep-blue sea, awakening memories of the tropics, many nights under the Southern Cross. For the first time it dawned on John that the long-enduring storm was over; even the mist on the horizon had lifted. He would hoist all sails, and square them into the morning breeze.



Puppets for pinocchio

(Continued from page 15)

splendent zero. Consider the candidate now ready for admission to OMICRON DELTA KAPPA.

If he has distinguished himself in his own particular field, what goodly damn will it mean to him that OMICRON DELTA KAPPA desires to recognize the fact? If he has really turned out the best he could, does the Great Gold Key make it any better? The fallacy of all societies for the Honor and Glory of Man lies in the fact

that their membership is generally made up of people who have held important positions, granted, but have given nothing of distinction to these same positions. OMICRON DELTA KAPPA cherishes this fallacy, not only with pious fervency but with brass knucks. An any college campus where positions of leadership are vacated at the end of each year, there must of necessity be some filling of them by inferior material. But merely because

the *positions* are important, the possessor is welcomed to all honor and glory whether he personally is important or not. If he does matter, he doesn't care about much except his own particular work, which generally has nothing to do with wearing a key. Of course the Great Gold Key God holds this form of atheism as ranking second only to limburger, but little does he recognize the aroma as his own.

—R. A. S.

It must be fate

(Continued from page 26)

GIRL: Go on.

HOWARD: Does that mean forever?

GIRL: It is very specific.

HOWARD: But I should so like to touch your hand when I leave in the morning.

GIRL (a little touched by his words): Perhaps we can arrange that.

HOWARD: Peggy!

GIRL: Your Lordship does not understand. I was merely making one little exception. Will you finish writing?

HOWARD: Oh! (He returns to his seat and writes): —even the smallest finger of Peggy O'Connor. There! (He pushes the paper away from him and starts to rise..)

GIRL: But you haven't signed your name, Your Lordship.

HOWARD: No, I haven't have I. (There is a pause): Peggy, must I really sign this?

GIRL: Yes.

(Howard signs the paper and sits back in his chair.)

GIRL: Well, that is finished.

HOWARD: But you must sign it you know.

GIRL (she looks at him for a moment and then walks slowly over to the table saying—) Yes!

(She sits down at the table and writes quickly something on the paper. Howard is standing above her and reads what she is writing. His face shows first surprise, then amazement, then complete confusion.)

HOWARD: But, but—, why you haven't written Peggy O'Connor.

GIRL: No!

HOWARD (reading): Colleen Martin! Colleen—, why then, why you aren't Peggy O'Connor.

GIRL: No!

HOWARD: But I thought, why you said—.

GIRL: No, I didn't say I was

Peggy. You drew that conclusion from what I had you write in the contract.

HOWARD: Then! why I haven't promised not to touch you, and you didn't want me to write that, and why—, why—, why, you are beautiful.

(Howard starts over towards the girl and is about to take her in his arms when the door from the shed opens and Max and Martha enter. Howard and the girl turn in surprise.)

MARTHA: I just couldn't be waitin' till morning to tell His Lordship how happy I am that he's a getting a girl he really loves for a bride.

MAX: I was just about to be saying the very same thing.

(Howard and the girl turn and look at each other. The sudden entrance of Max and Martha has made all explanations very unnecessary. They start towards each other as the—.)

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COMPANY

Acid vignettes
(Continued from page 27)

material evidence of a series of inner twistings of the senses. The story itself deals almost entirely with these manipulations of sense structure. Or again (in "Indian Summer") the author develops in a boy the first traces of pure emotional passion. The handling of the material, however, places the sensual development of that passion above any description of the emotion itself.

Another characteristic Caldwell-ism is the delight with which he exposes to view the vile sicknesses of man's inner nature. In "August Afternoon" he has taken one of these illnesses (cowardice) and has shown it in all of the glaring colorations of its intense wretchedness. This, moreover, is but another case in point of the basic fact that Caldwell handles his material not only from the point of view of its sensual content, but actually views it through the mirror of the senses.

"We Are the Living" is without question a great and important col-

lection. Erskine Caldwell possesses the power to photograph all of man's multitudinous diseases of soul and spirit in gaudy life-like color. His work is individual and without scholastic affiliations. He is without question a "great" writer. —L. A. S.

▲ ▲

Vermont village
(Continued from page 29)

Not once does the action of the story lag. The writer has built her plot around Lixlee, a primitive mountain beauty, who in a sure but almost imperceptible way changes the lives of all the principal characters, characters so skillfully drawn that they grow into flesh and blood. There is Anna Craft, the red-headed, quick-tempered district nurse, an untiring woman whose passion it was to rid the village and surrounding country of squalor and misery. There is her fiery and sensitive brother, Dr. Anson Craft, whose promising medical career was almost blasted by too much love and consequent jealousy; there is Isabel, the girl who loved him, an

eager, pulsating being. There are the Kemp sisters, Bessie with her relish for gossip and jokes, and poor deaf Gussie, who knew so much that no one wanted to hear. There are mystical and lovable Father Kirby and the ludicrous Mr. Stewart with his heirlooms and afternoon teas and his cat, the only friend he had in the world. The book's psychological realism is everywhere so apparent that the reader sometimes squirms at the writer's astounding penetration and perception.

—MILDRED J. TAYLOR.

▲ ▲

Lamp lighter
(Continued from page 30)

crease in salary or advancement in position, rewarded him. By a delicate finesse and infinite patience, he gradually won the confidence of Chinese traders, and the front-line of the Company pushed further into the back country. As each new station was established, and trading difficulties arose, Chase settled the differ-

(Continued on page 36)

The Dragon Murder Case - - S. S. Van Dine - - Scribners (\$2.00)

The mystery—

Sanford Montague, while a guest at a gay house-party at the ancient Stamm estate in Inwood, dives into a swimming pool and fails to come to the surface. Among those present at the party are the following: Rudolf Stamm, the owner of the estate and a famous aquarist; Bernice Stamm, his sister, who was engaged to the missing man; Gale Leland, a half-breed friend of the family and an admirer of Bernice; Alex Greeff, a none-too-honest stock-broker, and Ruby Steele, a spectacular theatrical woman of about thirty-five.

The development—

Philo Vance, arriving on the scene through the uncertainty of Sergeant Heath, proceeds to uncover a maze of Indian lore and strange legends. The swimming pool, it seems, is reputed to be the home of a huge dragon, a monster quite friendly to the Stamm family, but exceedingly hostile to any and all of its enemies. Rumor has it that in the past the dragon has come up from the depths of the pool to snatch an enemy of the family and carry him off to an unknown hiding place. Could the dragon have killed Sanford Montague?

The crisis—

The swimming pool is emptied. The body of Sanford Montague is not found. What has become of the missing man? Has he planned and carried out a mysterious disappearance? Is he still alive and safe? If he was killed in the pool, what has become of his body? Who or what could have removed a man's body from the Dragon Pool? There are no footprints or marks anywhere around the edge of the water. But on the muddy floor of the emptied pool the alert Philo Vance finds the hoof and claw marks of a huge legendary dragon.

The verdict—

Who or what made those unusual marks? Amid a maze of fact and fancy Philo Vance makes his way to the logical result. Another of those intellectual murder mysteries by the American master of detective fiction, S. S. VanDine. From out of a muddled conglomeration of tropical fish and dragon-legends the master detective of fiction succeeds in selecting the right clues to solve the mystery. An excellent piece of work. Clever! Alive! Entertaining! In the upper rank of mystery fiction.

England and indigestion

(Continued from page 9)

that I should have missed you; I was very busy with *Cromwell* just then."

Thoughts of Johnson's penance at Uxotter were often with him. He took long walks with Froude, who assiduously and with profound reverence attended him in those days, through Hyde Park, and Kensington, and Battersea, during which he would repeat over and over again, like a cry of despair, Burn's lines:

"Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never loved and never parted
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

If she had only known, she never had; but perhaps, "Close by lies the Great secret but impenetrable (is, was, and must be so) to terrestrial thoughts forevermore. Perhaps something! Perhaps *not* Nothing after all. God's will, there also, be supreme. If we are to meet! Oh, Almighty Father, if we are, but silence! silence!"

• And the "Progress Pot" brewed on, and rumours of progress and prosperity would penetrate, even unto the double-walled room in Cheyne Row; and once more the stormy sophist would thunder, and spew forth steam and stones; and call down the "Eternal Verities" from high heaven to curse the unbelievers. "Progress whither?" he would demand. "And Prosperity in what? People talk as if there were no such thing as progressing down to hell." He had waited long for his hero; but no hero had come. Peel might have been,—he had once thought that he was—but Peel had somehow become lost on the way, submerged in that hellborn hall of oratory and confusion, Parliament. For Gladstone and Disraeli he had only contempt; for England he had given up hope. In his Journal he wrote:

"Nobleness in this world is a thing of the past. I have given up England to the deaf stupidities and to the fatalities that follow, likewise deaf."

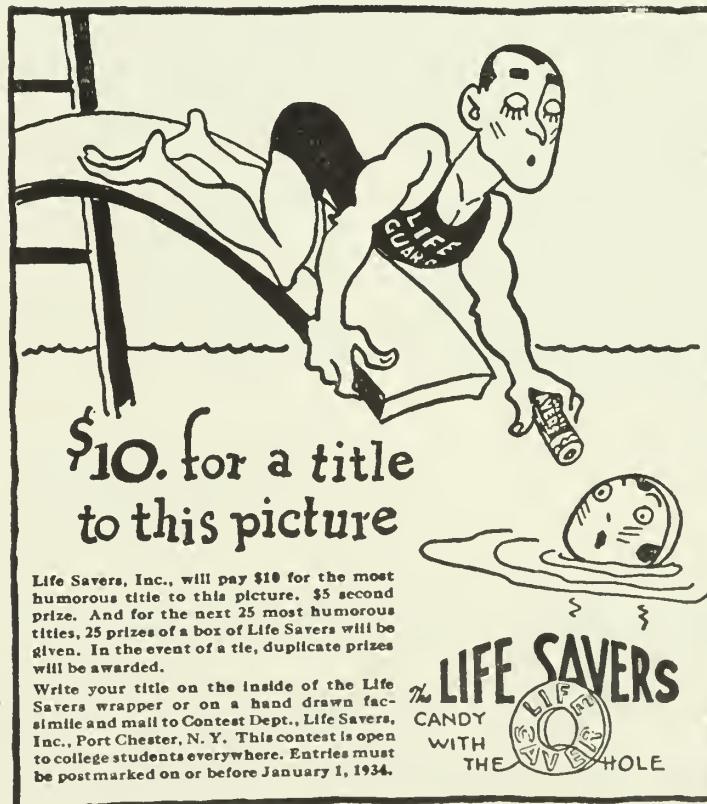
If only they would listen; but they would not. They misunderstood him; they accused him of believing that might was right, when he believed exactly the converse, "that right is the eternal symbol of might." England had turned against him; had always turned against him. Their persistent belief in the blessings of Democracy provoked and distressed him, "Liberty I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation' is not so divine." And then there was the Eyre affair; he wrote:

"Bright, Beales, Gladstone, Mill, and Co. bring on the suffrage question; kindling up the slow "canaille" they can. This and "Oh, make the niggers happy" seems to be the two things needful with these sad people."

His strength and his right hand were failing him. He could scarcely

write at all the hand shook so much. A mingled resignation and despair had settled about the stooped shoulders of this Jeremiah of Cheyne Row; and the burning faith had sunk to a few dull embers, which only his resentment kept alive. The hero for which he had long searched the grimy smoke-blackened English horizon; the hero, with "a sword out of Heaven's own Armoury, sky-tempered, which no buckler, and no tower of brass, will finally withstand," had never come. And he had, no longer, like Ram-Dass, fire enough in his own belly to burn up all the sins in the world. His right hand was a great loss; he tried dictation but it only resulted in "diluted moonshine." He wrote to his brother, John Carlyle:

"Gloomy, silent, looking back on the unalterable, and forward on the inevitable and inexorable— —. A



great loss this of my right hand. Courage nevertheless; at least silence in regard to all that."

But perhaps Ruskin would seize the fiery banner and carry it onward; there was, "a ray of real Heaven in Ruskin." He wrote to him:

"Tepid, glutinous, sooty, swollen and squalid England is grown a phenomenon which fills me with disgust and apprehension so far as it is concerned; what a base pot-bellied blockhead, this our heroic nation has become; and in its dirty fat and offal, and of a stupidity defying the very gods. Do not grow desperate of it, you who have still a hoping heart, and a right hand which does not shake."

• Occasionally, the old volcanic fires were kindled, and the mighty sophist would once more call upon the people and denounce them, in the same voice, because they would not heed; and the prophetic countenance hardened in its irritation, and he spoke less, and less. For the practical intellects of the world did not heed him much, and turned from his teachings to heap more fuel under the bubbling "Progress Pot." And Democracy reached new and glorious heights in England; and the negroes were made happy in the Indies; and Peace, Progress, and Prosperity, smiled upon the land. But somehow their smiles

became confused and lost in the smoke-clouds that hung over England. And the population of the manufacturing towns became larger, and hungrier, and more miserable; and the capitalists became richer; and confusion reigned still in parliament; and the smoke of a thousand stacks dyed English skies black. Smoke, from tall stacks, and low stacks, from round stacks and square stacks; from great towering stacks that drew strange parallel lines on the English horizon; and from short squat contented stacks that sat puffing away—like some pot-bellied capitalist on his cigar—, and blowing smoke rings at God.

Whither, these many years?

(Continued from page 6)

upon whose soul were sprinkled the seeds of genius.

How could I have possibly forgotten him so completely? As I remember, however, although he was looked up to, none of us were really ever able to get close to him, or get to know him well. He was cold. He held himself aloof, spending many hours of each day alone with his violin. He joined us in much we did, but he was apart from us. He was never able to bind himself to us or any one else, even in those few short years, by bonds of friendship, with all the willing sacrifices which that

implies, or by any ties of sincere warmth and love. Perhaps never having had the opportunity to know him well, was the reason why he had slipped so completely out of my memory.

Why had he too thrown his life away? Was this bent form indeed all that was left, in the rays of the setting sun, of such a powerful figure which once stood in the light of a glorious sunrise, with promise of a clear, beautiful day?

I turned from the window and gazed after him. He was still walking slowly down the street. He was

pushed against and shouldered from side to side, as the multitude of the busy city avenue hurried by. I stood where I was and watched him as he continued on his way. I strained my eyes that I might get a last glimpse of his bent form, before he should be swallowed up and carried away in that mass of surging humanity once more: The life that had held all for him, asking but a human heart, and finding it not had deprived him of his birthright, had jostled and shoved him, had stunted his existence; and as in that moment, had swept on by, unseeing, heedless.

Lamp Lighter

(Continued from page 34)

ences with a kind, yet firm hand. His youthful exuberance of spirit settled into the rut of routine. Once established, nothing could force him to leave his work on the wild Manchurian plains; Hester's first baby died at birth during a winter storm, with medical attention far away.

Until this book appeared, preemi-

nence in the field of fiction concerning the Chinese scene was granted to Pearl S. Buck; *Oil for the Lamps of China*, however, establishes Mrs. Hobart as a formidable rival. She correlates the attempt of the new West to penetrate the old East with an amazing ability to interpret Chinese character; one feels, at times, that,

although she disclaims portraying the lives of real people, she is recording the story of her twenty-three years in China. Stephen and Hester are convincing, and the pathetic story of Stephen's failure is touching. The American treadmill of big business took its usual course—the Company "took care" of him. —W. H. LONG.



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DECEMBER, 1933

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Edited by
RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

THE ARCHIVE

Bar Montparnasse

LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

▲ ▲

Not In Memoriam

RUBY FOGEL

▲ ▲

Interlude

JAMES P. HELM, III

▲ ▲

The First Death

JOHN LELAND GARRISON

▲ ▲

Winter Death

MILDRED STITES

▲ ▲

Beau to Beauty

BARRY LAWRENCE

▲ ▲

Books

WAUGH, HEMINGWAY, BRITTAIN

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Pages From A Duke Primer

▲ ▲

Rose Bowl Correspondence

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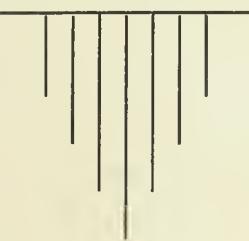
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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME XLIV

DECEMBER, 1933

NUMBER THREE

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Err Male

The following letter with the two poems attached was found on the Editor's desk in the ARCHIVE office. It is published in the hope of meeting the author. We would like to present him with a copy of *What Every Young Man Should Know*. Gratis.

EDITOR SMITH,

Impressed by the advance of your magazine over the copies of the ones of last year that I have seen, I have sat down and wrote you two poems.

I would rather you would publish them in the magazine which would go to the press about today, one of the boys in your office told me...

I have been told that I am a literary protege. Hoping you think so, I am,

Fraternally yours,

—HUBERT ROHER ANDERSON.

Ps. Will send you some more sometime. —HRA.

sine nomine

Why must mortal be allowed
To gaze on mortal:
See those things, so small,
So unbecoming, worldly;
And receive no inspiration
To carry on.

O that we were permitted
only the high and good;
And not be discouraged
Each time that we see
Our fellow-man.

To a Girdle

I would that I enfold
The pleasures untold,
The loveliness you mold,
O rough, ribbed girdle.

Yours the, many
Mine the, envy
Mine not, any
Of the sweet, soft embraces.

Now have I thought
How many men have fought
For things you wrought
O dear, indispensable girdle.

Uncertain lamplight flutters
Across the silent room,
Touches the folded sewing,
Caresses the worn broom,
Gleams on the whitewashed ceiling
Absorbed in a pallid glow,
Beats on the darkened window
As futilely as the snow.

Winter Death

Lingers a moment revealing
Each line of the weary face
That gazes in vacant whiteness
Silent at empty space
As the stares of the stolid watchers
Follow each slow-drawn breath
In calm and unmoved wonder
At the release of death.

Mildred
Stites

The snow in sibilant softness
Brushes the window pane
With eerie white flashes in darkness,
Soft as a noiseless rain.
The wind in snow driven whiteness
Moans under a heavy sky,
And within is a heart that knows no hope
And yet is sad to die.

Bar Montparnasse

LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

Charlie turned as I came in and smiled. He smiled and I could see that his teeth were far apart and his gums showed all red and shiny in between and his mouth seemed very wet. "Well," he said, "you back."

"Hell, yes," I said, "couldn't stay away."

"Yea," he bent over as he wiped the black shiny bar surface with a cheesecloth rag, "Paris kinda gets you, don't it. Have anything?"

"Make it a Pernod, Charlie."

He turned, and I could see where his white bar-keeps apron ended in the back and showed the black shiny seat of his serge trousers. "Starting early tonight, Mike." It was an apologetic remark. He took a bottle from the rack and with one movement poured a stream of green slippery liquid into a glass.

"Yea," I said as I picked up the drink, "I feel lousy as hell. Anything new?"

"Same bunch. Icon peddled a weeping tale to Scribner's. It blew him up a bit; too much. Nothing else."

He turned in dismissal. Charlie never said much. His previous remarks had, I realized, been in honor of my return, sort of a welcome-home blow-out. He lifted the Pernod bottle out of its socket and wiped off the bottom with a rag. Sticky stuff, Pernod. I picked up the glass again. Sticky, lousy drink. Takes you way up into the stratosphere and drops you just twice as far. I watched the sickly green beads in the glass. They seemed to cascade to the top giving promise of something vibrant and alive. Then they would break into nothingness and another cascade would take their places. Suddenly I realized that I hated it, and hating it I hated Paris, and hating Paris there just wasn't any life.

"Hell," I said, half to myself, and drained the glass.

Charlie's Place was on the Rue Lavan in back of La Coupole. You came up Raspail from the Seine as far as the Boulevard and turned up the side street. I'd happened into it one night when all Paris was running up and down the streets arm in arm. It had been packed with saturated Americans. And for once the English language had sounded good to my ears. So I stayed. And since then I had been coming back.

"Hell," I said, "what's it matter."

Charlie wiped his hands against his apron and showed his gums. Then he picked up the Pernod bottle and poured another stream into my glass. His hands were slim and slender and he wore his finger-nails long and trimmed like a girl. "Yea," he said.

The place was empty; so I picked up the glass and walked over to a little table against the wall and flopped down into a chair. The door into Rue Lavan opened and several couples came in. They stood at the bar and ordered drinks. One of the girls came over to the table and said, "Well, Mike, back in town." She put her hand on my shoulder and sat down beside me. Her fingers were scarlet-tipped and she smelled of cheap Parisian perfume.

"Yes," I said, "—La Baule, —Gare Montparnasse, a couple of minutes ago."

"Hell," she said, "that respectable dump."

"Yea," I looked at her. Her hair was blonder and stringy and her lips curved up and down in broad deep lines. "Yea, I had a crazy idea I wanted to get away from it all."

Her arm crept along the back of my collar and it felt like the soft coils of a noose circling my neck. "Kiss me," she said. Her lips were large and brilliant and she wound her body around mine, and I kissed her.

"Let's have a drink," she said, "Charlie!"

Charlie came over from the bar and stood in front of the table and smiled. He looked at Marna and then at me and smiled. And I noticed for the first time that his hair was sparse on top, and his skin was dry, and his hips swung as he moved. And he smiled.

"Pernod," I said.

"Gin fizz," said Marna, and didn't even look around but kept her face close to mine. Her breath was heavy and her mouth a leaded scarlet weight that pressed close to me. I could feel the surging beat of her body as I held it in my arms. The pulsating rhythm of her blended into something within myself and I could sense a heavy throbbing in all existence around me. Someone opened the door from the street and came in. While the door was open the cadenced beat of the night swept into the room. I could sense it and feel it. And it blended into the recurring regularity of my own throbbing.

The room was becoming crowded. A fat girl in a black satin wrapping sat at the piano and ran her fingers across the keys. She began to sing. Her face was round and florid and the notes rolled out of her mouth in round O's:—"Saint Louis woman, with your diamond rings," the round fat fingers beat out the mad rhythm, "take that man round by your apron strings." A little group had gathered round her now and added their tones to the pulsating throbbing:—"If you don't like my apples, what for you shake my tree, Ohh-hh-hh, if you don't like my apples, what for you shake my tree." The rhythm of it blended into my own mad beating and the beating of all existence around me.

I looked down at the bundle of blond hair pressed tightly against my

A vividly colored recital of an evening's impressions.

coat. Each little strand seemed to press with deadening regularity against me. Marna was singing:—"If you don't like my apples, what for you shake my tree,—Oh-hh-hh-hh Lord!" Beat! Beat! Beat! Her body, my body, the night, the wailing music all blended into a mad crescendo of throbbing pulsations.

"Hell," I said, "what's it matter."

And I broke myself out of her arms and stood up.

"Gotta get a drink," I said, and walked away from the table. The room was full now. I bumped into people as I walked over to the bar. Something in a red satin dress clung to me. "Mike," she said as she lifted her lips, "why didn't you tell me you were back?"

"Gotta get a drink," I said, and pulled her arms away from my back, "Gotta get a drink."

I put my foot on the rail in front of the bar. And I noticed that it wasn't shiny and polished any more, but dull where the footprints were marked on it. And I reached across the bar and touched Charlie's shoulder, "Gotta get a drink, Charlie," I said.

Charlie lifted the green bottle out of the rack and sloshed some into a glass. "Here," he said.

And I just stood by the bar and held the glass in my hand. Across the room Marna was dancing entangled in the arms of a tall blond crooner from London. Her deep mouth was close to his. Over at the side the fat lady in black was still pounding on black and white keys. "You aint been blue," she sang and rolled her ugly face in my direction, "You aint been blue, like I been blue." A man's back was in my face as I stood at the bar. It was a thin back and his hair was long and hung down in curls over the top of his black coat. "I don't like backs," I said to the world in general. He turned. It was Icon. He pulled a tall brunette around with him as he turned.

"Well," he said, "if it isn't Mike."

He was tall and thin and his hair was uncut. His eyes were dull and soaked in water. The girl was tall and slim, and as if formed from a single piece of tan-colored granite.

"Introduce me," I said.

"Sure," he put his arm around the girl's shoulders and pushed her over against me, "Mike, meet the latest. They call her Tanya."

"Howdy," I said, "have a drink."

She didn't answer and let herself fall back against Icon. She put her arm around his neck and twisted her hand in the brown curls that hung over his coat. Her eyes were cold and dark but they looked into Icon's face with an air of complete possession.

"She bothers me," said Icon. "I've got to devote myself to my work. She can't seem to realize that I can't keep her any longer."

"Yea," I said "you sold something to Scribner's."

The girl looked at me and I could see deeper into her eyes than before. They were intense in their depths and they seemed to flicker with redness. I watched her. Her arms were slim and almost grey. They were around Icon and the dark shade of the arms was light against the black of his coat.

"You can love me, too," she said to Icon alone, and touched her lips to his cheek. She turned. She looked across at me and her eyes were even deeper.

"Sure," I said, "love and literature should mix."

"That's not helping me," said Icon. "I've tried to make her understand but she won't, or can't. I've started up now and I can't be held down by anything. You try telling her, Mike."

She was still close to him and blended into the darkness of him. She was like a subtle shadow, and yet there was a power within her. Suddenly she dropped her arms and stood between us. "Love," she said, "is all there is in this damn life. I've had it and I won't give it up." Her eyes left Icon grudgingly and crossed the space to me. They

searched out each little nook and corner in my face. "I won't give it up," she said to me.

"Hell," I said, "let's have a drink. It doesn't do a damn bit of good to get too serious about it."

She let herself fall back against Icon. Somehow they didn't seem to blend together as before. The round grey thinness of her remaining distinct against the straight lines of his body. Icon had broken his body from her. His arms remained crossed on the top of the bar. She looked at him in a puzzled way and I could sense that a tremble went through her body. So pungent was that motion that it seemed to set the air in motion between us. "I won't give it up," she whispered to the air.

"Charlie," I said, "a couple of drinks. The bubbling green liquid filled the glasses. "Well," I touched lightly the cold thinness of the glass, "to love, or whatever the hell it is." Someone sloshed the glass out of my hand and stood in front of me holding it to her lips.

"Hi'ya," she said, "I'll have a drink."

And I just stood by the bar with one foot up on the rail and watched her drink it. The greenness slipped out of the glass and into her mouth. So thin and transparent was her throat that I could almost see the green trickling through it. Her mouth was old and worn and curved back at the edges.

"Hell," I said, "you must be thirsty."

"Sure," her arm was white against the blackness of the bar top, "I gotta get a little drink someway, you don't mind, do you."

"Let it go," I said, "Charlie! Fill it up again for the lady."

She smiled and her teeth were dull and worn. Her arm on the bar was covered with dark hairs and the veins stood out blue against the pallor of the whiteness.

"What's the name," I asked.

"Hatton," she replied, "Martha
(Continued on page 23)

Puppets for pinocchio

I, Ignoramus, Take Thee, Education—For the past several years, undergraduates have been conscious of a vague feeling of unrest, this a new sensation, and one totally divorced from the usual pangs of growth and spring nights. Neither introspection nor iniquity yielded any relief from this subtle torment, and the sufferers, much to the discomfort of heredity and environment, turned a jaundiced eye on Education, the fairest flower of our land.

Personally, it seems rather reasonable to ask just what *are* the benefits of an education. Every other nationally advertised concern, and certainly education has become nationally advertised, makes some sort of performance promises for its products, and education, which, after all, has only traded Sherman Anti-Trust for In God We Trust, should be expected to make the same concessions. Of course, there are those who say that education is something that no man can take from you. So, for that matter, are fallen arches. There are also those who say that an education is the source of joy unending. These last generally live in college towns, attend all the college dances and football games, and insist on singing Alma Mater louder than that institutions own legitimate sons. They are generally hell on football, fraternities, and Freud.

• But to return to exactly what the undergraduate receives in the way of a liberal education. After four years at the perfumed and carbonated font of learning, he suddenly realizes that he has learned nothing that anybody would want to buy. This last discovery is given the usual hearty reception of floral gifts to the indigent. He knows, however, the number of words misspelled in Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, perhaps has even written a term paper on the subject, but there is clearly no monetary recompense for a sneaking suspicion of that gentleman's literacy.

He might also be aware of the basic principles of economics, and again have nothing to sell because copyright not crisis has been his instructor. On seeking an outlet in business, he discovers, with subsequent loss of equanimity, that the general principles he is familiar with are common knowledge, while there is no opportunity to express the finer points of his training in the subordinate position forced upon him. In short, there is no market for his training. His muscles are, of course, salable, and also his mind, but only to the extent demanded of any normal adult without benefit of education. All of which means that the college graduate starts from scratch with the rest of the world.

• While in college there is at least the satisfaction of knowing something, regardless of what it might be, but *after* the dear days of delirium and deficit, one is confronted with urbane indifference to this same information. Indeed, such is so completely ignored by the general public as to cause uneasiness among the educated that it ever existed. The college graduate is faced, therefore, with a new order of things at constant variance with the code he followed for four years. And he is obliged to compete for a livelihood with no certain advantages from his education, plus the disadvantages of perpetually warring within himself for a perfect adjustment of these two irreconcilable codes. On the one hand, he is influenced by intellectual training, and on the other by the necessity of earning a living, which at least in its earlier stages, is essentially intolerant of this same intellectual training. Real freedom of thought, it seems, comes only with a paunch and platinum bricks.

College as a developer of leadership, an annual illusion with each senior class, is another cliche for the culture howlers and the specialists in Gothic architecture. It is perfectly



true that colleges do develop leaders, yearly, and with no apparent discomfort. This will always be true as long as the largest dog gets an extra lamp post. But here again, leadership, like education, is measured only by the institution that creates it, namely the college. As a result, when college leadership and education are measured by the standards of the *general public*, the bottom drops out of the system. This does not necessarily mean that there is a lack of competent leadership, but simply that American colleges have made such a side-show of education that its graduates represent to the general public not men competent in a certain field, but rather an interesting cross between Hyena Sal and Bongo, the Elephant Boy.

• Finally, let us consider the situation of those who come to college with a definite purpose in mind: to strengthen their understanding. It is usually taken for granted that for these few no holds are barred. Consequently, for two years minds are occupied with required courses, and anyone capable of memorizing the New York Directory is duly canonized. After this routine, the remaining two years may be devoted to those interests that prompted them coming to college in the first place. It would obviously be more profitable to satisfy one's intellectual curiosity in any good public library than to devote half of one's college career to elementary puerilities and scientific dogma. But students, ignorant of what to expect, are led each year by all the trumpeting and fanfare into nothing short of educational clap-trap, conferring at the end of four years a bit

(Continued on page 22)

A man's 'ouse is 'is castle

Oh, see the pretty painted slips
Behind our doors in narrow strips
Of dogma neat and rule so able
To make our errors profitable.
They're quite complete and numbered so
That you may count the cost of woe
With but a glance. A table burned
Will cost you two in dollars earned.
So hear ye pyro-maniac
'Tis cheaper far to buy a shack
And burn the thing with quiet glee
Than pay this modest damage fee.
And lamps removed from sockets—folly
Turned to bankrupt melancholy.
Even Chapel halls are lit with some
That bear the title "Stolen from
Duke University." This last crumb
Must give a greater comfort to the Gods
Than Zeus finds in all his rods,
Of Pluto in his water. I submit,
With deference due this sacred writ,
A plan whereby these nurses, aided,
May satisfy their yearnings jaded—
Good Housekeeping pays in prices smart
For simple evidence of your art;
I ask you but to pause and think
Of telling people what to drink,
What to wear and how to act
When trigger should be swapped for tact,
Surely here is romance bolder
Than leaning over student shoulders—
So, please you Lords, in fairness free
Just leave my room to ants and me.

Interlude

JAMES P. HELM, III

The old man sat in his wheel chair. The pale sunlight of late autumn filtered through the branches of the big tree, imparting to his pallid face an almost deathly hue. His features were finely drawn. Somehow his face made one think of very old, wrinkled parchment, upon which something beautiful had once been written.

In the complete quiet of late Sunday afternoon, the old man sat alone with his thoughts. He felt very tired. It was the weariness of old age, of disappointment, of sorrow. His head drooped forward upon his breast, and his hands were folded limply in his lap. A feeling of terrible loneliness filled his whole being.

Martha and her husband had gone out, and he had been left alone. He was often alone now, he thought sadly. They were tired of him, tired of seeing him sitting in his wheel chair, tired of hearing his stories about the war. The War between the North and the South! How could they be tired of that! It still possessed him, still lived within him, just as it had years ago, when he had been young and a part of it. To him it all seemed as yesterday, so real, so vivid that sometimes he could almost hear the roar of the cannon, the cries of the men. To him it was life, throbbing, red-blooded life. To his daughter and her husband it was merely a vague boring story that they had heard many times, a story that they were tired of hearing.

He had been paralyzed in that war. He had been only twenty-four when a wound he had received in a battle had become infected. Of all the incidents of his youth this was the clearest, the one he best remembered. He had been in the Union army under General Sherman during the Georgia campaign. Just outside of Atlanta they had met the Rebels, and the great battle had begun. He could never forget it! The staccato

crack of the muskets, the thrilling feel of cold steel. He could hear himself crying out commands to his company, he could feel the burning, surging enthusiasm that took possession of his heart, his mind, his soul. Here was life, superb and naked. Here was youth, magnificent and undying. The fire jets from the muskets lit the night like sudden torches, the rumble of the cannons made the darkness throb. They had pressed forward, eagerly, exultantly. Above the tumult and the chaos of battle, ringing always in his ears, had been the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." The Rebels had been retreating, and he had rushed forward, leading his men in the final crushing attack. He had felt a sudden hot pain in his left leg, and had crumpled in a heap, his warm blood soaking the ground where he lay. He remembered only a sea of faces swarming above him, and, ringing always through his brain, the tune of that song, and the words, "Sherman's men are marching on!" Then silence had engulfed the world.

He could never hear that song afterwards without recalling all of this. It was his song of life.

Shortly after he had been wounded, paralysis had set in, and he had never walked again. He had had a long time to reflect, to think of the excitement of his youth. To him it had not been reminiscing. The battles and his comrades of the Civil War were still his life.

But how much these last few years had changed him. Ever since his only daughter had insisted that he come and live with her, his life had become more and more unendurable. Martha had been kind enough in her way. It had been her little insinuations, the sly winks of her husband, the feeling that they were only amusedly tolerant of him, that had made him feel old and unwanted. They had smiled when he had told them of that battle!

That was how the old man felt on this Sunday afternoon. Life, which he had never before thought unhappy, seemed suddenly empty and drab. His whole world was crumbling, rotting away in that sickly sunlight. He realized that he was tired.

At that moment in the neighboring house, someone was turning a radio dial rapidly. Sermons, dance tunes, political speeches blared out in mad confusion. A voice announced that the band would play some old songs of the Civil War, the first of which would be "Marching Through Georgia." The old man suddenly straightened, and sat listening intently. When only the first bars had been played, the radio was turned off. But the old man still listened, rapt in his dream. He could hear the faint beat of a drum. It was still far away, but the rat-a-tat-tat rat-a-tat-tat was unmistakable. A new light shone in his eyes. The sound was coming closer, and now he could hear martial music thrillingly mingled with the beat of the drum. Closer and closer it came, and now he could almost recognize—yes, it was, it was, they were playing his song.

Suddenly he saw the parade passing. The old man's pale face flushed with joy, the blood coursed more quickly through his veins, his whole body tingled as he watched. Once more he was gloriously alive. He saw the blue of the uniforms, the happy, triumphant faces of the marchers. All of them were young. He recognized many of his comrades, boys he had thought long dead. "Brown"! "Williams"! He called to them excitedly, but they did not hear him. The band was playing loudly now, and the strains of his song rang joyously in his ears. Already the parade had passed. In a few moments it was out

(Continued on page 28)

The tale of a soldier building futures in the past.

I want not roses from remembered days,
Nor all thy lilies of forgotten nights:
The flowers of our wistful Spring I leave
For coronet to other questing brows.
Our love, you said *might* fill the down
With moment altars softly glowing—
But days are long and full with life
Of lasting if more labored rhythm;
And soon our laughter into moonlight
Might be stilled — the lonely moonlight
That fills some hearts with lambent flames
From romance old and preludes ever lost.
Perhaps, and so I do not want thy twilight
Shadows — It is enough that I recall
Thy gentle whisper: "It will not last."

Preludes
ever lost

My heart like a soft drum

NANCY HUDSON

• Jane lay back in her crisp linen sheets and waited. The nurse this morning had raised the springs of the bed not quite high enough at the pillow, so that her head sank down a little. Without moving it, she could see above her the immaculate white ceiling of her hospital room, with its trim mahogany woodwork. On either side she noticed the tops of the four walls, spotlessly white. She did not change her glance; she didn't want to look down. Farther down, she knew, the white walls continued to be as neatly white until they reached the floor, and then the white abruptly changed into a two-inch border of flawless mahogany, which edged the pine floor. It was, Dr. Johnson had assured her when he had assigned her to No. 19, one of the best rooms in the whole building. A good room it unquestionably was; but she couldn't help wishing that the white were just a little less white, and mahogany a little less severe. There were flowers around, of course, and that helped to make it homelike—though she couldn't see them from her position, she detected the pungency of the potted narcissus that Ethyl had sent her among the perfumes of the roses and violets clustered on the small table beside her bed. But in spite of the flowers she longed to be in her own gaily canopied bed at home, looking at the top of the dear wall paper she had chosen, printed with foolish bright animals, and looking at her own room's ceiling, which was cracked in exactly the form of the Nile river. She remembered how often she had stared at night up at that faintly discernible ceiling crack, traveling in her mind past Alexandria, which was where a smaller crack branched into the Nile, and Thebes, where a little spot of plaster had come off, to Cairo, which was a big smudge nearly at the end of the Nile. She had never

had the heart to let Carry, who came to do cleaning for her on Saturdays, wash off Cairo. Jim had made it one day when they had had one of their fierce little spats, and, in a rage, he had hurled a wet duster to the ceiling. After Jim died, she had never married again, and at nights she had lain and traveled down the Nile on her ceiling to Cairo, where she and Jim had, in stucco minarets and to the sound of lutes playing, engaged in the violent little quarrels they both adored.

• In the hospital she missed the Nile and Cairo. There were no cracks on these walls, and if there had been any they would have been straight, meticulous cracks. She wished she were home, with the sweet, foresty scent of the rangy wild flowers that bordered her house coming in through her own wide window, instead of the odor of hot-house plants that enveloped her now. And then she thought that soon perhaps she would be home. In a few minutes she would know when she was going back—or if she were going back. Only an hour ago two doctors had come in with her nurse, and they had sat beside her bed for a long time watching her. For weeks she had anticipated and dreaded this visit. It was what they called the crisis of her illness. All the time she had been in the hospital, one thought had been tormenting her. "When the crisis comes," she had questioned herself, "will I be able to pass through it? At the crisis shall it be determined that I shall live or die?" And then she would always hear her heart pounding in answer, her heart, which, with its loud, irregular pounding, might cause her death; and she would try to hold her heart still and stop its wild uneven pounding, lest it kill her, lest, in the crucial moment, it decree that she should die. She had been afraid to die. During the long weeks in the

hospital, the dread of death had been an ever-present agony to her, and she had become more and more obsessed with the fear that in the crisis she would fail; and that she would never more be able to go back and complete the little life that was hers. Such a little life it had truly been, and become so suddenly dear! During all those weeks, by day she had threshed about on her bed, gripping the sheets tightly with her hands, which might soon be unable to clasp, thrusting her elbows deep into the mattress, as if to fend off death in that coming hour, fearing. And at night she had lain in her bed and looked out at the darkness and dreaded lest soon that darkness be wholly upon her. Especially had she dreaded the darkness—it was so cold and ominous. And both day and night she had listened with anguish to the dreadful thudding of her heart. Hour after hour she would break out anew crying, "I will not die! I will not die!" All of those weeks had come to a climax in this last hour. She had lain in bed, and the agony of fear that had been built up in these past weeks had come full force upon her. She had looked up into the grave eyes of the two doctors. She had struggled frantically with the unearthly pounding of her heart. She had fought and fought against it. She had worked herself into a frenzy of rebellion and fear. She had trembled with the force of the fear, and of the rebellion. She had felt fever sweep over her in great waves. She had screamed, "I won't die!" over and over. And then, suddenly, all the striving and hoping and fever had gone away. She had lain very still, and it hadn't seemed to matter to her whether she lived or died. She was no longer afraid of the darkness;

A story of how little there is to be feared in death.

instead of cold and fearful, it seemed warm and soothing, and a deep rest. She was suddenly very, very tired. She saw them shake their heads as they went out.

The doctors had arisen and left the room. The nurse had straightened her pillow. "May I be alone just now?" Jane had whispered. She hadn't intended to say it, but she was so greatly tired. The nurse had murmured something soothing and had softly left the room, closing the door behind her. Jane had lain very still in bed. Out side the door she could heard the murmur of voices. Those would be the voices of her friends, who had come to be with her now. Edith would be there, she guessed, standing close to the door. Edith would come in first and run over to her. What a splendid friend Ethyl had been during the ten years they had known each other! And Mrs. Agnew, her next door neighbor, would be waiting out there, Mrs. Agnew, who was chairman of the churchwomen's charity organization, and who scrupulously visited each sick parish member. And then there would be Dick, and Mary, and old Mr. Hogart, and Alice, and Mrs. Jordan—all very old friends. And her maid Carry would be there perhaps, standing off a little from the

others because she was colored—Carry, with her rough hands and her huge sweet blank eyes. She hoped Carry would be there. And the two doctors—even now they were standing out there whispering about her. Soon they would come in with their grave faces and immaculate suits. And the nurse would follow them, stiff and starched in her fresh uniform. In a moment someone would enter and tell her—tell her what? She no longer cared. She was so very weary.

• There was a sudden hush in the hall outside. Jane heard the knob of the door squeak imperceptibly as it was turned. She heard the door being softly opened and closed again, and the sound of two tip-toe steps. She took her eyes off the ceiling where there were no cracks. She slowly lifted her head. She saw Edith standing in the room. She had been crying, Jane noticed, and she had forgotten to wipe a tear off her chin. Edith came to the bed slowly and stood there looking down at her. Jane wondered why she hadn't run to her; it wasn't like Edith to walk slowly. Edith took her hand and patted it gently. "Jane," she said. Her voice broke. Jane waited patiently. She wanted to help Edith, wanted to tell her that it didn't matter about

anything any more, but she couldn't make the words come, so she waited. "J-Jane, you're going to die," sobbed Edith. Edith broke out into a great burst of weeping. Jane pressed her hand. She could say nothing. She was so dreadfully tired.

Then the people filed in, as she had known they would—Mrs. Agnew, wiping away a few intensely respectable tears, and Dick, and Mary, and Mr. Hogart, and Alice,—Mrs. Jordan wasn't there; she must not have known about Today—and Carry, who went over and stood in the corner, looking awkward and unhappy with her big hands twisting themselves about her cotton handkerchief, and the veins of her blank molasses eyes turned red with crying. Jane looked at Carry and tried to smile. She didn't quite smile, but she believed Carry understood. She saw the doctors come in and stand together beside the bed, and suddenly she felt a wave of sympathy for them; how hard it must be to have to tell people they were going to die! And then she heard a crackle of starched severity as her nurse came and stood inside the door.

Her friends were weeping. She was sorry; she didn't want them to weep. She wanted to tell them that this didn't matter, even about never going

(Continued on page 28)

When I was young
Said my soul to me,
"Come, and live!"
And I my soul did answer,
"Life is long, and time is kind.
The days are pleasant;

Nancy
Hudson

Soul, let us tarry awhile."
When I grew old
And winter covered me in,
Said I to my soul,
"Soul, let us live!"
And the darkness laughed at me.

Come, and
Live

—about Cigarettes



Of all the ways
in which tobacco is used
the cigarette is the
mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaceos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

*the cigarette that's milder
the cigarette that tastes better*

Chesterfield

They Satisfy... just try them

THE ARCHIVE has received with sorrow news of the estrangement between Rose Bowl of Los Angeles and Religio Et Eruditio of Durham. However, the gentleman's intentions were wholly honorable to witness the above letters, all neatly wrapped in pigskin and scented with Sloan's liniment.

November 4, 1933.

MY DEAR MISS ROSE BOWL,

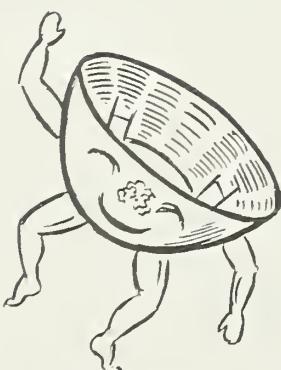
I am a young man, aged eight, but very large for my age, having been fed on Gothic Architecture and millions. My picture has been in most of the papers of any importance because although the identity of my father was definitely established there was some doubt as to just who my mother was. In spite of this enigma, however, I grew very rapidly, my growing pains being cheered as bonanza to builder and Bonaparte. I am now two hundred and ten feet high, and am viewed comfortably at a distance of twelve feet, or uncomfortably at twelve miles. My only bad habit is chewing tobacco, which I can spit quite accurately to any part of the state. Outside of this, I am considered a cultured gentleman, well educated in things electrical and incidental.

My 2600 servants immortalize me in song and sixpence, and at the end of their four years servitude, I am so overcome at the thought of losing them that I usually import somebody to say my goodbyes. Preferably an armless economist accustomed to counting debits on his fingers.

I have heard a great deal about you, and thought I would get acquainted. I should also like to meet Aimee McPherson and talk over old times. What has she to say about your polygamy? One ring around, eh Rosie? Let me know how you are, and also if you'd like to get lit up anytime. I've got Powerful connections. Don't take any rides on a Wooden Horse.

Anxiously,

RELIGIO ET ERUDITIO.



Miss Rose Bowl



Religio Et Eruditio, Esq.

November 24, 1933.

DEAR ROSIE,

Your letter certainly restored my hopes, especially since I had been having night mares about a Nebraska farmer. Tell me, which do you like better, Whole Wheat or Corn? And another thing, Sherman's march over Georgia ended at which sea, the Atlantic or the Pacific? I know you must think I'm a bit anxious, but my personal adviser has just told me that he wept over three rose bushes before getting any perfume. Have you been keeping in touch with the Hague Peace Conference? A great thing those fellows are doing. Reduction of standing Army and all that. I'm really a pacifist at heart and can't quite imagine any soldier with sincere Pacific leanings, can you?

Yours Truly,

RELIGIO E.

December 1, 1933.

DEAREST ROSE,

I write in great spirits. That Tiger that has been roaring up and down the Atlantic Coast has recently been stuffed by the Yale Museum of Post Game Preserves. I think he looks much better stuffed. How about a date January first? I am afraid someone is about to pass an early New Year's REVOLUTION. Do they have Santa Claus in California?

Cheero!

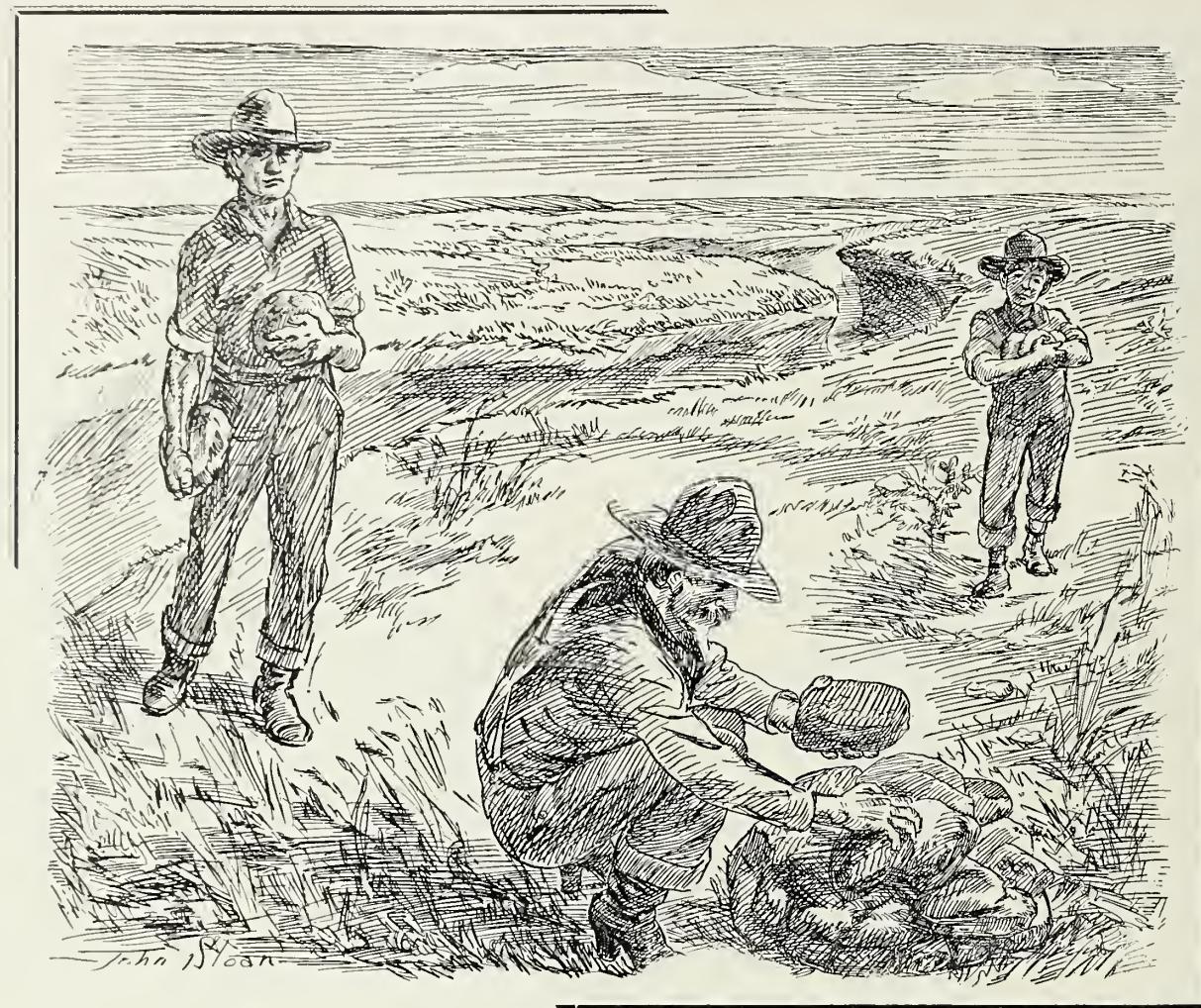
P. S.

RELIGIO.

Never mind:

If you would live apart from racket
And tie your troubles in a packet
For easy dropping off some cliff
Remember please this largest IF
And never spank a Yellow Jacket.

R. E. E.



An illustration from *The Beginning of a Mortal*, by Max Miller, author of
I Cover the Waterfront. A rollicking bit of boyhood to be
reviewed in the January ARCHIVE.

The first death

JOHN LELAND GARRISON

• The first sluggish spurt of water from the shower-head was heavy with red-brown rust. It was, he thought, like blood; and he shivered though the water was warm, warmer even than the stick heat of the summer afternoon. The ochreous stain splotched the whiteness of his body with little spots of brown, and the concrete floor felt slimy underneath his feet. The rust flakes clung to his shoulders and arms, against the sluice of the water, like dried blood that sticks in little scales about some old wound. But there had been no blood; it was strange that he should think of such a thing.

He tried to laugh; but his throat throbbed in taut pain at the effort, and the laughter rang in the quiet of the empty compressor house. A large grey rat, with a tail as rough as a bastard file, scurried across the floor and disappeared around the foundation of the farther compressor. The heavy silence seemed to close in with a rushing swirl after the rustling clatter of its feet, like dead leaves after a passing car, and the sibilant purr of the shower was suddenly loud in his ears. The hot-oil reek of the still-warm compressors drifted across to him and sickened him with the sudden remembrance of a more pungent odor. His eyes followed the nearer wall until they came to the corner where three great cables, as thick as his wrist, twisted down to the starting switch. There was something magnetic in the deadliness of those grey, almost sinuous, coils; and it was with an effort that he wrenched his eyes away. He wanted to shut the door that separated the shower from the compressor room—but he did not; he studiously avoided looking at the switch again.

Instead he began hurriedly to dress. The little room was very hot, and death seemed very near, seemed to press in on him from the four

close walls. His lips were salty with sweat, and his shirt clung to his thin shoulder-blades.

In the white glare of the sunlight that slanted across the solitary construction yard to meet him as he stepped from the compressor house, it seemed a little foolish that he had been thinking of death. For a moment, he felt a sense of relief that he had escaped from the thoughts that had all day been haunting him. He had been, he told himself, foolish to allow the death of a man whom he had scarcely known to affect him so.

But that mood did not last. And the empurpled hills that hung rocky and sheer over the river, and the derrick guys that stretched like a steel-spun cobweb overhead, brought back the sensation of being shut in. Death seemed close, even here—was in the steel cables of the guys above him. Not the hot pulsing death that had come to Jeffries; but the slashing death that had come to Bud Noland, when the blocks had slipped and the cable end had whipped around and left his head in two pieces,—twenty feet apart.

• He had, he remembered, not seen it, though he had come with the others to look; but he had not looked. He had only stood on the edge of the crowd and listened; for he had suddenly been afraid, afraid of having pictures of it to remember. That was funny, now. He tried to remember what he had seen today; he remembered that one leg of Jeffries' overalls had been split from hip to ankle and tied up again at six-inch intervals with white tape; and he remembered the faint acrid sweetness of burning flesh. He remembered Charlie Sanders, with a strange spotted flame in his cheeks and tears rolling down over a grease smudge on his chin, babbling over and over, as he shook Jeffries, "Say something

Bill—it's me Bill—can't you hear me? Can't you hear me, Bill?" The words sounded somehow a little foolish now. Of course, Jeffries couldn't have heard him, couldn't have . . . he wondered if he had.

Jeffries, he thought, had been really the first man he had seen die. There had been, of course, his grandfather; but then death had come slowly and with sickness, a thing to be prepared for and waited for. And though he had known, he had not realized that death could strike so swiftly, so viciously, without ceremony.

Now, death was so simple; was the simplest thing. Simpler than life, than thought, than feeling: a screw that was hard to turn, a screw-driver that slipped, a fall forward; and the bright silent death that lurked in the copper maze behind a "hot" switch-board leaping to meet you, throbbing with a strange fire through your veins, pounding at your heart until your breast ached with its beat, beating until your own pulse was lost in the swifter, heavier one;—and then the current was cut off, and there was nothing. As simple as that.

He began to climb the path that led up the hill to the bunkhouses, walking very fast, as if he were running from the new, strange, thoughts and memories that had been coming into his mind ever since that morning. He was tired with a peculiar weariness that he had never felt before. He thought of many things, and he did not want to think; remembered old places, and words, and faces, and he only wanted to forget. His breath came heavily and his legs felt dead with the weight of fatigue; but he welcomed this physical weariness as a narcotic for the stranger one. He wanted without knowing

A beautiful treatment of questions never answered.

quite why, to see Jim, to talk to him.

• He kicked open the door of his room, but Jim was not there and the darkening room was hot and somehow forbidding; so he sat down on the doorstep. He was a little tired, and old, —as old as only the very young know seventeen years can be. The camp was empty, and the only sounds were the clatter of supper dishes from the mess-hall, and the occasional shrill cries of children from the other camp across the hill. He lit a cigarette but his mouth felt parched and dry, and he threw it away. It lit with a dry rattle in a pile of old newspapers that the wind had blown against the side of the shack. The end of the cigarette kindled, in a sheet of the paper, a little glowing ring that slowly grew larger. He watched it curiously, realizing, with a faint thrill of surprise, that he would not put it out if it burst into flame. But the paper sparkled briefly and went out in a little wisp of blue smoke. He was almost sorry that it did; he was filled with sudden revulsion at the ugliness of the two sprawling rows of bunk-houses. He wondered, that he had never noticed this ugliness before.

But perhaps, yesterday, he could not have seen it. He tried to look back, to see the person he had been then; and yesterday seemed a long time ago, and the person very young; as if today something within him had burned and shrivelled and died, as Jeffries had died, leaving him old and empty and tired. He had lost something that had been his yesterday, and he was a little lonely, and bitter that he should now see things so clearly. He wished that Jim would come.

As he waited, the sun dropped clumsily into the paint-pots that lie somewhere behind the western hills and splashed the horizon with red and gold. Dusk greyed to darkness, and around him little squares of light sprang up, to rivet the blackness to the hillside. In the shadowed gloom the hills seemed to lean closer to the river, like old men who stoop

to trail tired feet in the water. But for the great white wall of the dam creeping out into the river, and the yellow gash of a railroad cut on the father hillside, it might have been an August night, ten thousand years before. And the slow rhythmic gasp of the pumps, coming up to him from the river-bed, might have been the

Not In Memoriam

By RUBY FOGEL

I shall not care if my name is not flung
Unto a gullible posterity.
They would not think of me as being young,
I could not ask them to remember me
As one who once had loved, or talked, or smiled.
They would not read my foolish triplets,
And some day, my great-great-grandchild
Will think I never picked wet violets.
So write my name in no great mouldy book,
And never tell long stories of my life—
And do not sigh, with some sad, tearful look,
(Recalling I died old and crossed by strife)—
I'd scorn to be a mere fond memory
Through ALL the ages of eternity.

labored breath of some wild thing caught in the treacherous river bogs, and fighting its life out alone there in the darkness.

It did not matter now that he caught for the fastest rivet gang on the job; that he never missed, though he had but a four inch beam underfoot, and Big Puss was throwing them as hard and straight as bullets from a hundred feet away. And yet he had been rather proud of that; proud that he could do a man's work, that Big Puss looked upon him as a man.

That was funny now, for yesterday he must have been very young, and yet tonight he was somehow very old. He felt again a peculiar sense of loss, as if something very slowly dying within him that he wanted desperately to keep alive. Perhaps, if he could talk with someone, he would find that he had only fancied this. He wondered with a petty irritation why Jim did not come.

Occasional groups of men drifted by, their cigarettes bright insect fires in the darkness. Their silhouetted figures, and his own thoughts, gave him a feeling of remote detachment as he watched them pass. He studied them, trying to feel his way into their minds, to find what they were thinking and feeling; and in studying them he was touched with the consciousness of a kindredship, that was new to him. Each one, must have once felt something of the things he had experienced tonight. It occurred to him that life was but a continual process of death, that after the first green, wild, growth of youth, men died as trees died, branch by branch, until only the heart was left in a rotten empty husk. He wondered if he was afraid of death, and decided, that he was not. Death, the final death, was so simple—simpler than the change he vaguely felt within his own mind. He was more afraid of life, of standing little and alone, on the edge of a life that was filled with death. Perhaps, after all, Jeffries' death today had been the easiest one: it had been quicker.

A hand caught him by the open collar of his shirt and jerked him sideways. He slid off the edge of the steps, half turning as he fought to keep his balance, so that the back of his head came against the ground with an impact that made his teeth ache. He heard Jim's quick laughter as the figure leaped upon him; and something started in cold fury within his tired brain, at the throaty ease of it. He brought his hands up until he found the edges of Jim's collar and gripped them, then he twisted

(Continued on page 22)

Books

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

BRITISH PREEMINENCE IN BRAZIL—

Alan K. Manchester—The University of North Carolina Press—(\$3.50).

• When in the present day and age, one encounters a *Magnum Opus* bearing the sub-title "A Study in European (or American) Expansion," one is reasonably sure of finding embodied therein one or another of two prevailing themes. Even in these disillusioned thirties, many vestiges of the noble duty of carrying the "white man's burden" still remain, especially in works produced by the actors or descendants of actors in whatever drama happens to be under discussion. At all costs the public must be impressed with the arduous labors and heroic sacrifices that are necessary to properly provide the benighted heathen with the benefits of monogamy, brotherly love, and white duck pants. More often, however, one is regaled with vivid descriptions of the sadistic nature of marines, the trading morals of God-fearing Yankee ship-captains, the greed and lust of Anglo-Saxon government officials, and the huge profits derived from the exploitation of weaker nations. There are still in existence some relics of the jazz-age whose literary tastes have remained so unredeemed (in spite of the futuristic novel and *surrealiste* poetry) that they can still read and enjoy Kipling, although they shudder at the excesses of some of his less able followers.

On the score of objectivity of treatment, Dr. Manchester's book must be rated highly. As the title indicates, he is attempting to present an account of the rise and decline of British influence in Brazil. To any who may be tempted to ask the question, "Why Brazil," the preface will be quite satisfying. After one has read that far, he should cease to conceive of Brazil as the land of coffee and nuts, the capital of which is immortalized in a song that is the

Three scholarly reviews

Swinburne, the British in Brazil, and a modern Psychological theory explained in scholarly fashion by three masters of their subjects. A series of annotated dissertations featuring the work of the Duke Press and two professors in Duke University. Professor Manchester writes on the rise of British influence in the commercial history of Brazil, Professor McDougall discusses in autobiographical fashion certain modifications in theory, and the Duke Press records a dissertation on the poet Swinburne by a candidate for the doctorate.

delight of informal male quartets. It becomes, when we learn that it "occupies half the territory and includes over half the population south of Panama," a prize worth struggling for. How successfully the British were able to dominate this commercial empire is attested by the political influence of a succession of diplomatic representatives who until the 1840's kept the Brazilian government in line. Even more significant is the fact that until 1923, Great Britain was commercially supreme in Portuguese America.

To accomplish the task of revealing British supremacy in Portuguese America, it was necessary to survey briefly the foundations of the Portuguese Empire in the West, and to outline more fully the course of Anglo-Portuguese relations, both of which have been excellently done.

This outlining is followed by a discussion of the Napoleonic catastrophe, and the resulting transfer of the seat of the Portuguese monarchy to Brazil. The British influence that since the seventeenth century had been firmly planted in the mother country was transferred to America in the baggage-train of the house of Braganza. As already mentioned, the commercial influence survived the changing times and the assaults of rivals until the World War, when Great Britain bowed to the United States. Politically, the representatives of Her Britannic Majesty early planted both feet on the soil of Brazil, survived the restoration of the monarchy, and were only blasted loose by the rising national feeling

in Brazil, accompanied by mutually incompatible convictions as to the morals of the slave trade.

To the encouragement of such students as may be desirous of further information as to the availability of the book for term papers, it can be said that there is appended a full and extensive bibliography which may be of some aid. There is also quite a complete index. At least, all of the words that occurred to the reviewer to look for, were included. Dr. Manchester has written a book that should be of value to any reader. It is certainly not one that is adaptable to the period between eleven-thirty and lunch, but the time taken to read it will be profitably spent.

—DAVID K. McCARRELL.

▲ ▲

SWINBURNE'S LITERARY CAREER AND FAME—Clyde Kenneth Hyder—Duke University Press—(\$3.50).

• This is a doctoral dissertation; but it will be really valuable to students of Swinburne. To study systematically the history of an author's reputation in relation to his successive works is a rather new—almost a popular and always a profitable—branch of literary history. Professor Hyder's plan is to examine in chronological order as many as possible of the current reviews of Swinburne's volumes, both verse and prose, to set down an analysis of each and an estimate of its value, and to note the influence of each on Swinburne's subsequent production. And since Swinburne was especially susceptible to

(Continued on page 27)

Youthful Odyssey

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH—Vera Brittain—The Macmillan Co.—(\$2.50)—A tale of youth and its growing pains played before the painted back-drop of world events. A woman's perceptive commentary on the manners, moods, and morals of the first twenty-five years of our century.

• The youth of 1914, vulnerable and unsuspecting, were precipitated into a bloody conflict, without their own volition, as the principal actors. Theirs was the deepest tragedy of all the tragedies of the World War: the loss of brothers and lovers as well as fathers; and the dissipation of the finest years of their lives. They spent their youth in murdering people for whom they had little antagonism; and when, after the conflict, they tried feverishly to find that youth which had been forfeited, they were pushed into the background by the post-war generation. They had lived a life-time of love and toil and suffering, and yet were only in their early twenties. They danced amid crashing cymbals, the "shadows of dead men watching them there." But some of them had no one left with whom to dance.

Vera Brittain's school days ended just at the outbreak of the war. Sacrificing a promising literary career, she entered the war as a nurse. Her brother and her fiance, both of whom were just entering Oxford with brilliant records, enlisted and went abroad. One by one, each of her intimates was killed, and she toiled on amid unbelievably strenuous and tragic conditions as a V. A. D. at the front.

In *Testament of Youth*, an autobiographical history of the years 1900-1925, she tells of the nights spent in solitary watch over dozens of mortally wounded men waiting for death to end their agony. She tells of days spent in heart-rending suspense, waiting for delayed news of a battle in which a loved one had taken part; and the eventual arrival of a terse message from the war department . . . death. She tells of the weeks

(Continued on page 26)

Backward Glances

The following books, not previously reviewed in THE ARCHIVE, are now listed as national best-sellers. They are therefore worthy of a short backward glance.

AH, WILDERNESS by Eugene O'Neill—"Strong with the strength that is tenderness, warm with the ineffable sweetness of everyday life, . . . written with reticence and comprehension."—*New York World Telegram*.

THREE CITIES by Sholom Asch—"One of the most absorbing, one of the most vital, one of the most richly creative works of fiction that has appeared in our day."—*New York Times*.

THE MASTER OF JALNA by Mazo de la Roche—"A fine and sensitive work, worthy of the author's reputation; and it contains passages of lovely lyrical prose."—*The Observer, London*.

HAPPY DAYS by R. L. Thurber—"I find it far superior to the autobiography of Henry Adams. Even in the earliest days when Thurber was writing under the name of Alice B. Toklas we knew he had it in him if he could get it out."—*Ernest Hemingway*.

IDA ELIZABETH by Sigrid Undset—"Carried through with the impressive artistry which this author has ever had at her command, the novel is a distinguished addition to her already highly distinguished list."—*New York Times*.

CROWDED HOURS by Alice Roosevelt Longworth—"Genuine and unexpurgated Alice Roosevelt . . . she is the most Rooseveltian of the younger Roosevelts, and any true Roosevelt is exciting."—*New York Herald-Tribune*.

FLUSH by Virginia Woolf—"The richness with which Mrs. Woolf has brought words to the sensory life of a dog is utter delight."—*The Chicago Tribune*.

Languid leaping

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK—Alec Waugh—Farrar and Rinehart—(\$2.00)—A sophisticated combination of modern manners and morals blended into a light novel by one of England's young hopefuls. A tale of the 1929 type, told in the 1924 manner, in a 1933 scene, by an author whose date is yet to be determined.

• Alec Waugh's new book, *Leap Before You Look*, is, according to the jacket, a "light, gay novel." If the connotations of the words "light" and "gay" can possibly be the reading of some three hundred pages of an English shop-girl's vapid thoughts on the subject of money and love, then it is true the novel is most "light" and "gay."

Faith's one obsession is money. She thinks, talks, eats, and dreams of its advantages. Gerald Onslow, a shipping clerk, is her fianceé. He, like any upright young man with twenty dollars in his pocket, wants to get married. Faith can't see it that way; she has a better idea. An-engaged-but-that-doesn't-mean-a-thing attitude. Finally, even Jerry becomes exasperated with her, and has the effrontery to tell her so. Faith, though deeply wounded by Jerry's remarks, marries rich, forty-year-old, Ralph Gaveston.

Possessing money, the reader holds out a hope that Mr. Waugh will now preoccupy Faith's mind with her other thought, love. Instead, the author fills more pages with Faith's thoughts about money—from a different angle, however, the advantages and disadvantages of having it. By this time, Faith, poor thing, seems to be having a terrible time to decide just which end is up.

In the meantime,—one year to be exact—Jerry has made a fortune and becomes a sophisticated man of the world. He meets Faith again at a fashionable resort.

"What'll you have?" he [Jerry] asked. "Something fancy or a straight forward dry Martini?"

A desire to see how familiar he was with the jargon of the cocktail

(Continued on page 26)

Empty realism

WINNER TAKE NOTHING—Ernest Hemingway—Charles Scribner's Sons—(\$2.00)—Modern realism in concentrated doses, served up without sauce or seasoning by the originator of the life-is-a-bottle-of-whiskey school. Sporadic acid glances at life as it shows itself in a railroad station, a hospital bed, and a front-line dug-out.

• “Unlike all other forms of lutte or combat the conditions are that the winner shall take nothing; neither his ease, nor his pleasure, nor any notions of glory; nor, if he win far enough, shall there be any reward within himself.”

With these bitter words of absolute thought-realism Ernest Hemingway decorates the title page of this latest installment of his efforts in the field of fiction. With a series of words of equally violent realism he decorates the remaining two hundred and forty-four pages of *Winner Take Nothing*.

Life, according to Hemingway, is very real, but one gets the impression that it is not at all earnest. Life is, in fact, inclined to be rather lacking in sincerity. It (an abstract quality) shuffles the cards and deals a trick hand. For the player, be he winner or loser, there is no prize, no victory, not even any inner satisfaction in having played a winning game.

Hemingway, in his capacity of author, enjoys the position of a kibitzer in these stacked card games between Life and man. He takes up his position at the table unseen by the ardent player, and (we suppose) unseen by that master card sharper, Life itself.

From this position he records with photographic detail the minutiae of the contest. He, perhaps somewhat unfairly, uses all the perogatives of a kibitzer. He knows in advance (or imagines he knows) how the cards will fall, how the hands will be played, how the game will end, and how empty any temporary victors' honors will be.

And so with diabolical joy and
(Continued on page 24)

Book Previews

The Handbook of the Soviet Union—The first authoritative guide book to the world's red-and-radical bad boy, recently legalized by America's wash-behind-the-ears action.

Unmentionables: Or 'From Fig Leaves to Scanties' by Robert Cortes Holiday—Being an analytical study of the past, present, and future of feminine underwear, —its expansion and elimination through the centuries.

Men in White by Sidney Kingsley—A record in print and paper of the successful Broadway play of the same name.

The Mother by Pearl S. Buck—Another literary effort from the active pen of the eminent ex-missionary of Chinese ways and customs.

Washington and the Revolutionists by Roger W. Babson—What's what in the national scene as recorded by America's ace economic fever-chart artist.

Smirt by Branch Cabell—Modern moods and morals set to the tune of another clipped one-word title by Richmond's arty Branch Cabell.

Vincent Van Gogh by Julius Meier-Graefe—A superb artistic study of art and the artist by one of the greatest of this century's art enthusiasts.

First Over Everest—by P. T. Etherton and L. V. S. Blacker—An illustrated record of the first flight across the highest of the world's mountains.

Authors, Today and Yesterday edited by Stanley J. Kunitz—A biographical and autobiographical guide to modern world literature and the men who make it.

Barbarian biography

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—Philipps Russell—Charles Scribner's Sons—(\$3.00)—An analytical record of a man and an age: a man whose prolific descendants have given Norman blood to the entire English race; an age that saw the infiltration of Norman influence into the entire field of English culture.

• American connoisseurs of biography have become acclimated to mediocre dishes in their literary diet; occasionally, however, one finds a book which, although it adds little or nothing of value to contemporary knowledge, atones for its mediocrity by transitory flashes of brilliance. This latest biography of William, Duke of Normandy, has all the savor of our twentieth century Grub Street, yet it reveals the touch of a better-than-average hand in parts. Professor Russell has chosen no enigma of history as his subject: William “came, saw, and conquered”—and that was all there was to it. Yet all this biography does is rehash the life story of the Norman barbarian prince from beginning to end in the manner of the Lytton Strachey school, purporting to have added a “human” touch to an already overworked field.

Russell wearies his reader from the beginning with an abrupt, stereotyped style that is a boon to the schoolboy but which is boresome to an adult reader. After three dreary chapters unprofitably spent in tracing William's ancestry, the author launches into a too droll account of the duke's bastard birth and his lean years as the fledgling monarch of Normandy. William succeeded to the duchy at the age of seven when his father, Robert the Devil, died in Greece on his return journey from the Holy Land, and passed eleven years of almost continual flight from usurpers before he rallied his cohorts at the battle of Val-ès-Dunes to defeat Henry of Paris and establish himself as Duke of Normandy. Then followed a decade of strife, during which William stamped out rebellion

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Puppets for pinocchio

(Continued from page 7)

of defunct sheep, a rousing cheer, and a glass of punch.

Paradoxically enough, this same brand of education frowns on any real enlightenment, being more than a little anxious about the social unrest which is attributed to it. Should consciousness of existing evils rear its Damnable Head, it is effectively controlled by excluding from the curriculum such courses as would deal with it, and incidentally such professors concerning themselves with it. And, again, the student who comes to college seriously is cheated. He gets not new and vibrant intellectual stimulation, because this has been banned as dangerous, but instead receives tried and true facts, "Longer than Heaven, and duller than Hell." Our own campus is an illustration of this. Here, we generally receive the formalities of an education, as re-

mote from research and movement as the Colossus of Rhodes.

- We have considered the three major benefits supposed to arise from a college education: more or less specialized training for future citizens, training in leadership, and, finally, opportunity for intellectual pursuits by those who may wish to follow them. (Mental training seems rather to fall beneath the scope of the Secondary school than the college). For answer to the first, we have only to look over a list of last year's most promising undergraduates, still unemployed, and prevented, by the standards which their education imposes, from taking certain jobs, even were such offered. In other words, educated out of economic focus. As for training in leadership, this quality, if college bred, is confined to college campuses. And lastly, modern

education holds no particular attractions for the intellectually curious, because it gives neither freedom nor stimulus.

The time has arrived, I think, when American colleges will have to give up either the radish or the rose. Education as a practical thing has proved to be not only ineffectual but inexpedient. It confers nothing of immediate economic value on its graduates, and in seeking to devote itself to practical education, the serious student has been pushed into the storm, child to bosom. Either education should produce something of recognized value to the general public, or it should provide attractive opportunities for the serious student. It cannot do both, and it has done neither to anybody's satisfaction. There is a rather ironic indictment in the unending procession of empty Junes.—R. A. S.

The first death

(Continued from page 18)

them quickly and savagely bringing his knuckles hard against Jim's throat. But when he saw Jim's face, he released his hands as quickly, and they both got slowly to their feet. He was surprised that Jim should seem so young, and faintly angry with himself for expecting that he would be different. Jim was rubbing his throat.

"You needn't get so damn sore—." Jim started, but broke off as he caught sight of his face in the dim light. Jim stared at him curiously as if he were looking at a stranger.

He turned and hurried down the path, without speaking. He rubbed his hand slowly over his hot face,—he could almost feel his oldness.

- He walked at first very slowly along the lonely river road that led to Sandy Point, and all the mystery and the beauty of the night pressed into his consciousness. The moon sat like a golden owl in the torn purple fringe of the pines on his left, and his shadow walked with him on his right. The road was empty and white and lonely in the half light, and tree branches made arabesques of shade before his feet. Each shrub and clump of grass was a dark mystery. The night air was soft and sweet against his cheeks; but it was sticky sweet, heavy with the breath of a thousand unseen things, with ghosts of men who had lived and died before he was born.

But when he came to where the glare of the street lamps crossed the blue haze of the moon, he began to walk faster. He realized now the impulse that had driven him towards the lights of Sandy Point. He was going to her, he needed her,—needed just to be near her, and to feel her hand in his and to have her understanding reach out to him. He would, he thought, go to her house and ask to see her.

But he did not pass through the crowds that filled the stores and sidewalks along the main street, though his way lay in that direction. Instead he pushed his way through Jordan's grocery store, and passed through a narrow alley that led from the back

of the store into a side street. His footsteps echoed upon the lonely side-walks and the trees roofed the pavement with black lace; but the lighted windows of the houses relieved the loneliness, save where a deserted house smirked from empty windows like the grin of a toothless mouth.

The swing creaked gently from the porch as he opened the gate, and he knew, though he could not see, that she was there. She was curled there in one corner like a ball of bright yellow flame, silken fluffy flame, and cool whiteness, and dark hair that was a black shadow in the grey light. The swing rocked as he sat down, and she laughed, with a silvery little laughter that slipped into his heavy brain like a cool hand laid on his hot forehead, but neither spoke. A light breeze touched his cheek with a strand of her hair and thrilled him, as he thrilled to the touch of soft summer rain on his bare flesh.

• All the wonder of life, all the mystery of death, all the sensuous delight of the August night, all the

bitterness and all the ecstasy of being, were beside him there,—in her. She was as lovely as the darkness that held them; she was as beautiful as that last lone wind-scoured pine there on the hill that cracked the orange moon into a dozen fragments with its branches. She was as shining as those steps of stone down which silvery mountain brooks run; and as deep as the black pools beneath. Deep enough to drown all his weariness, all his thoughts and memories in. Death seemed very far away, and life seemed very close—and very sweet.

He held her hand in one of his, and with the fingers of his other he traced the veins along the back of her hand, as if he were searching for the secret of the life he found there. Then he closed his fingers around her wrist so that the tips ached with the throb of her pulse. His weariness was gone; he no longer felt little and old and alone.

He wanted her to know something of the things he had seen and thought

and felt today,—wanted her to know what the warm pulse of life from her hand to his, the warmth of her body beside his in the intimate darkness of the August night, meant to him. He wanted her to know how having someone who understood,—someone, who was warm and young and alive—someone to whom he could talk of the things he thought and felt, made life sweet again, a life that had been bitter with weariness and futility.

“Today,” he said, “I seen a man die, a young man, seen—.” He paused groping into all the mystery of life and death to find just what he had seen, what he had felt.

She leaned closer, her eyes looking into his in the dim light. He watched the shadows that played around her mouth, shadows of sympathy and of understanding.

“Was he good looking?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” he said, and his voice was even, but his eyes were suddenly hard and very clear as he looked at her there in the darkness.

Bar montparnasse

(Continued from page 6)

Rockwellkentiana

THE ARCHIVE takes pleasure in announcing that it will feature in its January issue a study of the works and writings of Rockwell Kent. This analytical dissertation will be based upon *Rockwellkentiana*, a selection from the artist’s collected works, recently published by Harcourt, Brace and Co. This anthology of few-words-and-many-pictures contains the best of Rockwell Kent’s contributions to prose and art, being a selection of his works in the various fields. Included are reproductions of wood engravings, linoleum cuts, lithographs, zinc engravings, drawings, as well as oil and water color paintings.

air was heavy. “Let’s dance,” she said, “I’m s’sentimental.”

The black-satin dress was rolling on the piano seat. She sang:— “So she went down, to China-town, and started learning how to kick the gong around.” She poured out the throaty notes and the group around the piano thumped the refrain:— “to China-town, —to China-town, —to kick the gong around.”

We were walking around the floor together. I was annoyed. She didn’t make herself a part of me. I looked down at her. She looked like a piece of old cloth that has been left too long in the rain. Her arms were on my shoulder but she didn’t blend into my rhythm. I watched her as we danced. Her eyes picked out the dancers. She was watching the subtle

Hatton. S’a good old family name, Boston name, got ancestry backing, ‘n’ everything.”

I looked down at her. Her hair was stringy and her eyes too deeply sunk in their sockets to be seen. “Not the Martha Hatton,” I said.

A sudden chillness moved across her face. It went almost black and dark before me. “Yea,” she turned her lip down as she spoke, “*the* Martha Hatton, Boston millionaire’s daughter ‘n’ everything.”

I watched her. She ran her finger under her nose two or three times and jerked it away. “Little old millionaire daddy don’t care for little baby girl any more.” She was almost in an alcoholic weep.

The piano was thumping in a weird syncopated brawl. The smoke in the

swinging movement of a white lace dress on the other side of the room.

"Listen," I said, "go dance with the lady if it strikes you that way. I gotta get a drink."

"Thanks for the suggestion," she rubbed her fingers against her nose and crossed the floor. I crossed to a table and sat down. The pounding of the piano surged in the room. "Yea man," shouted someone from across the floor. The room was full of surging steaming bodies. I could sense the vileness of the atmosphere.

"Charlie," I yelled, "where the hell's my drink."

"Coming," he said. He came across the floor with a glass in his hand and placed it on the table. "How's it going?" he said.

"Hell," I picked up the glass, "need a drink."

I felt rotten. I ran my fingers up the side of the glass and felt the moistness of it. I dipped my fingers into the glass and they came out all dripping slippery green liquid. And I rubbed them together and dropped my head on the table and closed my eyes. The whole world seemed to throb. A world of faces spun through

the blackness of my closed eyes. And I couldn't seem to stand it there in the darkness with the pound of the crowd in my ears. And I opened my eyes and got up and crossed to the bar and worked my way around to the door and went out into the night.

Outside it was cool and quiet and dark. And the silence of space was tremendous. I couldn't feel the surging pulsations that pounded inside the bar. Yet still within me there was a periodic beating, a rhythmic beating that lacked all subtlety, all intellectual quality, and yet a beating that was so intense as to dominate all my thought and instinct.

The coolness and the quiet of the street outside had a rhythm of its own. As I stood there in the doorway and breathed the dark air I could feel the pulsations of the night. They were subtle and gentle, their quality was almost spiritual. My hand was on the door of Charlie's place. I looked down the street and watched the lights of the cars passing in the boulevard below. I longed to blend into the quiet breathing of the night. And yet the sensual cadenced swing of my internal rhythm beat even

more loudly against my brain. The subtle quality of the night's pulsations sickened my spirit. They clashed and wouldn't blend with the surging crescendo within me. I sought to escape the conflict. I turned and went back into Charlie's Bar.

Once more inside I could feel the mounting of the noise and the din and the rhythm that filled the place. It seemed to filter into me and blend with my own violent surging. I sat down on a high stool near the corner of the bar and looked around. Icon and the tall brunette were talking in a corner of the room. The Hatton woman was dancing with the white lace dress. The whiteness of her melted against the whiteness of the dress and the form that it covered. Her face was close to the girl's ashen face. She was whispering something in her ear. The piano pounded on in a dull surge of blue notes.

"Charlie," I said, "make it strong."

Charlie lifted a tall bottle from its socket and came across to where I was seated. He poured a slow stream of sickly green liquid into my glass. I lifted it slowly to my lips and felt the bubbles breaking against my

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Empty realism

(Continued from page 21)

hilarious laughter Ernest Hemingway records in his little note-book the realistic facts of the game. When his little book becomes filled with the records from a host of such encounters he presents to his waiting public another collection of short stories.

• *Winner Take Nothing* presents the records of fourteen card games, nine of which are here played for the first time in public. In general, this series of stories follows the track deeply cut across contemporary literature by the earlier Hemingway reality-impressions. Once again he deals with the minutiae, once again he delves

into the forbidden for subject matter, once again (in common with most moderns) he finds the sensual the basic motivation for cause and effect in this world.

The reader of *Winner Take Nothing* will close the book with at least two distinct impressions. One, a bad taste in the mouth, may or may not be a valid criticism of the book. Since Life itself often seems to cause the same reaction, and since it is the avowed purpose of Hemingway to picture Life in all its detail, this first impression may be merely an indication of the power and glory of the author's work.

The other impression, of subtler and more refined stuff, is much more likely to be held valid, especially if the reader is one of those who perversely asks, "But what's the reason for all this?" If one stops to evaluate this question one is apt to find himself experiencing this second impression. Hemingway, despite his vigorous realism, despite his violent analysis of the minutiae in human character, despite the color and vigor of his tone shadings, despite his dagger-like thrusts into the human mind, despite all this, is decidedly empty.

The impression of emptiness may perhaps be best explained as resulting from a lack of intellectual approach. Hemingway rarely attempts to go beneath the surface reality of shape, color, and size to discover the basic reality of motivating ideas and ideals. To what heights of literary power he might ascend if he chose to add the ingredient of elemental motivation must remain unknown.

There is one valid answer to this criticism of Hemingway. Hemingway himself, it seems likely, would deny the actuality of this inner world of unreal reality. If the importance or even existence of this world of ideas and ideals is denied then there remains only one valid field for the author's pen,—the world of paint, porcelain, and advertised chewing gum. This latter world Hemingway has painted (as always) in realistic and vivid colors. —L. A. S.

Beau to Beauty

By BARRY LAWRENCE

I think it very strange indeed
That men should fret and fume
About the love of ladies fair
Who'll debt them to their doom.

I know I'd rather live alone
Than to a spouse be wedded.
Because I'd leaver feast alone
Than starve, while double-bedded.

I'll take my life, although 'til dull
And curb my high libido.
I need my dough to clothe myself
And can't afford calico.

So please, sweet child, run on
your way,
You see I'm very diffident.
What's that you say, you make
good pay?
Ahem, my dear, that's different!

Barbarian biography

(Continued from page 21)

among his barons, added to his possessions, and prepared to seize control of dormant Britain across the channel.

Here, for the first time, we see the real William the Conqueror. Endowed by nature with an imposing physique, an obstinate temper, and possessing all the avaricious courage of his Viking ancestors, he controlled his unruly dependents with an iron hand. He wanted Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders; he beat her into submission (so Russell tells us), and married her forthwith. Harold, Duke of the West-Saxons, came to Falaise to visit him; William frightened him into a compact by exhibiting the bones of Norman saints and playing upon his native superstition. When pious old Edward the Confessor died, Harold succeeded to the crown of England, and Wil-

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THOMAS-QUICKEL
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liam prepared to invade the country. With fifteen thousand Norman fighting men, the Conqueror landed at Pevensey Bay. Hastings and Harold's death are history.

William was no more popular in Brittain than he was in his native Normandy. The barbarian Norman, who was "better accustomed to stables than to courts," diplomatically received the obsequious advances of the English nobility, but at the same time allowed his men to pillage and rape at will in order to impress his new subjects with his power. He immediately set about welding his turbulent provinces into a malleable whole, but the task was by no means easy. Insurrection persisted in upsetting his plans, but by gradual and

shrewd statesmanship he brought his barons to heel and settled down to the job of kingship. But almost immediately new rebellions flared up; William crushed York only to find a new flame of insurrection licking at his heels in Scotland. Striking to right and left, killing, executing, and bargaining hither and yon, he preserved a reasonable amount of order within his realm.

The years, however, took their toll. William was no longer the virile Norman bludgeon of the field of Hastings. Creaking in his joints and fluttery of heart, we see him as a pot-bellied old grouch of sixty, making a last attempt to stave off inevitable downfall by compiling the famous Domesday Book of his land grants.

While commanding his men at the battle of Mantes, in Normandy, his horse stumbled and the pommel of his saddle sank into his paunch; he saw the shadows of death gathering, and with them the promise of a reckoning for his past misdeeds. Here Professor Russell would have us believe that William died as a martyr. From the lips of an uneducated barbarian, he hears a death-bed confession that would have done credit to an Anglican bishop. In three short sentences the author says more than he does in the rest of the book: "On the floor William was born. To the floor he was now returned. William the Conqueror." Had *William the Conqueror* never been written, neither history nor William would have lost much thereby. —W. H. LONG.

Languid leaping

(Continued from page 20)

world made her [Faith] say, "A fancy one!"

He hesitated a moment, then decided, "A green swizzle, John," he told the barman.

A green swizzle, John, my social standing is assured.

Gerry, meanwhile, has denounced his love for Faith, and has managed to scrape up an acquaintance with love's blood-brother, Hate. His one desire is to even accounts with Faith, and to this end he bends his every effort. Against a West Indian background,—effects of Waugh's travels as exemplified in his book *Hot Countries*, non-fiction—the author sets his denouement. In this latter portion of the book, Waugh reaches the heights of mediocrity; Faith has worn out the subject of love and Jerry has turned out to be a perfectly lovely villain.

Of the author, Alec Waugh. At eighteen years of age, he published his first novel. English critics hailed him as a novelist of promise, a literary protégé. He is today somewhere between thirty and forty, and the publishers, evidently, still have hopes.

—R. WOOD.

Sand houses

By BETTY KNIGHT

I do not want a house upon a rock, secure and strong.

I do not want a heavy door and lock—

They last too long.

I want a house that's crazy and unsure,

Wind-shaken too.

I do not want a house that will endure

Past love, and you.

To think of you when you're no longer here,

I cannot stand.

To save the pain of memories, my dear,

I'll build on sand.

Youthful odyssey

(Continued from page 20)

of bloody and useless carnage during the great spring offensive when the allied forces struggled desperately to make headway against an indomitable foe, and the costly failures which filled them with a sickening fear of defeat. She tells of the months after peace when she gradually began to realize that the war had condemned her "to live in a world without confidence or security, a world in which every dear personal relationship would be fearfully cherished under the shadow of apprehension; in which love would seem threatened perpetually by death, and happiness appear a house without duration, built upon the shifting sands of chance."

But most pitiful of all, perhaps, is the story she tells of the feeling of isolation and lack of sympathy given the demobilized by those who had remained at home.

"'Four years,' some say consolingly, 'Oh well, What's that? You're young. And then it must have been A very fine experience for you.' And they forget How others stayed behind and just got on— Got on the better since we were away.

And we came home and found
They had achieved, and men revered
their names,
But never mentioned ours. . . .
The tomorrow facing them appeared
little more cheerful than their yes-
terday.

Though deeply tragic, *Testament of Youth* is not depressing. Such a result would have defeated the purpose for which it was written: a passionate desire "to challenge that too easy, too comfortable relapse into forgetfulness, which is responsible for history's most grievous repetitions." To achieve this object, the

author renews with fierce vividness and unhesitating truth the stark agonies of her generation in its early twenties. "It is not by accident that what I have written constitutes, in effect, the indictment of a civilization," she writes. But that is not her only achievement nor her greatest one. She brings us to a closer understanding of her generation, and in so doing, to a realization of the imperative necessity of preventing a recurrence of the events of 1914-1918.

Miss Brittain presents a true ac-

count of a woman's life against the panoramic background of world events. She gives us a keenly perceptive commentary on the manners, morals, and thoughts which prevailed during the first twenty-five years of this century. Arnold Bennett said that the greatest books inspired by the World War would not appear until twenty-five years afterwards. That time has come. *Testament of Youth* is like no other war-inspired book. It has the fascination of fiction and the lasting value of a great social document.

—AMY DUKE.

Bar montparnasse

(Continued from page 29)

mouth like useless foam. Lousy, sticky drink. My mind turned. I realized that I hated it, and I dropped the glass on the shiny black bar. It splintered into sharp little bits of greyness and the green liquid

crawled around it in gay little rivulets. The greenness moved across the bar and fell in a narrow waterfall of color onto the floor. There on the floor was a little puddle of green liquid, sharp against the dingy dull-

ness of the floor. And I raised my foot and blotted the puddle and it melted away into the greyness and was gone.

"Hell," I said, "what does it matter."

Three scholarly reviews

(Continued from page 19)

criticism, since his early poems, particularly the famous *Poems and Ballads* of 1866, provoked a storm of abuse and in turn provoked the poet to a stormier defense, he is an excellent subject for this kind of study. After Swinburne had somewhat worked out his erotic tendencies and turned his attention to politics, he still retained enough of shocking ideas and subversive doctrines to agitate the critics, and when they were willing to pardon his subjects (as in *Erechtheus*) they still could find abundant matter for anxious expostulation and he more abundant matter for vituperative reply. Yet from the beginning he had a few friends, who saw clearly, who praised what was praiseworthy and blamed what was blameworthy, and tried to be helpful. Gradually however the dust of conflict has subsided and sound

judgments are forming, but of course the end is not yet; in the chapter called Postlude we have a survey of Swinburne's reputation from his death in 1909 to the present. Professor Hyder is inclined often to take sides, as is perhaps proper, in his poet's defense, and occasionally he gives way to a desire to enliven his story with fine writing. To the general reader his most interesting chapters will be those on Swinburne and Some Contemporary Writers, and Swinburne in Parody and Fiction, which are thrust into the midst of his chronological review. —PAULL F. BAUM.

▲ ▲

THE ENERGIES OF MEN—William McDougall—Scribner's—(\$2.00).

• For the last thirty-five years, Professor McDougall has been steering psychology through the troubled

waters which confront every young science. Writing first of all for those of us who must live, who must have a science of motivation and of value employing the data of common men, the author sets before us an explanation of mental activity in terms of something more meaningful than any bundle of bare ideas, or jumble of muscle twitches. We either explain the lower orders of men in terms of the higher, or we give up the possibility of a mental science. Unless we accept a purposive outlook, we close the door to our study of the mind. All this, Professor McDougall has advocated long ago in his renowned "Instinct Theory," which traces all animal action to some dozen innate "drives." The present point of view is confessedly anthropomorphic; that we cannot dispense with the concept of "goal-seeking" is the

clearest and most fundamental fact of mind.

But the book is more than a restatement of its predecessors, *An Outline of Psychology*, and *An Outline of Abnormal Psychology*, in containing three important alterations in procedure. First of all, because of its obscuring classical connotations, the term "instinct" has been replaced by "propensity." The latter seems a better word to describe McDougall's protest against the old descriptive and facultative usage. The author tells us that the change is in terminology rather than doctrine. The second modification relates to the whole process of learning. We cannot explain docility in the lower animals, and above all in man, by mere repetitions of trial and errors, nor by the retroactive influence of a pleasant result. The real key to the problem exists in understanding behaviour in terms of relational wholes and, principally, the hearing of present facts on the future. Learning, in a word, is pulled from ahead, and pushed from behind. This application of purposiveness to learning is, of course, a phase of the "Hormic" program upon which the author insists again and again throughout the book. "In sight is the grasping of relations relevant to the attainment of a goal."

Finally, the previous stand is supplemented more extensively by the

of sight, and the music grew fainter and fainter until finally it ceased altogether.

My heart like a soft drum

(Continued from page 12)

to her own dear home again and seeing the Nile and fighting with Jim in Cairo to the sound of lutes playing. She wanted to tell them that this that seemed so tragic was not really tragic at all. A great gust of night

air came to her, and she turned her eyes toward the window. Outside she saw the darkness, and it was not cold, but a friendly, restful, velvet darkness. She wondered that she had ever been afraid of it. It was sweet

Books of the month

Within This Present by Margaret Ayer Barnes. A new novel, based upon a quotation from the writings of Marcus Aurelius, by the author of the Pulitzer Prize winning *Years of Grace*.

Ah King by W. Somerset Maugham. A new piece of satiric fiction from the pen that created *Cakes and Ale*.

Timber Line by Gene Fowler. Another analytical dissertation based upon the spectacular career of newspaperman Bonfils, by the author of *The Great Mouthpiece*.

Look Back to Glory by Herbert Ravelin Sass. A novel of the city-state of Charleston treated in the spacious manner of the golden age rather than the neo-realism of the South's post-war literature.

Night Club Era by Stanley Walker. A summary in syncopated style of this mad hectic age containing portraits of such excellent characters as James J. Walker, Walter Winchell, Texas Guinan, Arnold Rothstein, and Owney Madden.

valuable contributions of other schools of psychology. To his arch-enemies, Behaviourism and Russian Communism alike, he, while firmly

denying the possibility of explaining behaviour in terms of reflexes and conditioned reflexes, nevertheless, concedes a constant mechanistic factor, waning as we move up the animal scale, and supplementary to the more variable "Intelligence." Again, beating the Configurationalists at their own game, he applies the concept of the "organized whole" to the total personality, as in the passage:

"Personality should, then, be used to imply that totality—not the sum, but the synthetic unity of all features and functions in their interplay."

The book is written in a pleasantly autobiographical style. It is especially valuable to new and old in psychology—a book which could be the product only of a man who sees man's course as more than a mere running down into equilibrium; rather as an aiming at the good and better life—"not the hibernating dormouse, but a cloud of locusts, a swarm of bees, or the nuptial flight of a myriad of mayflies is the true symbol of life."

—JOHN L. FINAN.

▲ ▲

... The more weaknesses a man will show the more women will tag after him. I think that if I were a man I would just naturally develop weaknesses.

Interlude

(Continued from page 9)

The old man sat very still. His face was strangely happy. He was smiling as his head drooped gently

forward upon his breast. His hands caressed the arms of the wheel chair, and he thought of the stock of a gun.

and moist, and it seemed to be drawing closer and closer around her. She wanted it close to her. She wanted it to envelop her. Now in the darkness, as if her eyes were new opened, she saw for the first time the assuaging of fever, and a great rest, and Peace.

*for Christmas
and for Always*

MAY THE BEST OF GOOD THINGS BE YOURS



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THE JANUARY 1934

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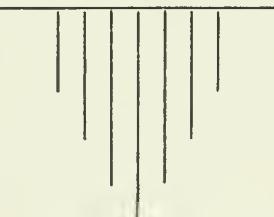
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JAMES NEWSOME is a member of Sigma Upsilon, National Literary Fraternity. He has gone to school in France and Switzerland, and may best be approached, therefore, either with a cup of chocolate or a pair of Skiis.

▲ ▲

EARLE RUNNER is a Sophomore taking undergraduate work with the intention of entering Medical School. His book reviews show a nice analysis which it is hoped he will carry into Diagnostics.

▲ ▲

JAMES HELM, III, is a Junior with a happy prolificity. He has no aversions except interruption and boiler factories.

▲ ▲

JACK OWEN is a musician of some promise, playing an enthusiastic and skillful piano. He has been connected with the Music Corporation of America for several years.

▲ ▲

TOM CARRIGER has been a contributor to the ARCHIVE for as long as I can remember, which is considerably before my first teeth. He is now studying for the ministry.

Only two crumbling chimneys of grey stone
 And old foundations rise to mark the place,
 And waving grass and brambles fill the space
 Between those lonely monuments. Alone
 On bitter walks I have come here to see
 These ruined walls and watch their dust sift down
 In wind-blown whirls, and in my sadness found
 The dreary comfort of analogy.

As in my heart, so in the crumbling clay
 I find that this dry, bitter dust has turned
 Back into life once more. A seedling pine
 Rises beside one chimney and the play
 Of wind across the stones ripples the burnt
 Sienna flowers of a trumpet vine.

Mildred
Stites



Renaissance and Peace

I stole out quietly through the forest door,
 Wearied a little of the world that cants
 Of cold moralities and covenants
 It preaches of and yet can still ignore,
 Beneath my tired feet the piney floor
 Gave softly as I stepped. Grey-green the pines
 Rose straight and tall in deep majestic lines
 Forming quiet aisles of rest for me once more.
 A cardinal flashed among the trees. A frond
 Of cool green fern but touched my cheek to be
 Within my heart a peace that goes beyond
 All understanding. The cathedral towers
 Of pines grew dark. I told my rosary—
 Moments along a slender thread of hours.

Portrait of Reva

RUBY FOGEL

• Reva arranged the gold crown upon her dark blonde hair. The crown was not really gold, but was a startling array of brilliant sequins which gleamed and twinkled and burned. After much adjusting and readjusting, she seemed to have achieved for it a perfect position upon her head.

"Will it be too much to wear earrings?" she asked her older sister. "Might shine too much. . . ."

"No," responded her sister. "Your ears are large. Better wear earrings."

She put them on, screwing them carefully to the lobes of her ears. She almost admired her shining reflection in the mirror. Soft ostrich feathers adorned the sleeves of her white evening gown.

"Ostrich feathers are so soft and fluffy," she told her sister, "to be worn with hard, bright sequins."

"Looks perfect," she commented.

"Nuts!" said Reva.

Her father called from downstairs. She knew that meant that the boy who was to take her to the dance had come. Ed always came early, she remembered. She did not care this time, however, because she had been looking forward to being with him long before the dance ever started.

Reva put on her white bunny fur coat, letting it fall from her shoulders to show off the fluttering ostrich plumes. She shone from the top of the stairway—white and gleaming... soft and sparkling.

"Hello," she said to Ed as she neared the foot of the stairs.

"Hello," he returned, rather dazed

by her brilliance. He remembered the last time he had seen her—brown and prosaic in a wool skirt and sweater and worn-out tennis shoes, panting breathlessly after a hectic tennis game. Now she seemed so calm and cool—and beautiful.

"Goodnight, Daddy," said Reva after she had kissed her mother. It might have been called a kiss; it was really a soft brushing of her lips. Lipstick, after all, could not be smeared.

Ed helped her into the car. Then he got in and turned on the radio as they drove off. The orchestra was playing a prelude from Liszt.

"It's beautiful," she said.

"And you are too—to-night," he replied.

She smiled.

• They drove on and on, each one unaware of where they were going or why. It didn't matter. They were content to be driving together into the rising moon, with the prelude of Liszt playing accompaniment. The road stretched dimly bright and bare before them in the light of the moon. They came to a white square sign which bore the legend:

R. R.—N. C. LAW—STOP!

"I don't usually believe in signs," said Ed, "but this time. . . ." He stopped the car by a little wooded side road.

They sat silent for a long time. Ed spoke first: "Funny," he said, "that old field out there and that old-fashioned tin mailbox look quite beautiful under the moon, don't they?"

Mildred Stites has led a distinguished literary career in college while an undergraduate, and, in her first year of graduate work, promises much with her poetry. It was under her editorship that the *Distaff* again saw publication in the Women's College after a long and bitter struggle. She has a nice facility and easy grace that lend themselves to the capture of fragile moods without loss of either softness or clarity.



"Um-hum," she said in assent.

"Funny again," said Ed. "Right now I feel as if I never want to do anything in the world but sit here listening to preludes and looking at you."

"Coming from you, that is something," she said quickly. She would not let him think that she felt the same way, and that she loved the moon and the mailbox and the prelude of Liszt.

"I almost feel as if I could love you—now," he said thoughtfully.

"And I you," she rejoined.

"Don't," he said.

"I might resent your conceit," she returned with a display of mock dignity. "But I did say it, didn't I?"

"I mean," he exclaimed, "it's much too perfect just like this. Lord, woman, don't you feel the perfection? It would ruin it to get tangled up with—with—"

"Love," she supplied for him.

"Yes, love," he said. "I . . . I have so much to do. Sometimes it frightens me. Four more years of med school after I graduate and I'll still be only an interne—then those hard years when I begin as a doctor. . . ."

She was aware of a vague disappointment invading her mind, but she managed to exclaim, "These people with their careers! Of course, I shouldn't want to interfere. And then

there is my own career," she added after a while.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm going to write. I'm going to write realistic stories that the people who read them can identify as their own lives. But the difference is, you must forget love. I . . . I must have something like that because—well, because one has to experience emotion to write about it." (This last was a remembered excerpt from a lecture in composition.)

"We have what might be called conflicting tendencies," he said. "And one's as strong as the other. But mere bottles and diagnoses seem so insignificant out here under the moon with the preludes and you."

He put his arm around her.

"Don't," she remonstrated. "My feathers . . . you'll crush them."

"T'hell with the feathers," he said.

"You want me to look nice, don't you?" she asked coyly.

"That's just the trouble. You look too damn' nice already! I won't get to dance a step with you." He pulled her over near him.

"Oh, my crown!" she said in alarm. "You'll disarrange it."

"You look so soft to feel so brittle," he said. "I'm almost afraid I would break you if I should touch you."

"I feel brittle," she rejoined. "I feel like a piece of glass. Please handle with care."

"Well, I shall merely look at you," he decided.

"Time we were going back," she suggested presently. "You know there happens to be a dance tonight."

• So they went back, leaving the rising moon and the tin mailbox and perfection behind them. Reva felt that she must weep for its loss. It seemed to her that the moments had been a tangible object which now she felt slipping through her fingers. Then they became intangible again and she could not have them back. But she remembered the dance. She almost knew within herself that she would score a triumph as she entered

the ballroom. Her breath caught and her eyes sparkled in anticipation. She would have this instead of the moon; she would be adored instead of adoring.

It was as she expected; but she wearied of it. The orchestra was shouting, the stags were cutting, and her face was tiring of its perpetual smile. Fragments of conversation. . . cut . . . other fragments . . . cut. What was the sense of it all? After a time she had no idea with whom she was dancing—just the knowledge that she was dancing with somebody and answering their questions. Noise . . . music . . . dancing . . . and "please may I break," "cut please," punctuated it all. Intermission was brief respite. "Say, you're rather wonderful tonight," Ed was telling her. He beamed at her proudly. After intermission the room was warm, the feathers were wilting, the crown was awry. And then it was over so quickly. It had only just begun, it seemed to her.

There was a rush for the checking booth. Ed plunged in among the stags and emerged five minutes later bearing her white bunny coat triumphantly.

They came to Ed's car. She sank almost wearily upon the seat. She pulled off the crown with a jerk of her hand and stuffed it into her evening bag.

They rode silently. When they came to the white sign which bore the legend "STOP!" Ed stopped.

The moon had risen high and could not be seen from the car. Reva noticed that it shone so brightly upon the tin mailbox that its features became too distinct and took on their daytime ugliness. The field too had lost its glamour . . . it was merely a field of stubble. The orchestra on the radio played, "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More."

"Do you still feel brittle?" Ed asked her.

"No," she said. "I feel wilted."

She thought fleetingly that the beauty of the night and its perfection had fled. Her body was tired and

ached. The moon wasn't there and the grass in the field was brown and the mailbox was ugly and she oughtn't to tangle herself up with love.

She hadn't cared much about anything after that. Later, as Ed stopped the car in front of her home, she heard him saying, "You were quite a sensation tonight, you know. Aren't you happy about it?"

"Lord, yes," she said, and laughed slightly.

He helped her from the car. "Sh-h," she said as they went up the front steps. "Don't make any noise. I enjoyed it so much," she went on.

"Everything was rather perfect, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Rather," she said ambiguously.

They said goodnight. Reva closed the front door cautiously. She took off her white slippers and began tiptoeing up the stairs. They creaked weirdly and almost frightened her.

She opened the door to her bedroom with care. She set her slippers down upon the floor and flung her evening bag upon the dresser. Jerking off the earrings, she pushed the perfectly set waves of hair behind her ears and smeared her face with cold cream. Mascara got into her eyes and burned them. What price beauty, she thought ironically, and finished undressing.

She spread the blankets on her bed and got in. From where she lay she could see the moon distinctly . . . high, high in the sky. Her sister half awoke and said, "Zat you, Reva?"

"Who'd you think?"

"Mrs. Elroy was here after intermission," Sally went on. "She said you had the best rush on the floor and look beautiful. Aren't you happy?"

"Yes," said Reva.

She lay awake long after the even breathing of her sister informed her Sally was asleep. She looked at the moon and the silver-red rooftops outside the window. It seemed almost a perfection of beauty.

Suddenly she sobbed wildly and hysterically into her pillow.

Puppets for pinocchio

HOW TO TELL A BABOON FROM A BABBITT.

• With the philosophy of literalism supplanting such age-old institutions as Poker, Transmigration of Souls, and Eczema, it is perhaps pertinent to list here a few infallible methods for distinguishing the two great groups of literalists one from the other. For purposes of classification, the apostles have been divided into two groups, the heretofore defenseless Baboon, and his near relative *Homo Boobus*, commonly called Babbit, Darwin notwithstanding. Under present outrageous conditions, it has not been uncommon for some big game hunter to unwittingly bag a Babbit, thinking it to be a Baboon. Indeed, some of the most charming acquaintances have been renewed among the blissful stuffed in Trophy Rooms. Be this as it may, it is clearly to the advantage of every one, with the possible exception of Taxidermists, to know the differences between the two great groups of literalists. In brief, to know which is a little red howler and which an Indian, or less metaphorically, which is Baboon and which Babbit.

Physically, by the grace of God and Hart, Schaffner, and Marx, the Baboon can strongly resemble *Homo Boobus*, with the possible substitution of a bunch of bananas for a boutonnière. Indeed, specimens are often invited to dine as prospective members of some local good-fellowship club, only to appear with razor bent on shaving the entire assemblage. Or, they might sit blissfully through that hour of cuisine, culture, and commerce, reflectively nibbling a dynamite cap. So much for the physical similarities. Socially, the Baboon is much the more exclusive of the two, believing in keeping one's self to one's self. On the other hand, the Babbit flourishes with or without consent, may be found at the bottom of a glass of milk, or coyly wrapped in an old cigar. But it is their mental com-

plexion which marks distinct variance between the two. It is this that we shall deal with to the instruction of big game hunters and birds of a feather.

The philosophy of literalism, of which Baboon and Babbit are ardent exponents, and in which they differ fundamentally, is best considered in its relation to the Arts. Literalism may best be illustrated by observing the actions of these two, the flower of its converts. *Homo Boobus* has always entered an Art Gallery in the same manner, either drunk or dead. Consider, however, that he has been resuscitated, like Lazarus, even though he is about as grateful. Summoning his literalism to replace any normal reflexes, his first words will probably be: Ugh, an Art Gallery. This phrase will be repeated over and over again until he is run over by a steam roller, or sees something else to occupy his limited attention. On his way to the nearest exit, several pictures must inevitably be passed. He murmurs—pictures—and vaguely notices that one is predominantly green, another red. Literalism says red is red, and green is green, and so the Babbit is spared the struggle of associating these colors with any other identical colors he might have seen elsewhere. The red might be the color of his grandfather's underwear, but he is spared any recollection of that venerable's elegance because literalism has said that red is red, Communism or no Communism. *Homo Boobus*, therefore, sees only what is before him, there is no association of ideas in his literalist philosophy, an egg is an egg, and he is bothered by no visions of a defunct one nestling under someone's eye; a Bounder is a Bounder, and is not expected to be resilient but merely efficiently villainous. A painting labeled landscape passes as such without comment, certainly free of inspection. Mentally, then, the Babbit leaves the Art Gal-



lery as he came in, either drunk or dead. He has, perhaps, succeeded in drawing his monogram on the Apollo Belvedere.

Consider now the Baboon. He waddles in with his razor, and soon has the entire gallery to himself. Ambling from room to room, he possibly stumbles upon a bit of tropical portraiture. The trees look like trees, and the fruit like that which he used to throw at the lady of his affections. And so, in delicious anticipation, he leaps through the painting, to spend several puzzled moments on the other side, before again going his way. He has, however, seen something more than red and green, and may even on leaving take a hasty grab at a marble fig leaf. The difference, then, between the Baboon and the Babbit, ye connoisseurs of Trophy, is that while one says in Baboonese—this reminds me of the banana I choked on, the other says merely—look, a picture—and this in bad English.

In the theatre, there are also important differences in the conduct of Baboons and Babbits which should be borne in mind, lest you accidentally deliver Cousin Cuthbert up to be mounted on an Oak panel. Dramatic moments, or moments of great pathos, generally appeal to the Babbit as being particularly opportune for a bit of good, wholesome laughter, loud and unrestrained. (I might add that this is one of the few instances at Common Law when, at the Rifleman's discretion, a Babbit may be bagged in preference to a Baboon.) Again literalism has come to the fore. The Babbit mumbles to himself: this is just a play, the people aren't real, just actors... I wish I'd brought my fire siren... By way of

contrast, the Baboon, looking at the actors, picks out a well-upholstered individual, the one most likely to have Bananas secreted about his person, and if he howls, the Baboon howls in sympathy, thinking, perhaps, of an extra banana; or if the gentleman is about to expire, most morbid does the monkey become thinking of all that fine fruit descending to the grave.

Musically, the Babbitt may be distinguished from the Baboon in that he usually cranks the organ rather than sits on it. He may be more easily detected beating the rhythm of any composition on the back of someone's chair, or, if there is no simple rhythm, he thinks gloomily of the Anvil Chorus, and begins whistling that refrain with all the exuberance of a steam radiator. The Baboon, however, with strong instincts for self-preservation, will listen eagerly to see if the music is going to cause him more than auditory discomfort. Satisfied that it is physically harmless, he might even begin to associate the sounds with past occurrences. The wail of the clarinets, for instance, with the sound made by that bearded gentleman when he had handed him back that round, smoking thing. Should the music turn martial, his aroused instincts might lead him to assault the bass Viol player, an act, which in itself will be condoned by many. This

at least is action, because, under different circumstances, the base Viol player would probably assault the Babbit.

And so it goes. People bundling off to Africa to shoot the Baboon, when the Babbitt is so abundant, and right next door. Somebody, I hope, will come back from the Dark Continent with the information that the Baboons have started bagging the Babbitts. Developments have certainly proved the sound sense in Kansan exclusion of the Darwinian Philosophy. Clearly the man was a rampant idealist, trying desperately to blind himself to the realities. What he should have said is that the apes evolved from man, not that man descended from the apes. Literalism is the new panacea which so ably refutes any theory of evolution. Adopt literalism, and you soon begin to regard your mother as a biped, God as a word always to be capitalized, and food as a substitute for personal philosophy. People can then be resolved simply into blonds or brunettes, books into objects with, or without an attractive cover, love into a publicized reflex so ballyhooed in cheap novels and cheaper song that it becomes a fad, not an emotion—this is the fanfare of literalism, doubtless familiar, certainly acceptable alike to Baboon and Babbit. The average Babbit could, like a frog, get

along perfectly well with only his spinal cord, this being the center of most of his animal reflexes. And yet, there is among the Babbitry a constant cry for more freedom, for more leisure. What could they do with it, when their minds are composed like telephone directories with everything occupying the same amount of space, and listed in the same way. What need for leisure have automata? Possibly they want to hibernate, or grow a long, green beard.

The Babbit accepts all stimulus to thought in exactly the same way, defensively, with resignation, without curiosity. Perhaps along the route of mechanized simplification of human labor, the intellect has also been substituted for, or reduced to its lowest common denominator, like a certain African worm whose only function is reproduction. Life for the literalists certainly resolves itself into simple reflexes, one for work, one for play, one for love, and beyond these nothing short of an avalanche or an earthquake makes any impression. The Baboon, at least, even though a literalist, is curious about what comes his way, whether it is edible or not. But the Babbit, Ah the Babbit, living for literalism alone will call a spade a spade whether it is to trump an Ace or bury an Ass.

—R. A. S.

If I could bind this moment with
a chain
And keep it prisoner throughout
the years,
Defying Time, and all its weary
pain,
Its sickening loss and ugly biting
tears;

Mildred Taylor

Moment Guarded

If I could keep this moment thus
unscarred
And secret it from jealous men
and cruel,
Would you be there to help protect
and guard
Our moment, or would you laugh
and murmur, "fool"?

Two sketches

Dirty Horses Racin'

JAMES HELM

THE TOWN of East Bend seethed with excitement. It was one of those sleepy little towns where anyone's business is everyone's business. Early in the morning a crowd had gathered before the office of Judge Channing, talking in low, excited tones, and watching the road expectantly. Just as the hands of the town clock pointed to nine, the Judge's car stopped at the curb. An awed whisper ran through the crowd as the door opened, and the Judge himself stepped out.

Tall and white haired, he held himself proudly. There was about him an almost indefinable air of majesty, of hauteur mingled with kindness. But this morning it was not upon the Judge that every eye was focused. It was upon the little woman he was helping from the car. A tiny, plain little woman who seemed strangely out of place beside the Judge. Her eyes were as round and unblinking as those of a turtle, deep set in a brown, weather-beaten face. But she had a look of determination, a fierce fighting quality, that made her stand out even in comparison with so magnificent a figure as the Judge. She walked proudly beside him as they entered the office, conscious of the envious, curious eyes that were upon her, conscious of the whispers, the half-smothered exclamations.

Inside the office she sat very straight in the chair that the Judge had indicated. Her mouth was pressed into a hard firm line, and her hands clutched the arms of the chair as she waited. The Judge spoke first. His voice was low, soothing.

"Mrs. O'Reilly, you have my sincerest sympathy for the recent loss of your husband."

"I don't want your pity, Jedge!" She was even more like a turtle as she snapped out the words. "I don't want it 'cause I ain't sorry he's dead."

"Mrs. O'Reilly." A note of curiosity crept into the Judge's voice. "Your husband left fifty thousand dollars. No one knew that he was rich. He had no relatives, so you will be the sole heir. I hope you won't think me curious and meddling, Mrs. O'Reilly, but I wish you would tell me the story. How did your husband get this money?" His voice was kindly. It somehow invited confidence.

The little woman looked at him gratefully. She was suddenly more at ease.

"Jedge, it ain't the money. I wouldn't have been sorry if he'd died without a cent. I'm jest glad of the money fer the sake of my son. I'm a goin' to send him to Yale."

(Continued on page 28)

Prologue from *Pagliacci*

JACK OWEN

NO. NO. It isn't she who is dead; it is I. Kitty and Margaret are sobbing for *her*. They should be sobbing for me. I can't feel, so surely I am dead. She isn't dead, she is too strong, too competent, too vital. She can't die. Look! I can strike my arm against the rough bricks of the hearth and it doesn't hurt at all. I am dead, yet living—like the Prologue from *Pagliacci*. It is dead, it can't feel, yet *it* lives. That's it! I am the Prologue from *Pagliacci*. Hear how they applaud and there's an eight-bar introduction before I even begin. No that is not applause. They are slapping Margaret gently on the wrists and face. She has fainted. Funny she should faint before I begin my opening speech. Why does that slapping sound like thunderous applause?

Oh yes. They say she is dead. That is why Kitty is sobbing. I should sob too, but I want to laugh. Laugh wildly like the clown in *Pagliacci*. But I can't laugh as he does, because I am the Prologue and I come and go before he appears.

"Poor boy!"

Poor boy? Aren't they silly? I'm no poor boy. I am the Prologue. I can't feel, but I can hear. The rhythmical tick of the grandfather's clock is loud, loud! I know. That's the tympani that opens the introduction. No it can't be the tympani because it's too loud. Loud! It's terrible! The tempo is too steady. I can't stand it. Why don't they stop! Of course. I should have known. The string basses have joined the tympani. Now the violas. Now the baritones, the trombones, the horns, the strings. Higher and higher the tone rises. God! Can I hear it when the trumpets take up the cadenza. Brass! Why, now I know why I couldn't see. The curtain has been down. It is slowly rising. I can see more clearly now. Look! There are thousands of faces! No there aren't thousands. There's only Hugh, Dr. Rogers, and nurse Wilson. They are trying to explain to me that she is dead. She's not dead, I tell you. She's *not* dead!

She dead? Oh, no. Only yesterday, the day before and for years she has been near me. And now she won't be here? No! I tell you, No! Was it yesterday that she punished me because I refused to eat the biscuits Aunt Ida made because her hands were black? No. That was a thousand years ago. Then surely it was yesterday that I had to leave the table without my dinner because I sat down before Kitty was seated. Now she won't be here to see whether I seat myself before I seat Kitty? Yes! She will be! Perhaps it was yesterday too, that she

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Garden spot

ELINOR DOUGLAS

• It was late afternoon, and Mrs. Tweedy was in her garden raking leaves. She worked furiously, knowing that only if she hurried would there be time to build a fire and to watch it from the flat stone near the chrysanthemums. She pictured herself sitting quiet and alone, smelling the delicious smoke of burning leaves. A few moments of peace, then she would be willing to go in to get dinner for Henry and the boys. The dry leaves followed her rake with a thin, whispering sound.

"O—how do you do!" a bright, hard voice broke in on her. She looked up and saw a neighbor standing beyond the hedge.

"Er—fine, Mrs. Vane." Mrs. Tweedy answered nervously, for Mrs. Vane's fur coat and slim silk-shod ankles made her painfully conscious that her own skirt dipped at the back, and that she was wearing one of Henry's old sweaters. She propped the rake against her shoulder and struggled with her hair which had blown about her face.

"I'm just getting up these leaves," she explained somewhat superfluously.

"Won't you come over?" Mrs. Vane squeezed through a gap in the hedge wide enough for the young Tweedy's but never made for a woman of her embonpoint.

"I'm afraid there's nothing to sit on but the stone," said Mrs. Tweedy.

"That's quite all right"; and spreading her coat beneath her Mrs. Vane sat down. She was the sort of woman who looks imposing in a drawing-room or a theatre box, but in a garden she was completely out of setting. The light of common day revealed the artificiality of rouged cheeks and corrugated hair. The harsh light brought out the fine lines that irritability had etched about her eyes and mouth. Mrs. Tweedy looked young beside her. The wind had whipped a faint color into her cheeks,

and her honest blue eyes shone. Mrs. Vane lit a cigarette. Mrs. Tweedy followed the operation with the naïve curiosity of a child.

"My husband admires your garden so much," she said flipping away her match.

"That's nice of him." Mrs. Tweedy answered at random, part of her mind occupied with watching the smoke pour from Mrs. Vane's nostrils, and another part capturing a memory of Mr. Vane, a grey, tired little man who had stopped one time to admire her yellow rose-tree.

"Why don't you have a garden yourself?" she asked, already thinking of roots and bulbs that she could give for the purpose. Mrs. Vane frowned.

"Well, Clem *has* thought of it, but I just put my foot down. He has no moderation. Let him have a garden and I'd never get him away from it. He'd never go out to dinner, or play golf with me. Why he'd be putting around with plants *all* the time."

• Mrs. Tweedy felt suddenly sorry for Mr. Vane who wanted a garden and couldn't have it. She decided that Mrs. Vane must be something of a martinet.

Mrs. Vane having embarked on her husband's delinquencies, went on with vigor. "You might not think so, but Clem is something of a trial. He's that impractical, moony type that's so hard to manage." Mrs. Tweedy wondered if the moony, impractical type was any more difficult than Henry, who went over the household accounts every month, and raged when they did not balance. And they never did balance, she reflected wearily—but what was Mrs. Vane saying...

"Not long after we were married, Clem was determined that he'd take a job in *Burma*. Imagine going 'way off there. Well, I just put my foot



down. And it's a good thing that I did. I'd like to know where we'd be now if I had not kept him here, and working steadily."

... *Burma*, elephants and jade and huge gaudy tropical flowers. Mrs. Tweedy felt a rush of pity for grey, trampled-looking little Mr. Vane. So he'd been denied more than his garden. Mrs. Vane went on.

"Sometimes he does the most unaccountable things. Why only the other morning I woke and found him staring out of the window. The sun was rising and I suppose he was looking at it or something. I remember another time too, he actually woke me out of a sound sleep to see some star or other. I was furious! I wouldn't have gotten up to see the King of England and I told him so too—wasn't that the craziest idea?"

"I think it was lovely of him." Mrs. Tweedy spoke with a quiet intensity. Her words checked Mrs. Vane for a moment, then, finding them incomprehensible, set down the remark as irony, although there was no trace of humor on Mrs. Tweedy's grave, innocent face.

• She went on with her complaints, but Mrs. Tweedy was not listening. There rose in her mind a picture of herself saying, "Henry, the crocuses are up," and Henry answering from behind his newspaper: "Consolidated Steel took another drop today." It was always like that. She and Henry

(Continued on page 28)

Three Sonnets

Walter
Cutter



I THOUGHT that love had vanished with the rest
Of those bright spirits clad in flaming light
That not again would Artemis at night
Bring lips together, pulsing breast on breast.
Nor would love's goddess ever weave such spell
As drew Leander through the flowing stream
Those magic nights when nature was a dream
Of fragrant loveliness as poets tell.
I had not reckoned then with Love which drew
From all the glory of that greening earth
To bring its hoarded loveliness to birth
Within the perfect loveliness of you.
And recreated in these days long after
Beauty and ecstasy and laughter.

I THOUGHT once of the golden vanished years
Gathered like arrows in Time's bursting sheaf
Of glorious strength and loveliness beneath
Once flowering fields now watered with our tears.
How one before his splendid day was done
Quenched love's deep moan which rose like ocean's swell
Farewell Artemidoros, O, farewell,
And cut clean-bladed thru oblivion.
Of that great host which trod the Grecian shore,
Its silver sand, and left it deep in flowers.
Those foam-light feet, outstripping Time's fleet hours
When will return their like forevermore?
Yet bloom within our hearts forever growing
The timeless flowers from that immortal sowing.

WHERE ARE those splendid ones who walked along
A thousand roadways through the fields of Time
Who left unquenched the radiance of their song
The fragile beauty of their airy rhyme.
Say not that they are mingled with the dust
Climbing to immortality in flowers
Or that harsh winds could shake their rooted trust
That life resplendant lay beyond Death's powers.
No they speak to us yet in sky and earth
Dreaming new dreams, changing old lamps for new
Waiting the hour of more glorious birth
When all the beautiful, the good, the true
Shall cleave a pathway through the starry skies
At Life's high trumpet-call, Arise! Arise!

Rockwellkentiana

I

Being, in short, an anthology of the works and writings of one Rockwell Kent, artist, lithographer, and (if we may believe the few words) something of a critic.

The book itself is divided into three parts. In the first section are included the "few words" about art that Rockwell Kent desires to see in print. These short pieces vary greatly in tone, topic, and surface tension.

In "Art and the Child" (1918) the young Kent recorded with a certain admirable dogmatism his opinions on the artistic possibilities latent in the normal child, the most suitable way to allow these inclinations to take direction, and the possibility (after all) of ever teaching anybody anything about so innate a subject as creative art. "So what," he concludes, "is there of art to teach the child?" Again with dogmatic youthfulness he replies, "Instruction in art? To the child it can bring only harm."

In "Of Aesthetics" the more mature Rockwell Kent has formed a bit of pungent philosophy out of the beginning in which "there was energy in chaos." "Art," he reasons, "remains man's re-creation, out of the elements of his own experience, of life as he would have it be."

Rockwell Kent has formulated (perhaps) his most complete statement of the nature of art in a Foreword published in 1924. Here he has caught in a few clipped phrases many of the essentials of the true art: "it may be assumed to be the deliberate purpose of the painter to be understood," "painting is not an art for the few," "its (art) language is direct, simple and unencumbered by convention."

There follow a series of further "few words." In "Of Culture" (1927) he records, "culture makes men cautious and ashamed of being wrong. They correct their impulses and end by having none. (The result is) a

cultural paralysis of simple, natural, native, human feeling." In "Introduction to 'Fifty Prints'" Rockwell Kent has presented a short and concise statement of the art that goes into the creation of an "original" print. In "Of Critics" he chases in endless circles that useless appendage of art and the artist, casually referred to as 'the critic.'

II

The second portion of "Rockwellkentiana" is devoted to a "check-list of the wood-engravings and lithographs of Rockwell Kent." It is this division of the book that will be especially valuable to the ardent collector of Rockwellkentiana. Here he will find a carefully prepared summary of all that he need know about each of the artist's efforts in the field of artistic creation.

For example, here is the history of wood-engraving thirty-three:

NIGHT WATCH. *Wood engraving on maple, 8x5½, 1929.*

Nude figure leaning against mast with . . .

One hundred proofs printed. Destroyed block, Cleveland . . .

Collection: Cleveland Museum of Art.

A second part of this division of the book includes a "bibliography of the writings and illustrations of Rockwell Kent." It is a complete summary of text and illustrations by Kent, collected illustrations by R. K., books by other authors illustrated by Kent, and books containing articles and decorations by Rockwell Kent.

III

The final portion of "Rockwellkentiana" contains a rather complete collection of the works of Rockwell Kent. Included in this group are drawings, wood engravings, lithographs, and paintings.

The art of Rockwell Kent is essentially simple, graphic, and lacking in

complexity of detail. He reaches the maximum of power in his wood-engravings where the power of simple lines, great masses of contrasting black and white, simplicity, and a lack of ornate detail provide an admirable setting for the talent that he possesses.

The contrast between some such wood-engraving as "Flame" and a drawing such as "Convalescent" is indeed striking. In the drawing there is a certain crowding of impression, a definite over-massing of detail, a lack of essential simplicity, all of which tends to enfeeble the artistic value. This appears to be true of many of the drawings. Only in the illustrations from "Venus and Adonis," where a classic simplicity rules, do the drawings of Rockwell Kent show the power of his wood-engravings.

This latter group of prints are, however, completely fine. "Flame," with an outstretched arm in silhouette against a burst of white flame; "Diver," classic in simplicity and showing ultimate perfection in the poise of the central figure; "Imperishable," with the white figure-head of a woman still erect and untouched on the wreck of a sailing ship; "Almost," the ultimate in artistic perfection, unity of line, design, motivating thought, and creative power!

The remainder of the book contains a series of lithographs (in many ways excellent but in general inferior to the wood-engravings) and a series of paintings, reproduced in black and white. In this later group the colorless reproductions show clearly the massing of shade and light so characteristic of Rockwell Kent. It is impossible to judge accurately their artistic worth as paintings however, without any knowledge of their color values.

Wood-engraving forty-three! Northern night! This single piece of
(Continued on page 24)



Chesterfield—
I enjoy them a lot



...to me they're MILD
...to me they TASTE BETTER

They Satisfy

Duke Primer



Now, listen dear children and you shall hear
The tale of soldiers lost to fear,
Of shining knights in armor bright
Who fill the day and all the night
With firm instruction in the Truth,
Unknown, alas, to sodden youth.
Much like their mailed prototypes
They ask a deep respect for laws
They seem to make up as they go.
They do, however, lack, if you would know,
Ascetic leanness like their errant kin
There're many meals for turning students in.
For wages in pursuit of sin,
Like certain jobs for pleasure done,
They charge not any, but seek when their course has run
Reward in Heaven as the goal
They'd like to have in part or whole
For flashing spots on parking cars—
With pride in their Detective stars.
But playing closet is the game
That really gives them claim to fame.
This last is played in stocking feet,

Page 2

Saga of a C

Duke Primer



Or shoes at least that do not creak,
 For silence is the pearl of price
 That makes this game of all most nice.
 It generally is played with two,
 One to search, and one for you:
 In case your going back would find them,
 And you'd object, or mind them
 Looking through your things—with eye
 For what would fetch from Deans a sigh
 Of saddened pleasure. It might be kind
 To let them keep what they should find,
 If they should like it; and make haste
 Appointing your quarters to suit their taste,
 Find cigars they like to smoke, or simply say
 Amuse yourself while I'm away.
 At least, this shows that modern crime
 Has come to be a tepid thing
 When Sleuths so great can find the time
 Enthusiastically to bring
 Their talents to our College life
 And joyfully keep us far from strife
 With moral code and manner same
 As taught the gangster fear and shame.

Page 3

AH, LET THEM hail their happy things, their hours

All golden filled with sunlight; blue-dipt in stars

Shorn from a darkened moon, the scarlet flowers

In flame recalling still the rhythmic bars

Of music flung from dancing feet. These fill

The silence full with nearness when the heart

Is far away. But I have stood a bit apart,

With broken hands outstretched until

They seem to sift the stardust, where together

Upon Eternity run the rivers of heaven.

I wait a Sun, an ancient Sun, to untether

Brazen horses breathing fire, and with even

Voice recall Her lilies from Etruscan sward,

And from my heart withdraw a jewelled sword. . .



Design of
Centuries

The light of a little train

LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

• He stood by the flat glass top of the desk and looked down at his face reflected in the shiny surface.

"Any news," he asked.

The nurse behind the desk lifted her chin from between the white folds of her collar and smiled slightly.

"No," she said, "I'll let you know as soon as there is anything to tell."

He stood by the desk. His feet were small and his shoes black and clean to the edges. His hands were on the corner of the desk, white and sharp against the painful clearness of the glass. The glass mirrored his face in fine acute lines. He was tall and thin and his face stood long and distinct out of the whiteness of his shirt.

"Isn't there any news at all," he said.

"I'm sorry," said the nurse, "but there really isn't a thing for me to tell you. You'd best sit down and not think about it, Mr. Martin. Everything will certainly be all right, I'm sure."

"Yes," he said, "everything will certainly be all right, I'm sure."

His fingers moved silently across the smoothness of the glass. They were long and tapered and thin with the fineness of a sensitive touch. He crossed the room slowly and sat in the corner of a long couch. He dropped his head in his hands, covering it with his long fingers. They seemed like slim white bars enclosing a frightened creature, a creature whose fear had chilled to deadness, a creature whose silence was complete except for the occasional flashing of two dark eyes.

In boyhood those eyes had been sharp and black. They had flashed with the flickerings of an agile spirit. With them Tommy Martin had watched the brilliant circle of light that marked the path of a miniature train in a store window. He had wanted that train. The shiny newness of the cars, the twirling wheels of

the engine, the thin sharpness of the silvery tracks had caught him. But above all he wanted that flashing circle of light that came from the head of the little engine.

He wanted to take those silvery tracks in his hands and spread them out on the smoothness of the ground, he wanted to set those wheels upon the tracks, he wanted to see that beam of light go speeding off into the darkness, he wanted most of all to know that it was all his, the track, the train, and the beam of light.

He had been eager to tell his mother of his discovery. "Mother," he had said as he came running into the house, "I've found the swellest thing." His mother had looked up from the sink and had smiled ever so slightly. He had poured it all out in eager little phrases, the train, the cars, the track, the light.

"But, dear," his mother had said, "you're always wanting something new. You'll just have to do without your train. Perhaps Santa Claus will bring it to you next Christmas."

And he had run out of the house and down the street to the store and pressed his face close against the cold glass of the window and stood there in the darkness watching the circling whiteness of the light on that little train. And the glass had been damp and moist and had dimmed his eyes as he stood there and watched his little train.

• Tom Martin, tall and thin in the newness of adolescence, had longed for romance with the pure freshness of youth. He had seen it in the dark brown curls of the girl down the street. He had often sat on the white

cement steps in front of his house and watched her pass by in the evening. And the brownness of her hair and the whiteness of her skin had caught at something in him and set it spinning in wild circles. He had watched her disappear into the dimness of the evening and had sat on into the night with his hands crossed on his knees and his head dropped on his hands. And he had longed to touch her, to feel the brownness of her hair in his hands, to sense the softness of that white skin. He wanted to be near her. With the pure cleanliness of first love he wanted to touch her hand.

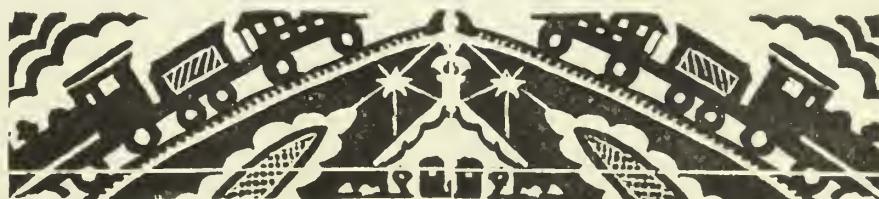
"Sarah," his father had said to his mother, "you must watch Tom. I'm afraid he's got some silly notion in his head about that Nelson girl up the street. He's much too young for that sort of thing. You'd better see that he doesn't do anything foolish."

"Of course you're right, John," his mother had replied.

And then one evening the brown-haired girl had glanced up at him as she passed and smiled. And he had felt his throat swell up with a strange fullness and the words he had rehearsed in his mind over and over stuck like heavy lumps in his throat. He had run after her up the street and had walked beside her.

"Hello," she had said.

She had smiled at him and he had wondered at the redness of her lips, and the whiteness of her skin, and the brownness of her hair. And they had walked together up the street and he had been filled with a sweet newness that had penetrated each little bit of his body.



And in a short moment they had come to her house and she had stopped and turned and thanked him. And somehow his hand had touched her hand and he was filled with the softness of her and the sweetness of something that ran through him like sharp little daggers. And suddenly the night was filled with the brightness of light and he could see far off into the dimness where the white headlight of a little train was speeding through the dark.

"Tommy," his mother had said, "your father and I both think you are much too young to start going around with girls."

"But, mother—," he had started to say.

"I'm sorry, Tommy," she had continued, "but your father knows what is best for you. You must realize that it is much better for a young boy to keep his mind on his schoolwork. Think of all the other nice things that you have. There will be plenty of time for girls in a few years when you are older and wiser."

He had stood beside the chair tall and thin in the darkness of the room. And something in his eyes had flickered and dimmed.

- With the passing of the years he had become Thomas A. Martin, a name neatly recorded on the white card in the office of the dean, and hastily scratched on the door of room 232, Barnard House, Wallace University.

He was tall and thin with a shock of vital black hair. His eyes were deep and black and flashed with the vigor of youth and purpose. Vigor he could feel in every movement of his body. Purpose he could feel in the things that he did, the words that he spoke, the men that he met. He would succeed, he would do things, he would lead men and men would follow him. He walked across the campus with a swift swing in his stride. He would succeed.

And yet it seemed as if he could never quite reach with his fingers, so long and slender, the things that

he wanted. That freshman year he had caught again and again the light of his little train. He found himself in a sort of eternal darkness in which he awaited eagerly the coming of the light. Sometimes he could see it pass by in the far off distance and then he would begin to run quickly towards its speeding light. But always it would disappear into the dark chasms of space leaving his hands empty and his dark eyes sad in the blackness of his eternal shadow.

Once it had come quite close to him. He had first caught a glimpse of the silvery tracks on which it sped when he heard his name mentioned as a possible candidate for the presidency of the freshman class. He had grasped at the silver rails so close to him and for a time it seemed as if they were in his hands. He thought of himself as a leader, as the head of a group, as a power in the new life he had entered. We wanted to hear them say, "Thomas A. Martin has been elected President of the freshman class."

He wanted to know that people were saying: "That Tom Martin's a pretty good man, he's going to go a long way here at Wallace."

"Tom Martin! Yes, swell fellow, a mighty good guy."

But they hadn't said that. He had heard them talking in the showers and in the rooms.

"Martin, hell, he ain't no guy for president. That back on the frosh squad is the right one to pick for that job."

"Yea, you're right, there's something funny about that fellow Martin. He would never make a very good president."

And somehow the silver tracks had slipped out of his hands and he could see the light of the little engine disappearing far away in a thick bank of haze. And he stood and watched the spot where it had vanished from view and his eyes grew as dim and dull as the haze that hid the silver tracks, and the train, and the light that swept in wide circles.

- And so his years at Wallace had been spent in the darkness of his own shadow. He watched eagerly for the coming of the flash of light that seemed to belong to him. And sometimes he would see it in the distance and his eyes would reflect its light and he would run with all his strength towards the bright little engine and the silver tracks. And always his feet would be slow and the wheels would spin faster and faster and carry his train out of his sight into a distant darkness that he could not fathom. And he would stand there with his empty hands and long to hold the little train in his hands and say, "This, this is mine, all mine; this have I won, this have I bought, this is mine."

And with the passing of the days the white card in the dean's office had become filled with scrawled marks until its whiteness had turned to black with the record of the years. And he had taken the little card from the door of room 232, Barnard House, Wallace University, and had torn it into a million little pieces, torn it until the white bits that remained floated away in the June breeze.

And Mr. Thomas A. Martin had returned to the house with the cement steps and had listened to the "congratulations, my son, it's fine to have you back" and the "just think, my baby boy a college graduate." And he had sat down again on the cement steps with his knees drawn up and his head resting on his long slim hands.

And he looked down at the street and saw the blackness of its dirt, and he looked across the rows of houses and saw the smoke pouring from the dark holes of the factories. And the useless noise of the city poured into his ears and rattled against the walls of his soul.

Once in the blackness of a vision he seemed to see the circling of the flashing light and his little train came to him speeding on its silver tracks. And it came whistling and steaming to where he sat and stopped at his

feet. And he knelt there and touched its shining sides and it seemed that he grew smaller and smaller until he stood with his hand just touching the wheel of the engine beside him. And he climbed up and up into its dark insides and he could sense that it was moving beneath him and he looked out and could see the whiteness of its light rushing through the blackness that surrounded him. At last he was following his light, perched at the throttle of his own little engine.

And it carried him to far lands and a round white moon, to a river where pea-green sampans floated on the brownness of a China stream, to a mountain where turreted castles crawled upwards towards the sun, to a world filled with the sound of clinking glasses and soft whispered words.

And then the darkness of the vision faded away into the darkness of his shadow and he looked across at the dark clouds of smoke pouring from the factory chimneys. And he wanted to follow the silver rails that would lead him to wide rivers and the soft clink of crystal glasses.

"Son," his father had said, "now that you're back with us I think that it would be a fine thing for you to take a place in the factory. Start right at the bottom, that's the best plan. Start at the bottom and learn the job from there right on up to the top. That's the way I did. That's the way I got where I am today."

"But—" he had started to say.

"Now," continued his father, "with your fine education I don't see any reason why you can't rise to the very top. Why, some day you might be manager of the mill, think of that. I tell you, my boy, you don't know how lucky you are to have a fine college education. Wish I could have been as lucky. I tell you—"

And he had walked slowly out to the steps and had sat down with his arms crossed on his knees and his head dropped on his lond hands.

• He had hated life at the mill. It

was dark and dull, and the blackness of life melted into the blackness of his soul and he seemed to live in an eternal night, as empty of light and as unbroken as the eternal darkness. The black was no longer broken even by the light of his train of desire, for his eyes had become dull and shallow and he no longer could

They had been married. He had loved her with all the stored up longing of his endless years. He had wanted her, and she had become his. A new sense of life had flowed into his body with each touch of her hands. And he had come out of the shadow that had been his home and lived in the warm sunlight with this that he had wanted and won, this woman that was his wife.

And then there had come a day when she no longer seemed to be completely his. For her something new had been begun, something that was a part of her and a part of him, and yet something that seemed to come between them. And he had felt the edge of the darkness sweep across him and he had hated his son that was yet to be born.

And now he sat with his long arms crossed on his legs and his head dropped on his hands. He could feel the swirling edge of the blackness that seemed to hover above him. He sat there in the corner of the long couch and listened. He could hear dimly the whistle of a little train, a little train that sped across the distant blackness on tracks of silvery metal. And he knew that his little train had slipped out of his hands and was speeding across the blackness into the haze that hid the edge of all existence.

"Mr. Martin," said the nurse, "Mr. Martin!" She crossed slowly to where he sat.

He looked up at her, at the whiteness of her collar, at the long thinness of her face as it rose from it. He looked at her face and he knew that he had not mistaken the whistle of his little train.

"Mr. Martin," said the nurse, "your wife, your wife is—"

"My wife is dead," he said as he watched the lines of her mouth to see them form the words.

"Your wife is dead," said the nurse.

Far, far away he heard the last whistle of a little train as it sped across the darkness, and he turned and walked across the marble floor of the hospital to the door.

▲

Comrades

TOM CARRIGER

Across the fields I ran with him
Through fields of waving sage;
Down to the West I sped with him
With the West in ruddy blaze;
Through shadowing dusk I strode
With him
Down the darkening road;
To a tiny star I gazed with him
As silent, on we strode.

▲
see the light that guided his little train.

And then one day it had come to him out of the blackness, and the whiteness of its light was sharp and painful to his eyes. And it brought him a woman, tall and as thin as a slender maple. And he looked at her, at the whiteness of her arms, at the slim straightness of her body, at the smoothness of her skin. And he reached out and touched her and his hand touched soft warm flesh. He wanted her.

And for the first time in his life the little train of his desire seemed to obey his call. And he took her in his arms and held her there and kissed her and knew that she was his. And his hands were full, and his eyes were again sharp and bright.

Books

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

Collected comment

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES—*Lytton Strachey*—Harcourt, Brace and Co.—(\$3.50). A series of collected essays from the acid pen of the greatest of nineteenth century commentators. Random glances at life and literature in the manner of the post-Victorian mood and movement.

Mr. James Strachey has collected in this volume forty-four of his brother's essays. Arranged in chronological order, this collection illustrates the work of Strachey's entire literary career. It begins with an undergraduate essay on the British letter-writers which Strachey wrote in the hope of winning the Le Bas Prize for an English Essay at Cambridge; it ends with an unfinished paper on *Othello*. These essays, taken individually, are less ambitious than the sixteen which comprise *Books and Characters*, and less polished than *Portraits in Miniature*. Moreover, they are of unequal value—Strachey himself, indeed, would have hesitated to publish some of them. But to the student of letters a mediocre essay may have value and an editor's rashness may prove a boon. It is precisely in its arrangement and its uneven quality that the value of this book consists. For one learns more of Strachey in *Characters and Commentaries* than in any of his other books. Here for the first time one may trace, if one likes, the development of a highly-mannered style; here, once again, one has evidence that the essay was for Strachey the most congenial type of prose writing—that, in fact, his biographies upon which his contemporary fame so largely rested, are essays writ large; here one may see—once again and with delight—the play of an extremely sensitive, subtle, and witty mind upon a great variety of subjects; and here, perhaps most important of all, one may discover the intellectual sympathies and antipathies which lie

beyond *Eminent Victorians* and *Queen Victoria*.

In spite of his avowed detachment, Strachey found himself entirely too close to the Victorian era. In an essay on "The Eighteenth Century," written in 1926, he makes it clear that he viewed the Victorians through prejudiced eyes. "Every age," he declares, "has a grudge against its predecessor, and generally the grudge is well founded." Strachey's grudge, and that of his generation, was that the Victorians took themselves too seriously; Strachey probably made the mistake of taking his grudge too seriously. One feels, indeed, that prejudice at times obscured his vision; that his detachment arose from an intellectual scorn; that his irony—an instrument of amusement to the reader and of torture to the victim he reserved almost solely for "eminent" Victorians—kept him from seizing upon the essential nature of his subjects. Take, for example, his essay on Mathew Arnold in the present volume. Arnold, like a true Victorian philistine—we are told—was a man incapable of criticism; he was a man who had little or no aesthetic

appreciation—instead of treating literature as an art, he treated it as a criticism of life. Arnold's view is, to be sure, as outmoded as Dr. Johnson's; but it is a perfectly legitimate approach towards literature. The concluding paragraph shows how Strachey could deal with a critic without being critical: Arnold's intelligence, he says, "was above the average, and he could write lucidly, and he got up his subjects with considerable care. Unfortunately, he mistook his vocation. He might, no doubt, if he had chosen, have done some excellent and lasting work upon the movements of glaciers or the fertilization of plants, or have been a satisfactory collector in an up-country district in India. But no; he *would* be a critic." A witty sarcasm! But as criticism is it not—to use Strachey's favourite objective on Victorian occasions—preposterous?

Strachey's profound dislike of the nineteenth century is only equalled by his profound love of the eighteenth, and the revelation of that love is for the first time fully apparent in this volume. The reason is that Strachey could view the eighteenth century from a distance, could view it romantically. Romantically! Had Mathew Arnold held the unfortunate opinion that Dante was "a methodist parson in Bedlam" one can imagine with what delight Strachey would have trounced him; Horace Walpole did hold that very opinion, but, then, of course, Horace Walpole lived in the eighteenth century,—and time levels all absurdities. "For the purposes of historical vision," says Strachey, "the eighteenth century is exactly what is wanted. . . We are bewitched by it, just as, about the year 2000, our descendants, no doubt, will cast longing eyes towards the baroque enchantments of the age of Victoria." To this "enchanted

Credits

The following books reviewed in this issue will be found on sale at the Thomas-Quicke Co. in Durham. Copies of these books have been supplied THE ARCHIVE for review purposes through the kindness of that company.

Long Pennant by Oliver La Farge.

The Bird of Dawning by John Masefield.

These and the other books mentioned in this issue of THE ARCHIVE will be found on the shelves of the Thomas-Quicke Co. rental library.

(Continued on page 24)

Chant of the sea

LONG PENNANT—Oliver La Farge—Houghton Mifflin Co.—(\$2.50). Storms on the sea and squalls in the mind caught by the creator of *Laughing Boy* and imprisoned in a series of brilliant word images. The emotions, desires, actions and reactions of that old devil sea and the men it makes and breaks.

Long Pennant, something new and different from the pen of the author of the 1929 Pulitzer prize winner, *Laughing Boy*, is a novel dealing with the crew of the private armed brig *Glimpse*, of Chog's Cove, Rhode Island, which begins with a storm at sea and ends at home with a number of mental storms almost as destructive.

A long pennant (also called a "homeward-bound pennant" in modern times) is a beautiful red, white, and blue streamer, of often twice the length of the ship, which symbolizes home-coming of a ship's company that has been in foreign waters for more than a year; it is hoisted to the mainmast at the last port of call and flown majestically into the home port, standing out against all other bunting—an old maritime custom that has always meant much to a sailor.

And that is exactly what the unique situation in this novel deals with—the emotions, desires, actions, and reactions going on in the minds of the crew bound homeward after three years of dangerous but successful privateering in Southern waters, set down in an interesting series of streams of consciousness, taking in each member of the crew.

After three hard years of capturing British prizes and dubious Spanish vessels, the crew of the *Glimpse* captured their last prize just before a storm and their voyage home. Later the vessel was discovered to be of American registry, leaving the crew of the *Glimpse* open to charges of piracy and murder. During the storm the prize sloop and the prize crew are separated from the brig and cast aground on the coast of Mexico. The captain of the *Glimpse*, believing the prize and his men lost in the storm,

put into New Orleans, where an ordinary seaman, Jeremiah Disney, signed off and took his lay, which amounted to much Spanish gold, and the brig set her sails for Chog's Cove.

After a year had passed the prize crew were reckoned as dead and their lays were divided among their relatives. John Disney, the mate, after a tangled love affair, was married to the missing master gunner's sweetheart and settled down to farm life, while the captain, now the Hon. Jonas Eliot Dodge, ran on the Federalist ticket for Congress.



From "Bird of Dawning"
by John Masefield.

Already thrown among La Farge's favorite Indians on the barbarous coast of Mexico, the prize crew enjoyed a year among the natives, built a boat, and sailed to New Orleans, where they find many lovely girls, and their young shipmate, Jeremiah Disney, now a babbling drunkard. In his weak, religion-bound, New England character, Jeremiah, La Farge creates probably some of the most brilliant streams of consciousness of a befogged, rum-soaked brain ever produced.

Jeremiah Disney began as the gentle, weak-willed son of a New England minister and ended a hopeless sot, babbling about "Mariolatry, the Whore o' Babylon, and Romish Popery," and finished with some successful blackmailing. And while the author is about it, he paints several

(Continued on page 26)

Virile bird

THE BIRD OF DAWNING—John Masefield—The Macmillan Company—(\$2.50). A redblooded tale of sea and ships by the dean of contemporary poets. Shipwrecks! Men adrift! Starvation! All poured into the mold and fashioned into a dynamic novel by England's seagoing poet-laureate.

This is the story of "Cruiser" Trewsbury and the part he played in winning the London Prize, that much-coveted award for the season's first shipment of China tea back in the middle days of Victoria. A real human being, and therefore rare, "Cruiser" is one of the most terribly vital storybook characters of recent years. He was a fine sailor, had a good tenor voice, spoke dozens of languages, had written a manual on Compass Deviation, had painted hundreds of sketches of sailing vessels. Put "Cruiser" on his old clipper ship, set him on the ocean, and you have the start of a salty sea-tale done in regular hard-tack style; and if you're not briny enough, there's a glossary of sea-expressions in the back of the volume!

Shipwrecks galore, men adrift in an open boat on a stormy sea, rations not substantial enough for a hungry wren; obviously, time for prayers. But *The Bird of Dawning*, abandoned by her crew when they thought her about to sink, is suddenly sighted, boarded, found to be seaworthy, and driven home to London the first ship of the season from China!

Redblooded is an old adjective, but it fits every page of this intensely dynamic novel by England's seagoing poet-laureate. The prose is finely tempered, and there runs throughout a delicate, half-concealed, tongue-in-the-cheek commentary on the myopic seriousness of the smug Britishers of 1860.

If we might be allowed the extravagance of attempting to indicate in one word the flavor of this book, that one word would be *virility*.

—EDWARD HUBERMAN.

Childhood colors

BEGINNING OF A MORTAL—Max Miller—E. P. Dutton—(\$2.50). The subtle rememberings of childhood told with the charm of style and the piquancy of thought that made *I Cover the Waterfront* sparkle with the bead of life. A series of character sketches, line drawings, and mood pictures molded into a quiet story of youth.

In *Beginning of a Mortal* the author of *I Cover the Waterfront* has recorded his boyhood experiences. Although the book falls under the classification of autobiography, it consists of a series of character sketches and a group of excellent drawings by John Sloan. Considered as an autobiography, the book is a miserable failure; but criticized as a group of character portraits, it is a glorious success.

The work covers the period up to the time when as a boy in school, Author Miller began his career as a reporter. In restricting himself to an account of his childhood, Mr. Miller has reasoned, no doubt, that a knowledge of his later life may be gleaned from a reading of *I Cover the Waterfront*. Therefore, if you have not read this previous volume, you will probably complete your pursuance of this later book with a feeling that something important is lacking.

The chief fault with Reporter Miller's latest achievement is that the story of the author's life is not only the subordinate part but also the most vague portion of the book. Throughout the entire 253 pages there are no specific dates or ages recorded. Frequently the reader is left to fashion for himself a connected narrative of Mr. Miller's boyhood. Nevertheless, there is a wealth of vivid detail about everyone except the author himself. In many instances the book is too subtle to be placed on the children's reading list and in others too childish to appeal to the average adult.

However, if we consider the book in its true light—that of a series of character portraits, it takes on new luster. The style is simple, direct, and

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Books of the month

FICTION

A Nest of Simple Folk by Sean O'Faolain. Another long narrative from the prolific "Irish school," this time dealing with three generations of Irish farm people.

Wedding Song by David Burnham. Life goes on to the tune of *The Sun Also Rises*, this time with Venice as a background and Americans and their Italian marriage connections as a subject.

L'Affaire Jones by Hillel Bernstein. A satiric farce in which Henry Jones of Georgia, in France to compile a cook-book, becomes a national issue because of an overcoat that he did not steal.

Gentleman—The Regiment by Hugh Talbot. Locale: an English regimental barrack town. Time: one hundred years ago. Story: the contest between two rival regiments commanded by representatives of two families steeped in military tradition.

TRAVEL

Brazilian Adventure by Peter Fleming. The true story of an expedition sent to discover the whereabouts of the lost Colonel Faucett. Book-of-the-Month selection.

Cannibal Quest by Gordon Sinclair. The author of *Footloose in India* continues his travels in Borneo, Mandalay, Bali, and Baluchistan.

DRAMA

Days Without End by Eugene O'Neill. The new play by the master of the American theater, this time he calls it a "modern miracle play."

MYSTERY

The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck by Alexander Laing. The author of *The Sea Witch* writes a first rate story of murder in a hospital.

The Thin Man by Dashiell Hammett. Another mystery from the pen of that creator of very tough sleuths.

Immortal cat

THE CAT HAD NINE LIVES—Achmed Abdullah—Farrar and Rinehart—(\$3.00). Adventure, action, and arson set to the tempo of an Afghan drum and a Russian polka. A modern Sinbad in a realistic pair of seven-league boots happens on treason, treachery, and tribulation in a score of distant lands.

If this man, Achmed Abdullah, actually experienced these adventures, he has lived a life that few men are likely to equal. His father was a Russian who vacillated between periods of acetism and debauchery. His mother was an Afghan and a Moslem who disliked him because he resembled his Paris-loving father. He was the culmination of all that these two types did and said.

The book is one of reminiscences and adventures and just that: it is an unconnected narrative with the world in general as the locale. Tales of all sections of the world and all sections of society comprise the material. The Orient mingles with the Occident. One moment the action is taking place in Africa and the next in Piccadilly. Grim humor is succeeded by fantastic tragedy.

Achmed Abdullah was educated at Eton and Oxford, but the veneer acquired there was discarded when his wise Afghan grandfather voiced his opinion of Achmed's imitation of a cultured Englishman. This was the beginning of his adventurous life. With his exotic and military heritage it was only natural that he enlist in the British army. Hence come the stories of British Military Intelligence Service, tales hitherto untold, and incidents growing out of British imperialism in Africa, Asia, and Asia Minor. Then there are tales of the Turkish army, tales formerly kept secret, some of honest danger, and some of intrigue not so honorable.

Abdullah fought savage tribes under the broiling sun of Africa, gambled, won and lost, with royalty and millionaires. On one occasion he met his father at the apartment of the father's latest conquest. He records with admiration the scene in which

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Cold angel

KUBLA KHAN—Interpreted by John Vassos—E. P. Dutton & Co.—(\$3.00). A series of impressionistic drawings from the hand of John Vassos set to the tune of the melody created by the poetic phantasy of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." In the words of the reviewer, "a highly modernistic garage housing a collection of Venetian glass."

• In manner slightly reminiscent of *Phobia*, and the illustrations for *Salomé*, John Vassos has executed a series of rather effective illustrations for *Kubla Khan*. Rather effective, because in only two instances do they approximate the poetic images, which, presumably they are supposed to supplement.

In certain types of poetic phantasy, such as Coleridge's, there is simply nothing more to be said, because the poet's image has been so complete in itself that illustration would be obliged to use the same images found in the original. To use other words, *Kubla Khan*, in its perfect artistry, inspires images mentally which make the limited illustrations of John Vassos almost ingenuous. One is constantly met by the limitations of his art, the confinement to pen and paper, which, certainly, is the limitation of all artists, but here, beside the verse, it creaks with the clumsy sound of obvious labor, and real art, as such, never discloses for an instant the restrictions imposed on it. Considered by themselves, the drawings have a certain bold charm and a tangibility of expression. Considered beside the fragile delicacy of Coleridge they are somewhat mindful of a highly modernistic garage housing a collection of Venetian glass.

Any interpreter, whether he interprets music, art, or literature, is limited by the undeniable fact that to interpret, in strict sense of the word, he cannot surpass the thing to be expressed in his own medium, because this would be going beyond the image of the original creator, who believed that he had expressed his idea, or image, in the fullest possible

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Forthcoming Books

The Black Mountain by Alan Hillgarth. The story of a Bolivian 'Kim,' an Indian boy whose white education falls away before the onrush of his dark blood.

The Cat's Paw by Clarence Budington Kelland. A mission-bred youngster from China falls into the center of America's dirty municipal politics.

Nijinsky by Romola Nijinsky. The unfinished life of the famous dancer as told by his wife.

Glass by Howard Stephenson. A serious novel out of the farm belt, all about how a farmer resists the encroachment of industry into the vicinity of his land.

Work of Art by Sinclair Lewis. Another from the pen of America's favorite best-seller. The story of a Connecticut innkeeper who dreams and lives a simple dream.

Ulysses by James Joyce. The first legal edition of the novel that caused all the shooting. The first absolutely complete and unexpurgated edition to be published in this country.

The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan by Ames T. Farrell. Another slice of tough meat from the boyhood of Young Lonigan, an accurate account of adolescent life in Chicago's lower levels.

Lenin by Ralph Fox. Another attempt to explain and account for the career of the great Russian.

Scarlet Woman by Octavus Roy Cohen. America's favorite humorist writes of the struggles of an independently-minded woman in a small town.

The Gallows of Chance by E. Phillips Oppenheim. The first mystery novel in three years from the pen of a distinguished English author.

Moscow, 1911-1933 by Allan Monkhouse. The capital of the soviets as seen by the English officer recently tried for sabotage.

Thou shall not possess

THE UNPOSSESSED—Yvonne Dufour—E. P. Dutton and Co.—(\$2.00). A novel in the French manner dealing with a certain young man with taking ways, nice habits, etc., etc. A light novel with an easy flow and rhythm, making up in charm what it lacks in weight.

The title of this little personality sketch by a young French authoress, living in New York, very aptly and inclusively conveys the nature of the book. It is the study of a man whom women might love, but not possess. In developing this study, the authoress brings out another striking side of her subject's personality, the philanthropic, which she develops in contrast to the first. Causing pain in his relationships with the women, and other intimate friends in his life, he devotes a great part of his time and financial means to relieving pain in others.

The book possesses little plot and unity. The authoress effects the delineation of her character by describing detached fragments in his relationships with the various people who affected the course of his life. What little action there is present is confined to the short span of twenty-four hours. It is the hero's birthday. Anthony (this being the only name by which we distinguish the principal figure) is strolling through the gardens of the estate left him by a wealthy philanthropist, who befriended him upon his arrival as a young man in Paris, and to whom he became secretary. Just returned from an out-of-town visit, he is recapturing the beauties of the magnificent estate to which he became the sole heir. He is comparing his present sensations with those he received upon first viewing it. Immediately a flood of remembrances of his past life goes over him. It is through the artistic blending of these with bits of action that provoke other and more poignant souvenirs, that the authoress makes real to the reader the personality of her character.

A visit from his sister recalls his youth to him. This was spent on the

shores of the Mediterranean, in Palestine, the home of his forefathers, where his family had moved after considerable persecution in Roumania. Two impressions of his early life remain vividly in his memory—his love for the sea, and his aversion to the too ardent love of his mother for him. These two factors are the ultimate all-determining factors in his life. The first, we are led to infer, eventually leads him back to his native shores, to spend the remainder

of his life, and the latter is the foundation of his attitude to the other women in his life. Their force is attested to by the authoress' words, "The Mediterranean . . . seemed suddenly as the key to his past life . . . when, as far back as he could remember, the words, 'I shall be alone, I shall be free,' had beaten with merciless insistence against his consciousness"; and, "He had suffered as a child from his mother's too intense devotion. . . As for himself, he

had been torn between a desire for doing good, for helping others, and a fear of being tied down by bonds of affection."

Miss Dufour's *Anthony* is a very subtly depicted personality. With a minimum of description and plot, she has created a character whom we could almost believe to be real were it not for the fact that his extreme "unpossessibility" inclines us to purse our lips a little incredibly.

—JAMES NEWSOME.

Rockwellkentiana

(Continued from page 12)

and the intellectual quality of genuine work (in my opinion) crystallizes all that is superb in the work of Rockwell Kent. There is present in this self-portrait a quality of intellectual vigor, a sense of power in motivation that lifts the best of Rockwell Kent's

work to the level of creative genius. The outline of the sleeping figure, the white mass of the crest in the distance, the restraint in line and detail, the shading of color and tone, all combine to present an artistic creation that has the beauty of genius

in creative art. Rockwell Kent, when he rises to the crescendo of his genius in such a piece as "Northern Night," touches heights that have been reached but rarely in the life of American art.

Childhood colors

(Continued from page 22)

entrancing. Whatever may be the faults of the book, the style stands out as the chief redeeming feature. Written in Mr. Miller's best journalistic manner, *Beginning of a Mortal* is never too deep to be boring. Some of the sketches are good and some are not, but all are well written and enjoyable to read. John Lawrence, Mrs. Defoe, Slats, Mrs. Kanzler, and Gus all stand out as remarkable examples of characterization. Mr. Miller succeeds in leaving just the right things to one's imagination—that is in everything except the description of his own life. The main story moves

slowly compared to the rapid-fire, emotional, sometimes brilliant histories of the supposedly subordinate characters.

Whether or not *Beginning of a Mortal* should be recommended depends on what the reader is looking for. If you like Mr. Miller as a man of letters, if you feel that you are still interested in *Tom Sawyer* though a little more mature and worldly than when you first read the Mark Twain classic, if you like rapid-word sketches of unusual people, if you like to gaze at clever drawings, then

Beginning of a Mortal will appeal to you. On the other hand if you are looking for a literary masterpiece, if you are searching for an autobiography, if you desire to read of further adventures along the waterfront, if you do not like newspaper feature-article style; then perhaps you had better tell your bookseller that since the rent has just come due, you are short of ready cash, or that you would rather remain faithful to the old worn *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* which, no doubt, has had good use in your home.

—HERBERT S. NUSBAUM.

Collected comment

(Continued from page 20)

island of delight and repose Strachey returns time and again in this book. One cannot be surprised that Strachey

wrote his best essays on eighteenth-century subjects—on Horace Walpole, on Pope, on Voltaire, on Made-

moiselle de Lespinasse.

—WILLIAM BLACKBURN.

Immortal cat

(Continued from page 22)

the fiery Russian forcibly ejected the inadvertently returned husband, who for some reason had become quite enraged when he saw that of the three at his breakfast table, Achmed alone was not in pyjamas. He had an interesting rogue burn a native section of Calcutta in order to destroy an enemy of Imperialism, an enemy whose head he had seen severed by the sword of a priest. He then had the wierd experience of having the gory head talk to him. If such a thing happened it must have been a miracle, yet Achmed implicitly believes that it was a miracle. On another occasion his batman was bewitched by a fakir and overcome by a gradual paralysis while at the same time retaining complete cognizance

of what was happening. The man was saved only when Achmed threatened to make the fakir eat pork if the servant was not released from the spell. He worked for David Belasco and exposes the true man. He saw an important banker killed in a duel because he had justly accused a Hungarian officer of cheating at cards. His best friend was killed in a duel over a prostitute and he could do nothing about it. He was almost killed when he ventured into a lawless Afridi village seeking an Afridi ruffian who had been taking heavy toll of the British officers and men stationed in the district. He was disguised as a cattle drover and, according to the Afghan custom, tried to seduce the wife of the chief of the

village in order to gain the necessary information. (P. S. The husband caught him in the act.)

The book is aptly titled, although an under-estimation. Achmed Abdulla, as this particular cat, has had more lives than the proverbial pussy, each life a lifetime of adventure in itself. Obviously a romanticist, Abdulla has imbued his colorful autobiography with a vigor that makes a lasting impression. Throughout are interesting analyses of racial characteristics and tendencies. The whole book is a glittering and fascinating panorama of extraordinary people, an extraordinary life, and an extraordinary man.

—E. I. RUNNER, II.



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Prologue from *pagliacci*

(Continued from page 9)

helped me to bandage my pet chicken's broken leg. They would tell me she won't be here now! Ridiculous. She will be here, she will! No she is not dead. She can't die! She won't be here to sing to me as I fall asleep, sing softly in her sweet contralto voice? Arias from *Pagliacci*, sweet ballads, childhood jingles. They would tell me she won't be here to sing to me. She will! She won't be here to lay her cool hand upon my forehead when I am ill, to whisper to me "Mother is here, dear?" She can't leave me. She won't. She loves me too much.

They are trying to tell me she is

dead. She hadn't told me that Father was dead. She had simply said: "Son, your father has gone. He won't be with us for a while. We shall rejoin him some day, and all be happy together forever." How naïve! She doesn't know that I am the Prologue and that I shall live forever and be dead. I shan't live again as she will.

Make me wake, Oh God! I am dreaming. Yes. Wasn't it Hegel who said we might all be dreaming this life and not actually living it? I am dreaming. Oh God, now is the time for me to awaken. Help me to awake! I have always awakened from nightmares before they become unbearable. I must awaken. I must move.

Why doesn't the blare of the trumpets wake me? They are becoming shriller, louder, louder! Why won't I wake? Why can't I move? I know. I am dead. This is unbearable. I must move, I must awaken. Please Hugh! Dr. Rogers! Miss Wilson! Help me to move. Help me!

Funny that I can't breathe. I've been breathing for oh! so long and didn't even know I was breathing. Now I can't. I must breathe or I shall burst. I am the Prologue and not really living. I don't need to breathe. Prologues don't have to.

No. No. She isn't dead. It is I who am dead. Make me feel, Sweet God, make me sob!

Cold angel

(Continued from page 23)

stylized drawings, possessed neither of great beauty, nor magic.

Concerning his art as art, it may be said to be very effective at first introduction. Upon closer scrutiny, or perhaps more frequent observation, it becomes shallow, all that there is being taken in at a glance. It lacks the dim allure of Rockwell Kent, the charm of understatement, of line suggested, not shot at one out of a seige gun. Again, a curious discord is present within the drawings themselves: the backgrounds, highly impressionistic, and, with all their blare, suggestive of phantasy, are at constant

variance with the figures. These last are conceived in sweeping line all except the faces, which are round, squat, and decidedly flat, making one recall not quite pleasantly a Greek statue whose flowing line of body is climaxed by a false mustache inexpertly pasted upon the face.

Mr. Vassos has gone the unfortunate way of all commentators upon beauty once-expressed, and has succeeded only in showing his art to be rather inflexible, certainly inadequate for the expression of any lasting loveliness.

—R. A. S.

Chant of the sea

(Continued from page 21)

crew, one of whom had destroyed the boy's evidence; and Jeremiah committed suicide by drowning in his fear of being beaten to death by his shipmates.

In the beginning of the narrative La Farge's maritime nomenclature and phraseology of the clipper ship days are spread on a bit thickly, which makes the beginning a little

heavy for the casual reader, but the heaviness is short-lived and passes away as quickly as the first storm. The dialogue of these nineteenth century New England sailors is far from laborious, as such usually is. And in the New Orleans scenes the polyglot of French, Spanish, and English flies fast and furious but the humor is not missed.

—WILLIAM HOLLER.

vivid and realistic pictures of New Orleans of 1814. Jeremiah winds up back in Chog's Cove and sets about systematically blackmailing the entire crew with threats of revealing their piracy and wrecking their careers. The demoralizing intensity of the emotional storms raised by this drink-crazed son is brought to a climax by the sudden return of the prize

Maria Brown

By RUBY FOGEL

Maria Brown

Was aged

And Black;

They said she'd die of heart attack

They propped her

In a feather bed

And placed three pillows at her head.

They closed

The window

Good and tight

For fear she'd breathe the evil night

They gave her medicine,

(with charms

To keep away the Devil's harms).

"Maria Brown,"

The doctor says,

"Won't linger here for many days."

She opened up

The window

Wide

And seeing all the stars outside,

She prayed,

"Oh, Gawd,

Fling out tuh me

A bunch of stars . . . and lemme be."

"Oh Gawd,"

She breathed,

"Yu've hud my prayer,

And deah de fust star goes right deah!"

A meteor, racing through the sky

Saw Maria smile and die.

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Dirty Horses Racin'

(Continued from page 9)

"Yale!" thought the Judge. "Rather high aspirations for a woman who has spent her life raising horses."

"He warn't meant for no stable," she continued, as though divining his thoughts. "He belongs in a college whar he can larn somethin'. That boy is gonna make somethin' of *his* life, Jedge. He'll never be like his father!"

"His father had rather a weakness for liquor, did he not?"

"A weakness!" She was scornful. "He was drunk most of the time. An' he was almost as bad when he was sober as he was when he was drunk. He usta spend money on liquor when the children didn't have a bite to eat. It warn't long before he lost his job. He wouldn't even try to get another, so I went to work. No one never helped me! I earned every cent I got, and it was by savin' a little here, and savin' a little there that I finally got enough to buy that old farm out in the country. I worked the field myself, and raised enough food to keep us livin'. I sold what was left, an' in four years I had enough to buy some horses. I kinda thought there was money in horses! That first year I sold enough colts to buy us food all year. So I turned the field into a pasture, and built a stable fer my horses."

"Things went on like that for six years, with me doin' the work, and Bill gittin' drunk every chance he

got. Then, all o' a sudden he got to gamblin'. I begged him to stop, but he wouldn't. Before I knew it I had to mortgage that farm, the farm I had slaved fer! What else could I do? I've always tried to pay debts. An', an'—" her voice trembled ever so slightly, "I always thought I could reform Bill."

It seemed to the Judge that that tremble had given him an insight to the real woman, the woman she was trying to conceal. When she spoke again, her voice was once more hard and firm.

"The work was harder after that, cause I was payin' a high interest on the mortgage. Bill still wouldn't do nothin' to help. He hated horses—always said there was no money in 'em. 'Go on out there with your dirty horses.' he usta say to me, 'that's all yer fit fer, anyway.'

"Fer fifteen more years, Jedge," the little woman leaned closer, "fer fifteen long years we kept on jest like that. Bill kept drinkin' more and more all the time. The doctor told him time an' time agin that if he didn't stop his drinkin' he'd die of apoplexy sure, but Bill wouldn't listen. He had an awful temper, an' would git excited at nothin' at all, especially when he was whiskeyed.

"An' no matter how hard I worked I couldn't git enough to pay that mortgage, an' every year it took almost all I'd saved jest to pay the

interest. The children wanted to help me, but I made 'em go to school. I warn't gonna have their lives like mine. They was gonna have a chanct to be somebody. The neighbors made it hard, too. They wouldn't have nothin' to do with us on account of Bill's reputation. Look at 'em now! Carryin' on over me like I was the best friend they had in the world."

Her words were bitter. The Judge looked down at the floor, and nodded silently.

"I hated Bill," she was saying, "but I pitied him too. That's why I kept on with him I guess. Then about two weeks ago he left. He knew that I had about five hundred dollars to pay on that loan that was comin' due in a few days. While I was out in the stable, he stole that money.

"At first I thought he had jest gone off to get drunk. Then I heard he was in the city. That was all the news I had about him until yesterday. Then I heard he was dead, and had left me fifty thousand dollars. Everyone knows that now. But there's somethin' that they don't all know—" Her eyes shone triumphantly. "Bill got that money bybettin' on a race. He bet the whole five hundred, and a *horse* paid a hundred dollars to one. An' him sayin' there was no money in 'em! An' he died jest like the doctor said he would—" Her harsh voice filled the little room. "*He had a stroke while he was watchin' a few dirty horses racin'!*"

Garden Spot

(Continued from page 10)

were parallel lines, only Henry seemed more parallel than most. And the children . . . they were so like their father that they never approved of her. What was life but one great emptiness, an aching void as somebody said. She had nothing but the garden. It flourished under her care. But a garden cannot fill a void.

• Mrs. Vane was still talking. Mrs. Tweedy discovered with some sur-

prise that she had veered to a discussion of the subtler points of contract. She was raining abuse on some poor creature who had opened with the wrong suit, when a prolonged ringing of her telephone sent her home in a hurry.

"Humph!" she thought, remembering Mrs. Tweedy's one comment on Clem's impossible behavior,

"thought waking me out of a sound sleep was lovely, did she! It's too bad she didn't marry him."

Mrs. Tweedy piled the leaves thoughtfully, and lighted her fire. The pleasant smoke trailed about her, but she scarcely noticed it. She was shocked at her own wickedness, for she had reached Mrs. Vane's conclusion herself.

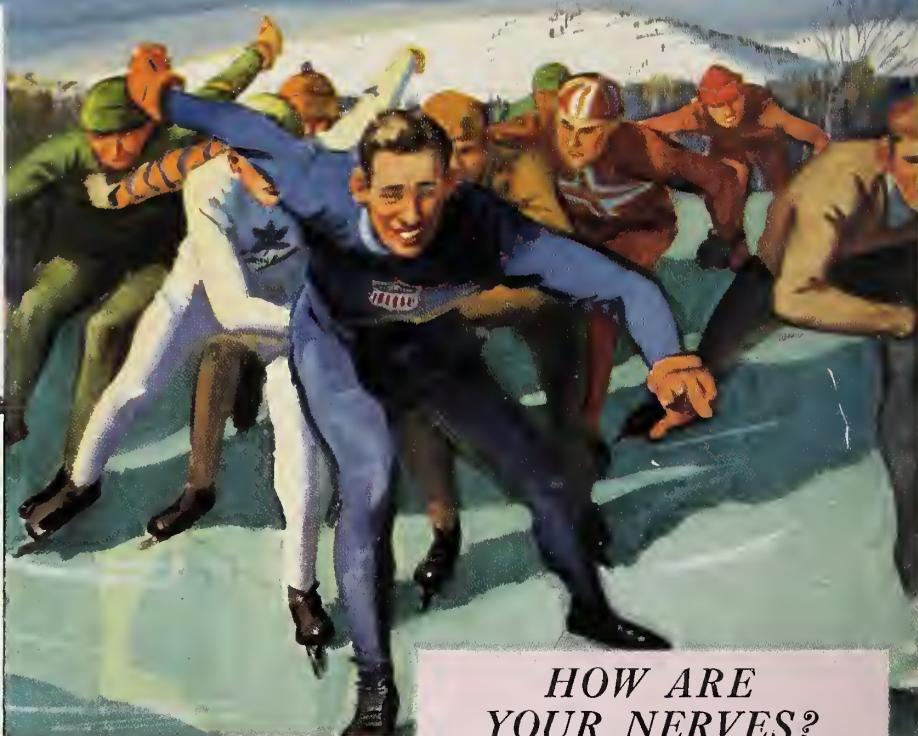
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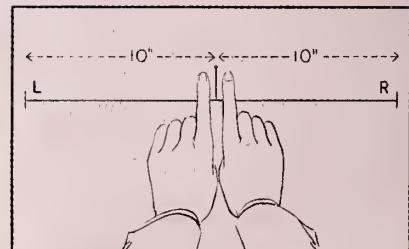
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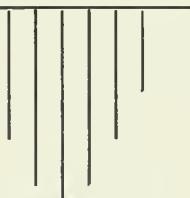
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The ARCHIVE

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Sequestered Corner

EDITOR,

Enclosed are a few bits of trivia, which I jotted down in an odd moment, and thought that you might have a sequestered corner in your magazine where the readers would be apt not to look. If you can't find any room in the magazine—well, one scrap basket is as useful as another. If they are exceedingly bad—I suppose the same statement holds true.

Very truly yours,
 —ROBT. HEFFELINGER, '35.

▲ ▲

INDISCRETION

She tripped along her worldly way,
 This blasé lady of the day.
 He said, "Hello," as he'd casually
 say, but
 She turned and blurted a lusty,
 "Hey"
 To a hero who passed the other way.
 She smiled a sweet smile for the hero
 to see,
 But the sweet smile soon vanished—
 When she came in contact with a tree.

▲ ▲

SUNDAY IMPRESSIONS

Six sentries at the church door stand,
 And push a program in one's hand,
 And when the preacher starts to pray,
 They talk of topics of the day—
 In a reverential way. (Of course.)

▲ ▲

The night before he stayed out late
 But came to church, next morn, in
 reverent state,
 And while his piety, he did keep,
 He also caught up with his sleep.



"Koridon"

JOOST VAN DEN VOWDEL

Come here, so pretty lass! The green
Has come with the wind of the south;
And your apple-cheeks have never yet seen
Such red. Come, give me your mouth!
Your full round mouth.

Och, come! 'Tis done, all over, in a trice.
Ach, lief! I'll kiss your cheek if you'd rather . . .
Heavens! Your mother wasn't too nice,
I'll swear, betimes to kiss your father!
Your brave old father.

Oh, the doves are cooing,
And anything whatever
Another thing is wooing:
For who can sever
Love from living,
Youth from giving,
Or fragrance from the rose,
A statue from its pose?
Love must flourish,
The lover must cherish
A something that loves him in turn.
'Tis a wisdom we old men learn.
Things ever were so,
And shall be, I trow.



LOUIS JONGBLOET

I am, my darling, no millionaire,
But I have a thing that is much more rare!
What care I for wealth?
What care I for wealth?
A man's best riches are his natural health!

I leave the lordling in his haughty power,
The ambitious to his quest for power.
I care not, lief! for,
I care not, lief! for
The finical joys of an emperor!

For peace and heaven's own happiness lies
In that carefree content that from glory flies!
I love not, my fair!
I love not, my fair,
Those riches that kill their master with care!

Therefore, my princess! Shall I ever most prize
That fine high spirit that shines in your eyes,
And that clear brave wit,
And that clean brave wit
That dares all the world to conquer it.

TWO TRANSLATIONS



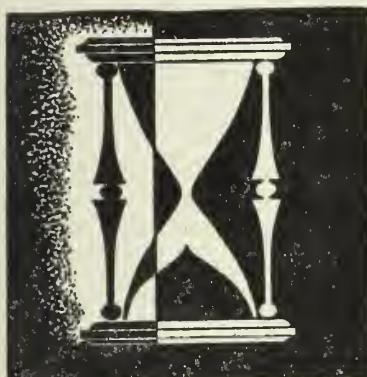
GERBRAND BREDERO

"Liedeken"



Hill of Michel Torrena

WOOD STANNARD



• A curious thing happened to Jerry as they climbed up the steep ascent. The woman by his side breathed audibly, and in that sound there was a suggestion of pleasant labor and sinewy exhilaration; it was as if a coal miner were to come out of the black carbon depths and see for the first time the green, the rhythm and the life, the green pastures and ripe fields, the intoxication and poetry that makes violets blossom demurely, and lilacs redolently and that makes a colt go streaming senselessly and quite purposelessly down the wind. At each step their nostrils met a new friend, another of the bushes and trees that lined the lonely street, and Jerry wished that he knew the name of some of them that he might tell the woman.

They came to a spot where another street, rising out of the darkness, the alluring velvety depths of the valley on the left, crossed Michel Torrena and dipped again into the darkness on the right. It formed a sort of landing and they rested there a moment, turning to look back at the valley through which Sunset Boulevard wound like a garish and uneasy scar. It was then that Jerry said, in that voice of his that had always been metallic, but suddenly was so no longer, falling rather on the night softly like the odor of the Spanish broom or Italian cypress.

You aren't tired?—words that his lips had never formed before, being accustomed jocosely to say, with the facetiousness of a phonograph disc, what's the matter, are you *tired*?

They went on then, passing a sign that read, Warring, grade 24.3 per cent. There was a dew here on the mountain and the smell of things was stronger and nature seemed very still and the woman, too, knew that this was a rare night. She had a manner and a point of view. She was not a bud opening its first tremulous petals; she was a full-blown flower that was recapturing in this magic night something of the freshness that the sick, dusty days of summer destroy.

One doesn't know, said Jerry in a flash of inspiration, how beautiful these California hills are until one wonders over them. And the woman answered, No, that's very true. One doesn't. And irrelevantly she added, I lived on a hill like this once.

Jerry knew then that she regretted having climbed that hill. If you drive over a hill like this, he said, it is nothing more than a hard pull for the car and the transition from one valley to the next. How very true! said the woman fervently. What kind of a car do you drive? Jerry regretted the gift for irrelevancy that this woman whom he had so strangely met possessed, gift that served but to fence off an intruding world, even, and perhaps especially, on a night like this. A Cadillac, he answered. I have a Pierce too, but I don't drive that much. He did not explain, he omitted the reason, which was that his wife generally used the Pierce; it was fair, for she had not yet declared her state, and he felt that the woman desired as much as he that they leave behind them on this ascent all the platitudinous realities that bounded their lives.

• So steep a street could not continue upward for very long; when it ceased to go upward, it dipped downward at one of those fantastic angles. They stopped there, with the scattered city below them. Everything was so remote here. Below them lay Silver Lake, silver and pale and ghostly. The knowledge that this woman had a regret was a sharp little pain in the side of Jerry and all of a sudden he cried within himself with pity for the people that have lived and have therefore regrets and with pity for the people who have neither memories nor regrets; it was a bit pathetic that the two should be inevitably linked, that life could not be a pure experience.

Within herself the woman was chaos, the strength which she put upon it made her exterior compelling and mysterious. That nights, she said to herself, for natures like hers are poets, that nights like this might be spent in wild abandon, in orgiac surrenders to the stars, those stars, that cold blue star, bright star, pure star; that this body might melt into a finer essence, ethereal, that my spirit might float over the caressing intimacy of the waters of that lake and mirror itself; that one might forget; that for a moment, one moment, on a night like this, all things might cease to exist, even husband and children, for they are but grossly material cords anchoring and strangling my spirit; that I might be deep, that I might be wide, that I might be infinite engulfing all things in placidity, my placidity. She was not a poet for she did not express these things. She did not think of expressing these

A tale of two people who had lived long enough to fulfill a fragile moment.

things. She probably thought it a little indecent to attempt to voice them.

I think, she said slowly, that with that lake and all, this must be about the loveliest hill in all Los Angeles.

Yes, said Jerry, wondering that words in their concreteness could so limit the loveliness of it. I certainly know of nothing half so beautiful.

And she regretted very much having spoken, though his words pleased her. It was because of his words that she permitted his arm to steal caressingly about her and saw the fitness of it. Look, she said. Look! For, having turned, they could see a street car, a great lumbering iron street car go thundering down Sunset Boulevard—only they could not hear its thunder; and as they looked at it and the ghostly stream of silenced motor cars flitting on to senseless destinations, the frailest of misty veils stole over the scene covering it with remoteness and other worldliness. They were terribly alone on this height, for the people who shared it with them, the inhabitants of the lone mansion built by a poet or a plagiarist, they were terribly alone too, shut off by the wall that hemmed their garden. I wish, said Jerry, not censuring his thought nor measuring his words, I wish that were the ocean below us.

The woman struggled with his thought, smelling the strong antiseptic air, comparing it with the fragrance about her. It would be too cold, she said, thinking of the dampness and the restless water. But it is such a clean smell, objected Jerry.

No, his words did not attract her, his vision had for her no temptation. His arm had never before held a comrade and now her head fell warmly on his shoulder. Let's sit down, he said, tenderly. Here, overlooking the lake.

But the sight of the lake is not what they wanted for they turned their eyes from it, seeking to see only darkness. The flesh of this woman was after all strange to Jerry and his boyishness enveloped her. O, she said, with a little gurgle of happiness, you

darling! Geez! Jerry said, I feel as if this were my first date. And I'll have you know I'm forty years old. Age doesn't matter, the woman answered. On a night like this nothing matters. He didn't kiss her but instead broke into a torrent of confession, telling her his thoughts of hate.

Poor thing, she said, poor boy.

- That made Jerry steel himself, feeling that he had been unmanly, though the night was still with him. O, he said, I'm not to be pitied. There are people enough that would envy me and I could make a thousand of the bums along Main Street or Fifth or on the benches of the Plaza happy. Everybody likes me. I'm hail-fellow-well-met, good-time Charlie. But I have to be, I guess. . . . But I don't resent it tonight as I used to, not, I mean, in the same way. These hills, this night. . . . Isn't it queer that you should come along at the exact moment that I came out onto the patio. I was having a pretty good time too. Do you want to go back? The woman asked smiling impishly. Jerry with a thrilled little laugh reached out to her facing him and hugged her bearishly.

We're crazy, he said. Insane, the woman answered, mad, raving lunatics. Where have you been all my life, you beautiful woman, you beautiful woman, you beautiful goddess. No goddess, she answered softly. No goddess.

In her bosom there was the comfort of amplitude, in her waist there were delights. Yes, said Jerry, goddess, believe me, you can't know what goddesses men create for themselves, I'm telling you, believe me, a most beautiful, my beautiful goddess. She stroked his hair with both her hands, back and then, lifting them to his forehead, back again. Yes, she said, on an impulse, drawing his head into her bosom, yes, let's go swimming.

Stay here, Jerry said, and I'll get my car. I don't want you to walk down this hill with me. Stay here just a moment. He went to fetch the car and returned with it in a

moment, throwing it into low gear for the incline. They chose Hyperion Avenue, the less frequented streets, stealing through the straggly traffic like lonely monks aloofly toward their destination. The beach they found was white and the entire Pacific seemed to fringe it. A great highway passed within a hundred yards, and occasionally, lifting their eyes towards it, they could see the spectral light of an auto passing. It's cold, said the women. It must be two o'clock, said Jerry, maybe three, maybe four. They put their backs to the cliff and the woman undressed. Aren't you coming in? she asked, and Jerry said, Yes, sure, and he too began to undress. With a little gurgle that had in it a wild abandon, a daring love of that dark unknown water, the woman ran off towards it, into it. In a moment she was back, shivering a little, exultant. Come on, she said to Jerry, taking him by the hand. And together they descended into that deeply slumbering ocean.

- They didn't swim about, and it was too cold to be long endured. They stood there in the water up to their chin and immersed themselves. Then, hand in hand, they retreated a step, for the little waves came to lap their eyes, and there with the moon bathing their head and shoulders they stood looking into immensity. Far to the right a tongue of land, a dark, violent mass, stretched far into the sea. And the only thing they said was, Isn't it grand!

Then they turned to go. But Jerry held back and led the woman with him into deeper water and there he drew her body to his and placed his mouth on her mouth for one long moment, knowing however the utter futility of it. I just wanted to do that once, he said releasing her and the woman with equal calm answered, I'm glad you did.

With their underclothing they dried themselves and when they were dressed they began to talk of the things that in the ordinary course of

(Continued on page 36)

Earth-born

NANCY HUDSON

Black dirt is in my veins,
And in my heart the murmurings
Of many deep crevasses and dark
woods.

My soul is filled with rich loam,
And a love of it, and a hate of it,
And a long, lingering call of it
That'll never go away.

And I am made up of great gray cliffs
in the moonlight,
And white seas in the twilight,
And swaying fields in the heat of day.

There is in the mind of me
The roar of falling boulders
And the pound of rapids;
In the mind of me the creeping of the
worm,

And the leaping of the lion,
And the upward swing of the lark—
The call of all the earth's creatures,
And the inimitable lure of earth her-
self.

For she is a part of me
As I am a piece of her,
A clump of dark sod torn from her
side,
Earthy, unescapably bound
To burn with the glory of her
triumphs
And sing abroad her wonders.

• Molly looked at the arbutus piled on her room-mate's bed. Surely they could spare some of it; Willa would not mind. She quickly abstracted the most graceful branches, and hurried down the corridor to Miss Beverley's room. She knocked and entered at the same moment, knowing that Miss Beverley was out.

The room was hot, and flooded with light, for Miss Beverley always snapped her shades to the top and kept the heat full-on from October to June. There was a smell of printer's ink, new bindings and leather, mingled with a faint deliciously immoral suggestion of tobacco. It was a lonely, untidy place, a relief after the enforced orderliness of student rooms. Great piles of books were on the chairs, on the table, on the floor. Their jackets made bright patches of color against the dull gray rugs, books from every country and every period, Milton Molnar and Aldous Huxley juxtaposed in one glorious indiscriminate heap.

Miss Beverley's tweed coat was flung carelessly across a chair, sleeves dangling to the floor. I must tell Willa, thought Molly, remembering that only yesterday the house-mother had said that nice people never threw their clothes about. Rat! Miss Beverley did it, and everyone knew that she was nice. Molly was so busy looking about her, that she forgot what she had come to do. Her eye was caught by ivory chessmen. That had belonged to Miss Beverley's great-great-grandfather in England. She saw a brooch made from a tiger's claw, an inkstand with crystal base and golden cap that looked like the Taj Mahal. On the walls were six etchings, clearcut and beautiful in line, like Miss Beverley herself.

• The clamorous ring of the dinner warning reminded Molly of her purpose. She went to a closet and fumbled among tennis racquets, golf sticks, and old sweaters until she found a green pottery vase. She set it on a book-case and arranged the arbutus. The door creaked and she turned quickly expecting to meet the level gaze of Miss Beverley's green eyes. She was so certain of seeing the slight, well set-up figure, the dark, unconquered head that it was hard to realize that no one had come. She was alone, and the room so still that she lay motionless in the rays of the afternoon sun. She was disappointed, but she felt safer. Miss Beverley might have looked at the arbutus and said "Oh beautiful!"; or she might have tossed her head and asked "What are you doing here?" in a dangerously cool tone. One never knew.

Portrait of a lady

ELINOR DOUGLAS



Mr. Coward as the White Knight

(As the curtain rises, Mr. Coward, on roller skates, and impeccably clad in loin cloth, is in the center of the stage, bowing to the audience. Lynne Fontane and Alfred Lunt are nowhere to be seen, Mr. Coward preferring to do this entirely by himself. Disposed around the stage are four stuffed creatures, representing the White Knight, the March Hare, the Dodo Bird, and the Mock Turtle. The reason for the roller skates is to allow Mr. Coward to personally interpret each of the four characters by skating rapidly from one to the other. No definite reason has as yet been suggested for the loin cloth.

The play begins with Mr. Coward executing a figure eight and gliding gracefully behind the White Knight. Then comes the voice of Mr. Coward.)

White Knight (really not responsible after all, since Mr. Coward is going to do all the talking): It's a gentleman's agreement then, no sex!

(The Mock Turtle waves a deprecating hoof. Mr. Coward then skates rapidly into position behind the Dodo Bird.)

Dodo Bird (gloomily): Eaglebower.

(From this point on, you shall have to imagine Mr. Coward skating behind each character, because it is a bit difficult to fill in this piece of business every time without going into verbal bankruptcy.)

March Hare (choking on an Easter egg): What, no sex? After all, I'm still a rabbit and

Mr. Coward's DESIGN

rabbits don't grow on trees, mad or not.

Mock Turtle (rapidly going into solution): There's something quite sad about all this.

Dodo Bird (acquiring a hair lip so as not to be heard): There's more honesty in this than all the art in the world.

(Incidentally, Mr. Coward in skating to a position behind the Dodo Bird ran into some chewing gum, but, nothing daunted, continued on a scooter. Just another example of his versatility.)

White Knight: Well, we have our careers to think of, and Alice has promised to criticize us with a baseball bat.

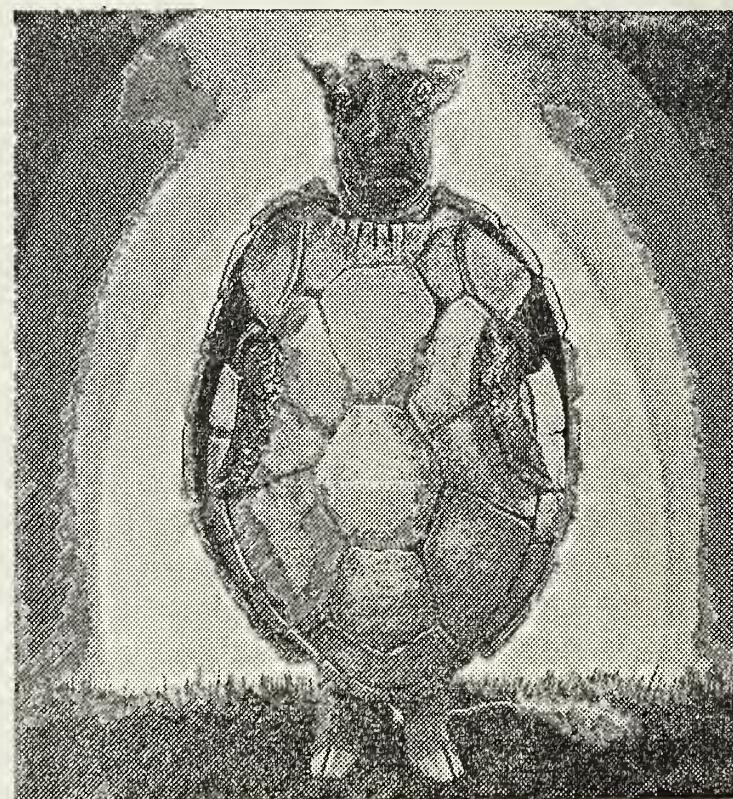
March Hare (standing on his head):

Twinkle, twinkle little bat!
How I wonder what you're at?
Up above the world you fly
Like a teatray in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle—

Dodo Bird (trading his hair lip for a megaphone): Plagiarist! You stole that from the Mad Hatter.

Mock Turtle (weeping): Plagiarism might be fun, but it's not fun enough to take the place of one hundred per cent virtue and three square meals a day. (Ben Hecht.)



Mr. Coward as the Mock Turtle

IN ALICE

March Hare (with as much indignation as Mr. Coward's lungs will stand): Why you stole that from Noel Coward, the brilliant young playwright.

(Mr. Coward then appears from behind the March Hare, and skates toward the audience, bowing benignly.) He gives a very satisfactory imitation of how Noel Coward would look in a loin cloth. Incidentally, this garment is an old family heirloom and was used to bind copies of *THE ARCHIVE*. The drama goes on.)

White Knight (meditatively pulling a tin ear): Of course, there will be things to work out.

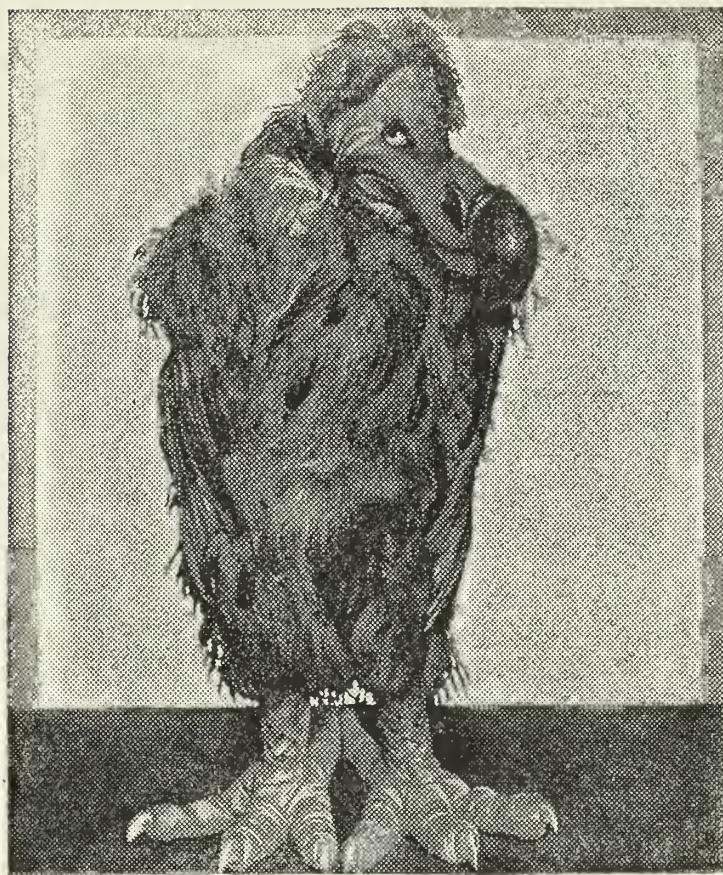
Mock Turtle (sounding like the voice of Mr. Coward under a waterfall): Like tandem bicycles.

Dodo Bird (with a polite leer at Lady Dabney in the second box): And bustles.

Mock Turtle (trying for an extra point): Or diamond stomachachers.

White Knight, Dodo Bird, and March Hare (all turning furiously on him, shout): Why diamond stomachachers?

(This last bit of acting is accomplished by Mr. Coward only after some perspiration. Something in the exhibition suggests that before long Irving Jaffee will be done out of his Camel advertisement. More versatility.)



Mr. Coward as the Dodo Bird

Mock Turtle (meekly conscious of his consonants): Well, it just seemed to me that a diamond stomachacher is the symbol of monogamy.

White Knight: Indeed not!

Dodo Bird: Indeed not!

March Hare: Indeed not!

(Mr. Coward sticks his head from behind the March Hare, and in his most delightfully unassuming way, addresses the audience): Splendid clipped dialogue, tip top, eh?

White Knight (again at the tin ear): The only thing we really have to work out will be Bridge.

Dodo Bird (counting on his fingers): Yes, someone will have to drop out.

March Hare (with an eye on Mr. Lenz): That makes *you* vulnerable.

Mock Turtle (weeping): But, gentlemen, no sex.

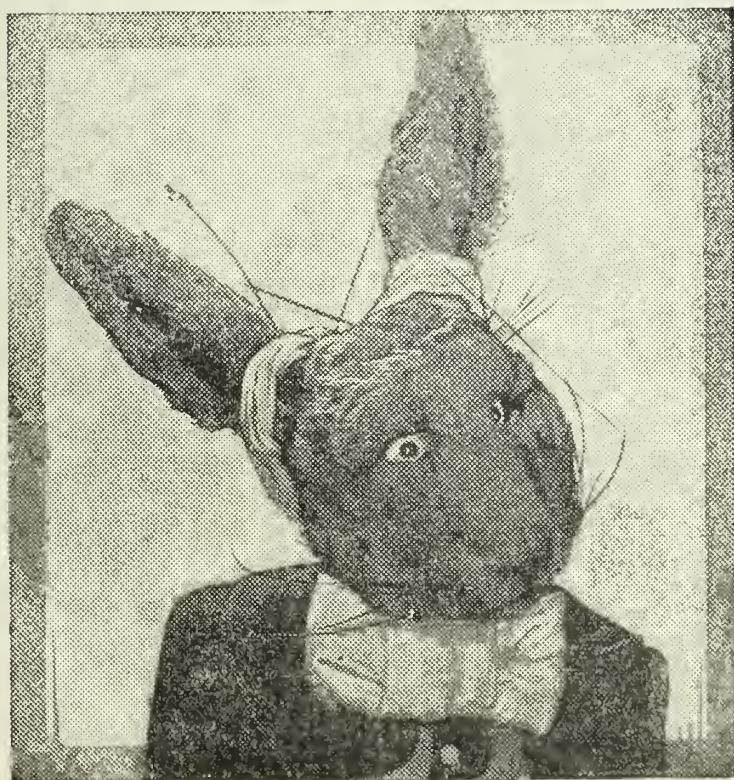
White Knight (musing): Yes, we'll be impersonal about it.

Dodo Bird (up to his ears in deceit, another difficult bit): Call it something like—*Miss Sex*.

March Hare (literally cf. animal husbandry): Quite right.

Mock Turtle (more tears): She has nice blue eyes.

(Continued on page 36)



Mr. Coward as the March Hare

LIFE



A master potter
Shaping a vase,
Ever changing,
Never finished,
Filled with flaws—
Yet beautiful.

Four
Vignettes

TRAMP



Man was created
In His image?
Is God
A drunken, unkept
Old man
In stinking clothes?

JEALOUSY



Sleepless nights,
Trembling hands,
Thoughts in chaos,
The cold knife of fear
Stabbing at
A wildly beating heart.

DEATH

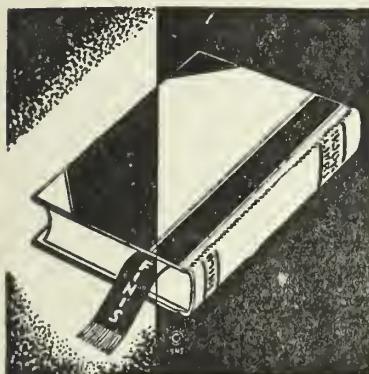


A candle lighting
A room,
A gust of wind
The flame goes out—
Leaving wax.

William Geiger
Owens

The ever-fixed mark

AMY DUKE



Page blew a smoke ring and watched it meditatively. It whirled in a perfect circle, hung suspended for a moment, then wavered in a long, uneven circle, hung suspended for a moment, then wavered in a long, uneven line which trailed away into an indistinguishable haze over the table.

"My father taught me how to do that," he said, and laughed shortly. I leaned forward and filled his glass again. Very carefully I ignored his remark. My slightest mis-step might break his mood of volubility, the mood I had deliberately evoked. He lifted the glass and savored the Vermouth speculatively.

"Thanks, old chap," he said, "It's pre-war, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "The old man stocked up when he was in France on diplomatic service . . . sometime in the '80's, I believe. There isn't much left . . . around twenty bottles, I'd say. Anne and I saved it to serve on our anniversary. Tonight is our tenth . . . would have been our tenth anniversary." Somehow, I can't get used to speaking of Anne in the past tense. "You're by way of being a connoisseur of wines, aren't you, Page?" I added.

"Why yes, you might call it that. I got interested in liqueurs after the war, when I stayed over for several years. Henri de Valenod, the chap

with whom I bached in Paris, you know, had quite a collection of rare wines. I recall one especial one, a heavy white Spanish wine, which hadn't been made since the forties. He had perhaps the last bottles extant."

• Page was off on his favorite subject. A scintillating warmth brightened the guarded depths of his remarkable eyes. It was his eyes which had first made me notice him. They are the most guarded eyes I have ever seen, and the most piercing. When he laughs—and that is rare—the humorous little wrinkles which gather around them emphasize their factious coldness. I might not have noticed them but for the little wrinkles. The disillusionment must have been severe, which could have left such devastation behind it. I wanted intensely to know what had altered this man so tragically, and I determined to find out. That was two years ago . . . a month after the death of Anne, my wife. I had moved into bachelor's quarters in Chelsea, and as I found life a bit lonesome being by myself, I took to frequenting my club constantly. Page lived at the club, although I had not known him hitherto. One afternoon, soon after I had met him, I made a point of sitting beside him in the lounge after dinner. We got into an interesting conversation on wines (I've read up on the subject in odd moments) and I invited him up to my place for dinner so that we might finish it. My man Holmes is good at impromptu dinners. We took a liking to each other, and gradually he formed the habit of dropping in every Wednesday night for dinner and a game of backgammon. But Page is an unapproachable fellow . . . the kind with whom it is hard to penetrate beyond conventionalities. Our friendship remained casual.

My attention wandered from Page's

conversation in spite of its interest. His eyes fascinated me tonight. I had never seen them so bright—and so unguarded. Their light suffused his face, dispelling its habitual expression of determined indifference. Perhaps it was the Vermouth (he had had a bottle of it); or perhaps it was a mood engendered by the dinner, the warmth, and that inexplicable spirit of reminiscence which perfect physical content evokes. He felt talkative tonight . . . and about himself.

"And so, since then, I've devoted pretty much of my spare time to the collection of rare specimens," he concluded.

"Which means all of your time, doesn't it?" I said jokingly.

Page smiled with good-nature. "Why, I do have a few other interests in life . . . backgammon, for instance."

"You don't have any relatives?" I hazarded.

He glanced at me with surprise. "Well, yes, I have an uncle in Dorsetshire—a minister."

"I mean you've never been—you're not—married?"

"No," he answered briefly, a faint frown drawing his eyebrows together. The warmth went out of his eyes and left them as gray as steel, and as impenetrable. Then it was a woman! Perhaps an early and unrequited love affair, or a less reputable and more serious affair during the war. I didn't dare ask. Instead, I filled his glass again.

"No, I never married . . . I never shall," he said.

A study of the strange empty silence that comes after love becomes still.

I glanced up carefully. "Why?" I inquired.

"It's a long story, and an unpleasant one." He hesitated for a moment, twisting his glass by its stem nervously. With sudden decision he looked up at me. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes," I said, concealing my eagerness beneath an expression of sympathetic interest. He lit one of his long, strong cigarettes, and blew a perfect smoke ring. When it had broken and floated away, he began.

"If you don't mind, I'll begin at the beginning of my life. It simplifies the matter. I was born in Calcutta. My father was on government service out there . . . had been for a couple of years. He had had a brief, tempestuous love affair with the daughter of his superior officer, and had married her some four months after they met, I believe. They were absolutely incompatible temperamentally. My father was a lively, thoughtless young officer—the exact counterpart of dozens of other young Englishmen who are reared to enter the army. He was moderately cultured, handsome, and with only three interests in life: polo, the British army, and himself. My mother was a poet, and artistic to her fingertips. She played the piano exquisitely . . . she always played Liebstrom for me at night when I was a small chap." A smile of boyish amusement flashed across Page's face. "She always punished me by not playing for me when I had done anything reprehensible. She was a lovely lady . . . then.

• I needn't tell you that they quarrelled—incessantly; but they never quarrelled and forgave each other. That would have been less refined, but happier in its results, perhaps. Instead, my father would offend her by some gesture of ridicule . . . he thought poetry quite absurd . . . and she would retire into an austere silence. She wouldn't say anything for days. He became facetious, belligerent, revenging himself by sarcasms which only served to make the es-

trangement more complete. They never learned to understand each other, and eventually they stopped trying to. I can recall when I was a small chap, sensing the tension which I didn't understand although I feared it. I was an extremely sensitive child, erratic and quick-tempered like my mother. I hated the atmosphere of latent animosity around me; it made me nervous . . . and guarded. It never relaxed—and I never relaxed. The worst of it was that I couldn't understand! People who lived together should love each other . . . with a love which "bears it out even to the edge of doom." I tried to persuade myself that 'love is an ever-fixed mark, that looks on tempests and is never shaken,' but obviously it wasn't. Somehow, I couldn't believe in love.

When I was sixteen my father left us. For some time he had been attentive to the wife of another officer, but my mother had been indifferent, as usual, to the liaison. He left, leaving no note . . . no information of any kind. There was quite a scandal. Naturally we came back to England to live. I was overwhelmed with an anguish of humiliation; I didn't think of my mother—my own little tragedy of disillusionment absorbed me. She was completely changed. I suppose she had expected to go on just as she had for years, miserably, but respectably. She never went out; she never laughed; she never even talked. She would sit for hours, staring with emotionless attention at a book. She never noticed me.

I spent several weeks out of the year with my father. He demanded it. He lived abroad, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. The officer's wife left him, but there was always a woman. They always tried to mother me . . . or to flirt with me. He disliked me, for something antipathetical to him in my nature. He deliberately set out to make a rascal out of me, because he thought it would hurt my mother, I suppose. He made me drink with him . . . go with him to the miserable places he haunted. He tried to instill in me

the contempt he felt toward women, and against my will, I began to think as he thought. At nineteen I was a thorough bounder, and at nineteen I entered the war.

• My regiment sailed almost immediately on my enlistment. I need not tell you that the war was one long hell for me. I lived for my short, infrequent furloughs—I was an artillery captain. In Paris I dissipated intensely in an effort to forget the horror of mutilated bodies, and screams of agony, and blood. During one leave I met a woman who seemed different to me. Perhaps it was the war; everything in me that loved cleanliness and purity longed passionately for escape, for fulfillment. At any rate, I fell madly in love with her, and honestly. She was a widow, so she said, and some years older than I. I wanted to marry her.

The last night of my furlough I went to ask her to marry me. My father met me at the door. I couldn't understand at first, and when he told me, I wouldn't believe him. I wouldn't believe until she laughed at me—that laugh is burned into my memory. I went back and tried to be killed, but one doesn't, you know, when one wants to. I even learned to laugh about it myself, after a while, with a laugh that sounded hysterical and a bit pitiful.

I stayed in France after the war, you know. I shared all the uncontrolled exuberance of post-war Paris. We danced and drank amid the shadows of dead men and dead ideals, trying desperately to recapture the insouciance and the careless pleasure of youth. I hated it, and hating it I danced more wildly and drank more desperately than the rest. Nothing meant anything to me then . . . not even myself."

He stopped to light a favorite pipe of his. He lounged in his chair, his long legs crossed and his head thrown back. He was remarkably handsome, I thought. The hardness at the corners of his mouth belied the sensitive contour of his lips.

(Continued on page 35)

Baby

JAMES P. HELM, III

• We calculated it carefully. Two more months before there would be three of us! Two more months (I disregarded the fact that the child would hardly be able to walk and talk at birth) before we would hear the patter of little feet, and the happy prattle of a baby's voice! It was wonderful—and a little frightening.



We must raise our baby by scientific standards.

"Jim," said Edith, "we must raise our baby by scientific standards. We must forget those terrible, old-fashioned rules of discipline and teaching—they've ruined the lives of so many children. We've got to try to understand Baby."

"Yes," I answered meekly. I could not help being rather awed at the prospect of fatherhood. "We must certainly raise Baby differently."

Well, I say it now, and I will repeat it on my dying day, it was perfectly marvelous the number of books that Edith read during those two months on the "Care and Training of Children." She talked about it twenty-four hours a day, sleeping or waking. She consulted innumerable psychoanalysts, and modern teachers of child psychology. She would wander about the house repeating something about 'creative impulses,' under her breath, or she would stop short in her tracks, and jot down a note in a little book she always carried with her now.

"Baby," said Edith, "must be treated at all times as a matured adult. Dr. Williams says she must be allowed to develop her own individuality, completely unrestrained by any

conventions. She must choose her own friends, and lead her own life. Oh, Jim, there is so much to learn about children, and the more I read, the more I realize how little I really know."

"It seems to me," I said, "that we are going to put all the responsibility on Baby's shoulders anyway."

Edith beamed.

"That," she said, "is exactly what we are supposed to do. She must work out her own salvation."

"She?" I asked, a little crest-fallen.

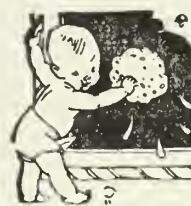
"Certainly," said Edith. "I will be able to understand the psychology of a girl so much better than that of a boy. You know, woman's intuition—"

That seemed to settle the matter.

"What," I asked, timidly, "will we name her?"

"Oh, that is another thing," said Edith. "Baby must choose her own

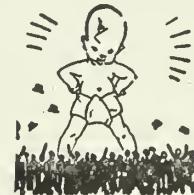
Baby will start with a clean slate.



name as soon as she is able to decide. Do you know, Jim, Dr. Williams says that there are thousands and thousands of people who have had their whole lives blighted because they loathed the name their parents had forced upon them. Baby will start with a clean slate!"

• Well, Baby started with a clean slate, which, metaphorically speaking, she dirtied almost immediately. It was a she, with round blue eyes, and an amazing shock of red hair. My mother had red hair, and Edith was a little upset about this, but she took this misfortune admirably, and consoled herself with the remark that Baby's hair would probably turn darker anyway.

Baby began leading her own life.



She was a pretty child, in spite of a decidedly snub nose. I bent over her crib to bestow my first paternal kiss. Edith stopped me.

"We mustn't kiss Baby," she cautioned, "it might cause a fixation."

I muttered something about it's being ridiculous, but Edith smiled sweetly, and said there was no use doing anything that might possibly influence Baby's life later on. Our child remained unkissed.

Edith could hardly wait until Baby was old enough to begin leading her own life. At the age of six months she had an indisputable will of her own. She would interrupt conversation with blood-curdling shrieks of rage to make us pay attention to her.

I returned home one evening to find Edith in tears.

"Baby," she explained, "will not go to sleep. Not only does she drown me out when I try to sing her a lullaby, but she beats herself on the eyes to *keep* from going to sleep. She just lies there in the dark, laughing to herself in the most awful way. I'm afraid she's losing her mind!" Edith began to cry again.

The sound of Baby's laughter reached me from the nursery. It was unholy. It sounded as though she were laughing at something that was terribly wicked.

Baby had an indisputable will of her own.



"I must take her to Dr. Williams tomorrow," said Edith, between sobs, "and have her psychoanalyzed."

Edith called me at the office the next day. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Jim," she said. "It's too awful. Dr. Williams has psychoanalyzed Baby, and he thinks that she has already discovered that life is a joke. When Baby laughs to herself that way at night, she is laughing at life. And she's not yet a year old! I'm simply beside myself."

"Edith," I said, "aren't you putting too much faith in Dr. Williams? Perhaps he is wrong."

Edith was indignant.

"Dr. Williams is without an equal as an authority on child psychology. I accept anything he says as final."

"Well," I asked, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Edith. "Dr. Williams says that Baby will outgrow it in time. As soon as she finds new things to interest her, makes new friends outside the family circle, and begins to have creative impulses, she will be like a different person."

"If she keeps me awake again tonight," I said sourly, "I will shake her until her tooth rattles!"

Edith said something about my being a cruel and inhuman father, and hung up the telephone. I felt that slowly but surely Baby was coming between us, and there seemed to be nothing we could do about it.

• It was Baby's fourth birthday. She had chosen her own friends; so the worst children in the neighborhood were there. Edith was appalled at the filthiness of some of them, but she would not interfere with Baby's plans. I believe she was afraid to.

Our child was a chubby little thing. Her nose had become more decidedly

snubbed, her eyes were rounder and bluer, her hair was redder, and she had the most terrible temper I have ever seen in anyone.

Edith dragged me off to the kitchen, where, I suppose, she thought I would be safe from the children's frolicking.

"We must leave them alone," she said. "Remember, Baby has the same feelings as an adult, and she must be treated as such. She must learn how to entertain in her own home."

The party was under way. Edith and I sat in the kitchen, quietly listening, and waiting for the house to come tumbling down around our ears. Three or four children were banging on the piano keys with their fists. There was a loud scurrying of feet across the upstairs floor. A window tinkled, and someone dropped a plate.

The party
was under
way.



It was broken in pieces. Edith gave a start.

"I just know," she whispered, "that it is one of the Louis XIV set that Mother gave us when we were married."

"Not a doubt about it," I answered heartlessly. "Nothing but the best for Baby!"

The din was increasing by the minute. Above the ear-splitting noise, the voice of our child rang loud and triumphant. Sometimes she screamed with fury at one of her little guests, and sometimes she shrieked with shrill laughter. She was certainly enjoying the party.

Suddenly there was an ominous silence. We heard nothing for several minutes. Then the racket started again. This time it was accompanied by strange, splashing noises, alternated with equally strange splashing noises. It was absolutely indescribable.

Baby is a
most un-
usual child.



Edith and I looked at each other. "Shall we go in?" I asked.

"No," said Edith firmly, "it's probably just a new game that Baby has invented."

"Edith," I said, "I hope you and Dr. Williams know what you are doing. I wish that man had to live in this house for a little while with Baby. I'm beginning to fear for my sanity."

"Dr. Williams," said Edith wanly, "is supposed to be the very best—"

"I know, I know. I've heard that story a thousand times! But is he being successful with Baby?"

"Dr. Williams says that Baby is a most unusual child—in fact one of the most interesting cases he has ever had!" Edith said proudly. "Do you know she can't make up her mind what she wants to be named. Her most recent choices are Santa Claus and Laurel and Hardy. Dr. Williams thought that was very significant—"

"Edith," I said, "this just shows you how ridiculous the whole thing really is. I think it is up to you, as the mother of the child, to take her firmly in hand."

"I'm afraid something terrible might happen if I did," said Edith. "Dr. Williams says it would be dangerous to try to interfere with Baby at this point. We might undo all we've done!"

"What," I asked grimly, "have we done? We've allowed our child to become a wicked little savage."

"Not at all!" said Edith warmly. "Dr. Williams says that she is merely obeying her creative impulses."

"Dr. Williams! Dr. Williams!" I shouted angrily. "If I hear that man's name again, I'm going to obey a creative impulse to wring his neck!"

"Jim," said Edith quietly and reproachfully. "You must never lose

(Continued on page 34)



If she keeps
me awake
again
tonight—

Twenty fathoms down

WILLIAM BANKS LYLES



The Torpedo Room of an S type submarine. The stage shows the half-section lengthwise, which need not be more than half the width of the stage in length, and from eight to ten feet deep, with the same distance to overhead. At the extreme left there are four torpedo tubes jutting through the forward bulkhead, with gauges, etc., around them. Next on left comes a rack that contains three torpedoes. Between that distance and the right bulkhead are four bunks made fast to the starboard side; they are in pairs, one suspended over its mate by chains from bulkhead. The rear bulkhead at the extreme right has a small hatch door which has ten swivel clamps around combing for making it water-tight; door also has round glass deadlight in center six inches in diameter; door is oval-shaped at top and bottom to enable it to stand great pressure. The left and right (fore and aft) bulkheads may be bevelled back slightly to give audience vision of all interior. The overhead, which has many pipes and apparatus running lengthwise, has its greatest height at the right and tapers downward towards the forward bulkhead. There are two lights on the overhead, and an emergency flash lamp (the kind which has two batteries) hung on after bulkhead by handle. There are three oxygen bottles in rack on after bulkhead; these

steel tubes are about the same size of the regular half-sized steel gas bottle for commercial use.

CURTAIN RISE: Lighted half-section of Torpedo Room is empty. Five men rush in room in great excitement through door right. Everybody but Lieutenant and last man to come in is stripped down to waist—with sweat and dirty grease smeared over chest back and face. All are wearing greasy blue dungaree trousers. Lt. is wearing black sweater and last man has woolen jumper—made like the ones used by football players on bench. Lt. has officer's cap with greasy white top in it; Rawlins has greasy white sailor's hat. Men slam hatch door behind them and throw the hatch wedges over and dog door down. Everybody talks almost at once.

GIGGLES: Good Christ! Is that Battery Room a wreck!

SCURVY: God! I got one look at that bow come tearing through the bulkhead just as I went on my ear!

Lt. JANNINGS: Dog that door down well! We're headed for the bottom like a ton of bricks.

UGLY BUTCH: When I saw that water gushing in, I knew we was doomed!

RAWLINS (looking through glass deadlight in door): Greenfield! There's Greenfield out there! Undog the door!

SCURVY: No you don't! We'll all drown like rats!

GIGGLES: He's a goner!

Lt. JANNINGS: Undog that door! (The dogs around combing of hatch are pulled back and door pushed open as Greenfield falls in. Door closed and wedges turned down.)

RAWLINS: Beat down those dogs! (Some hammer down wedges with iron bar.)

JANNINGS: Stand by for a crash! (He no more than finishes when everybody pitches forward, to the

left, simultaneously, grabbing on bunks and torpedo racks to keep from falling.)

UGLY BUTCH: Rock bottom—hear her scrape!

(Sub. lights dim and footlights go up on semi-transparent screen showing street scene in New York City—Times Square—faintly in distance news boy is crying: Extra! Extra! Atlantic steamer rammed and sunk Submarine S-99 off Montauk Point! All hands on board—men believed still alive! Extra! Extra! Foot-lights go off and trans. scene rises, giving clear view, as lights in Torpedo Room go up again.)

SCURVY: Hey, Mr. Jannings! Water is coming in around the edges of this deadlight!

JAN: C'm'on, men, look around for some rubber strips to drive around the edges! Giggles, Ugly Butch, Scurvy—chop, chop!

(They hastily look around the compartment. Rawlins looks in tool box.)

RAWLINS: Here's some rubber insulating. It ought to do!

JANNINGS: O. K. Start forcing it in with a chisel. Greenfield, bring those three oxygen bottles over here and put them on the deck plates by the torpedo tubes.

GREENFIELD: Aye, aye, sir. (All hands work in silence till they finish.)

RAWLINS (putting down tools): The deadlight is as water-tight as we can get it, Mr. Jannings.

JAN: Very well, Rawlins, see if there's any air pressure on the torpedo tubes.

CHARACTERS

LIEUTENANT JANNINGS

GIGGLES

SCURVY

UGLY BUTCH

RAWLINS

GREENFIELD

RAW: (*Goes over and turns handles, but there is no hissing sound.*) Christ! Not an ounce!

JAN: What does it register on the depth gauge?

RAW (*shaking it*): Hundred and nineteen feet!

JAN: Good God! Couldn't escape by the tubes if we did have pressure. Giggles, put your ear to the bulkhead and listen for any signs of life in the after compartments. Quartermaster Rawlins, take that wrench and stand by to hammer out a signal on that heavy plate between the torpedo rack and the bunks when we are ready. (*Both obey.*)

GIGGLES (*with ear to bulkhead*): They're alive! They're alive! I hear them hammering away on something Just a faint clicking.

JAN: Send out a few signals, Rawlins, and see if you can attract their attention. (*He hammers on plate five times rapidly with interval between each five; Gig listens between intervals.*)

GIG: They're busy hammering away at something; they don't pay no attention.

JAN: Try again, Rawlins.

GIGGLESS They keep hammering away, and there's more than one guy hammering.

JAN: O.K. They must be having trouble getting the hatches and ventilators closed. Now listen, men, we might as well get this business down to a system. We've only got three oxygen tanks—each will last us about twenty-two hours breathing air—if the carbon dioxide doesn't get too great—and, for the size of this torpedo room, each bottle will last for twenty-eight hours if we are sparing. That means that by extreme care and diligence we can live for eighty-four hours—three days and a half. If any of you have any cigarettes in your pockets, save them for chewing—you'll be glad to chew them before long—and under no circumstances try to strike a match, no matter what happens to the lights. There are plenty of possibilities that we can get out of here alive—plenty—but one little

monkey trick on our part will spoil all chances. Rawlins and I know the International Morse code, so we will manage the signals and work the oxygen tank; maybe we will relay some of you in standing watches over the tanks if we get too weak—but let me warn you all that should the man standing by the oxygen bottle drop off to sleep when the rest of us are in the bunks, it's goodbye; we'll never wake up again. I should hardly have to warn you not to do anything to get yourselves excited—the more excited you are the more oxygen your lungs will absorb. Giggles, Scurvy, Greenfield, Ugly Butch—get in the bunks and remain as calm as you can—the less talking the better—it will be still better if you try to sleep. Greenfield, let Rawlins have your woolen jumper; he will need it. (*Silently everybody does as he bids.*) We have nothing to eat or drink in here, and it's going to be tough—but all the more reason for you to move around as little as possible. We must all cooperate—and no funny business—now I haven't got my gun, like the officers on submarines in the movies—so we won't have any movie tricks—and try not to start any dramatics yourself—because if you try any violent exercise, you'll find that it'll be a damn sight more painful to your lungs and heart than you expected. All the rigid discipline that we have been schooled in for diving stations was created for just such emergencies as this—remember, we must cooperate until we get out of here.

GREEN: It's getting stuffy in here—feel kinda dizzy.

UGLY BUTCH: Same here!

JAN: Give us a little oxygen, Rawlins. (*There is a short hissing sound.*)

GIGGLES: What kinda chances have we got of getting out of this pig alive, Mr. Jannings?

JAN: If the crew aft have kept the water in the battery room and can operate enough controls to pump the rest of the water out of the ballast tanks, we can rise to the surface ourselves, maybe—but there were elec-

tric cables passing through the hatchways for the trial experiments—they may have had trouble in getting the doors closed. If the chlorine gas from the batteries gets back to the control room, they'll have to retreat to the engine room and wait on help from the surface. There's a pretty bad sea running upon the surface and the temperature's been dropping since four o'clock. But if the tender arrives and can send divers down, they can attach air tubes to the conning tower connections and force the water out of the ballasts that way. Two of those large derricks in New York could truss up the bow—since we have air in the forward and after compartments—and stand the old pig on her tail and cut us out—then put the bow down and the stern up and cut the rest of the gang out. They can also send out those pontoons made for the S-51 that are in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and raise the whole works. But all that depends on the weather. (*Going to after bulkhead.*) I'll hang my watch on the emergency flash-lantern chain—in case the lights go out, we'll be able to check the time without wasting the current in the batteries. I don't think the lights will last much longer. (*Raw puts ear to bulkhead.*)

RAW: I don't hear any more sounds aft.

JAN: No? (*Doing the same.*) Not a sound. Pretty good time to try and get in touch with them—you make the attention signal. I'll listen for their answer.

RAW: (*hammers attention signal on plate.*) How's that, sir?

JAN: Not a sound. Try again. (*This continues for some time.*) Not a sound.

RAW: What do you think is wrong?

JAN: The chlorine gas might have—

RAW: Good God! (*All four heads rise up in bunks, then settle back.*) Thirty-six lives gone just like that! (*Snaps fingers*)—Like rats in a trap!

JAN: Death in the afternoon—in the belly of a pig. (*Silence.*)

(Continued on page 27)

A lass and a lack



THE CIGARETTE THAT'S *Milder*
THE CIGARETTE THAT *Tastes Better*

REVELRY

Movement:

- 1) Pan-Hellenic Decision curtailed.
- 2) Mass Meeting and voicing of Protest.
- 3) Statement of grievances at General Assembly.
Dean Wannamaker present.
- 4) Appointment of Committee for Investigation and Recommendation on Student Affairs.

DEAN WANNAMAKER



"I like to see the students have some fun."

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6:

Scene: Very dark and gloomy.
Characters: Dean Wannamaker, and Pan-Hellenic Council.

Synopsis: Dean Wannamaker, Pan-Hellenic Council, Dean Wannamaker.

The Press: Duke Students Stage Riot Against University Heads.

Western Union: Has anyone seen Mr. Sands?

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7:

Scene: Much smoke and five fire companies.

Characters: Joe Shackford, Wallace Wade, L. H. Edmondson.

COACH WALLACE WADE



"So far as I have been able to determine, there is no dissatisfaction on the campus."

"I did not make the statement that there was no dissatisfaction on the campus...."

Quo

Obituary

Synopsis: 1500 students with their fingers crossed.

Excerpts: Gentlemen we must be careful, Gentlemen we must be careful, Gentlemen we must be careful. . . .

Password: The only good voice is a low voice.

Press: Student Leaders at Duke Demand Showdown Today.

L. H. EDMONDSON



"Students, your leaders
have not deserted
you."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8:
Scene: Louder!
Characters: 2000 Young Gentlemen,
in Wannamaker.

on: Objective

Objective:

- 1) Freedom of Student Government from Administrative supervision.
- 2) The Pan-Hellenic Council to be placed beyond jurisdiction of the Administration.
- 3) Publications Board to be free from control of elections and coercion by the Administration.
- 4) Definition and Status of fining and Campus Detectives in the College.
- 5) Solution of problems relative to the University Dining Halls.

LOU GANZ



"Perhaps I am a member of the
Right Wing."
vive la revolution!

Plot: Who done it?
Excerpts: What I mean to say . . . Well . . . This is how it is . . . To begin with . . . And that sort of thing . . .
Comment: Good grievances in bad grammar.
Press Notices: A red herring is a red herring is a red herring is a red herring . . .

JOE SHACKFORD



"Without mincing any words:" — — —

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9:

Scene: Fish--red herring.
Characters: Resolution and W. Rose Bowl.

Synopsis: *The Durham Sun* never sets on Coach Wade, no sir.

Excerpts: So far as I have been able to determine, there is no dissatisfaction on the campus.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10:

Blackout: I was not influenced by Dean Wannamaker, or any of the authorities.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11

No Tennis, Dances, or Revolutions on Sunday.

IN RED

Dark Wings for Solomon

Death? Ah, black lilies and dark wine
At midnight poured from onyx flagons,
A mirror of some strange design
Where lives the shadow of a white rose,

A weariness shot through with sound
Of men marching once more out of noon
And moonlight back into the earth, each bound
With endless silver tendrils to tomorrow.

Ah, Death is but the whispering
Of dull voices weaving legend
Into fabric for a nameless Spring
To come when men no longer care,

I fear not Death and mighty wings
That beat the sunlight into darkness,
With every love a tocsin rings
From leaden or from silver bells:

For I have lived too much of life,
And filled my days with broken moons
That fell from lips of every wife
Like bits of tarnished silver.

The petals of my loves I leave
To fill some alabaster jar,
At least in Death I shall receive
A perfect if a darkened flower.

Books

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

It seems to be a universal fact that all travelers (whether their journeys cover a thousand miles or ten) feel the urge to record for posterity the scenes which they have etched in their memories. There are, it appears, two possible ways in which these scenes may be recorded, depending upon the mental equipment which the author has fashioned for himself. If an author happens to travel with an inquisitive intellectual outlook as a part of his mental kit-bag, the resulting travel volume will more than likely be realistic and mental. If, on the other hand, the wandering author chooses to see life through the eyes of an adventuring romanticist, he will more than likely set down in print a record of romantic physical pleasure and pain.

In "We Explore London" Cora and Jan Gordon have caught in black and white a realistic portrait of the city, London. They have made no attempt to uncover unusual facts or fancies. Nowhere in the pages of their book will you find long paragraphs devoted to descriptions of great physical pain or pleasure. Their physical actions were simple and totally lacking in the stuff of adventure. They came to London, settled down in a small flat, and watched the endless parade of the city go by their eyes.

"We Explore London" belongs to the school of intellectual realism. Its authors have caught in their pages many of the subtle intonations struck up by the whirling life of a great city. They have not been satisfied to picture a surface full of physical action. They have gone below the surface and have caught and recorded the life of the metropolis in all of its shadings of light and dark. In order to do this it has been necessary for the authors to use an intellectual approach. The result is a book of travel that is essentially realistic (in the

(Continued on page 33)

Two types of travel tales

WE EXPLORE LONDON—Jan and Cora Gordon—McBride—(\$2.75)—An inquisitive intellectual view of the gayly colored panorama of the metropolis, London. A realistic study of a great city full of subtle shadings and deep hidden intonations. A travel book in the tradition of Harry A. Franck.

CANNIBAL QUEST—Gordon Sinclair—Farrar and Rinehart—(\$2.50)—A romantic record of an adventurous journey through the wilds of the far east. New Guinea, Bali, Java, Siam, Burma, India, and Baluchistan seen through the eyes of a wandering romanticist. A travel book in the tradition of Richard Haliburton.

Excerpts: Romantic style

Borneo: "We bury our dead in the ground; they put theirs up trees. We put our money in the bank; they pin theirs on loin cloths. We fine thieves and wife-beaters or put them in jail; they make the crooks throw a party. We are saddened when friends or relatives die; they whoop for joy. We go to a show to be entertained; they go to entertain."

Bali: "Divorce is unknown. With a million people there is but one jail and it is empty. There is no orphanage, poor-house, or insane asylum. There is no income tax, no army or navy. Nobody runs away with the other chap's wife."

New Guinea: "I saw dead men perched in trees. Slimy sea-serpents. Women with fingers cut off because their babies had died. Huts shaped like the mouths of sharks. Men with bamboo and hogs' tusks through cheeks, nose, and ears."

Malaya: "There are black panthers, jackals and enormous snakes, fog bats and tarantulas. There are tiger sharks along the coast. Seventeen different kinds of sea snakes, the bite of any one of which is fatal."

Siam: "Army trucks with machine guns bolted fore and aft . . . dime-a-dance girls shading from near white to near black . . . barefoot cops loaf around swinging clubs . . . there are several shops for renting coffins."

Baluchistan: "Where there is no written language and no written laws. Where the rule of the road is survival of the fittest and the babes feed on red meat."

Excerpts: Realistic style.

... "In his readiness to adopt a hobby the ordinary Englishman differs widely from the continental. The Englishman's bent lies in the direction of deeds, the Continental's in that of words. The cafe gives the latter an outlet by which much of the impulse towards constructive hobby is evaporated."

... "By a clever act of mental legerdemain Woolworth has contrived to insinuate himself into a peculiar position. He has identified his shops with the hunting instinct, he has become the covers of a continual quest. Woolworth "news" is bandied about at the suburban tea-parties almost as eagerly as the League matches are discussed in the pubs, or the hunting prospects in the country smoking-rooms."

... "Penury has no grades, poverty has many, from the kind of poverty you may find in Enniscorthy Gardens to the kind you get in the Fine-harbour Road. In fact, as a modern definition poverty should be considered as the state in which you can just afford the luxuries requisite to your position, but are often hard put to it to provide the necessities."

... "Of the hundred diverse groups that make up this broad city of London, of the Cabinet Ministers, M.P.'s, nobility, gentry, aldermen, Merchant-Adventurers, the Bar, stage, arts, furniture-dealers, sausage-makers, coal-hawkers, etc., two groups, and these from amongst the most humble, stand out as being the most characteristic.

Modern music

WEDDING SONG—David Burnham—The Viking Press—(\$2.50)—A striking new novel in the sequence begun by "The Sun Also Rises." A vivid study of American expatriates stranded in the artificial world of the floundering Italian nobility. A brilliant demonstration of the use of the modern literary technique, proving that in the hands of a good novelist, technique can be a valuable aid to the development of dramatic power and purpose. The latest of the gall-and-vinegar school of literary thought, this novel represents not only the terminus but the apex of the literary line begun by Ernest Hemingway.

Statement: "Wedding Song" by the very nature of its style and form, is destined to be the subject of ardent controversy. David Burnham has created in this novel of American expatriates an important link in the succession of novels forming the life-is-a-very-bitter-pill school of literature. "Wedding Song" forms the present terminus of the sequence begun by "The Sun Also Rises." That there is a terminus, and that at present "Wedding Song" happens to be it, are fairly obvious. Of much more importance and difficulty is the answer to the question, "Just what is the position of this terminus in relation to the rest of the literary world?"

Answer: There are two possible answers to this question, both of which have been suggested in the critical reviews of Mr. Burnham's book. Granting that "Wedding Song" is the terminus of some line, and granting also that such a line is drawn from "The Sun Also Rises" to "Wedding Song," it should be possible for a keen investigator to discover whether the line slopes upward or downward, and to conclude from that fact either that "Wedding Song" is an advance over Hemingway, or a definite retrogression from his literary position.

Both of these conclusions have been drawn at various times by commentators upon "Wedding Song." There are those that see in Mr. Burnham's book little more than a parody of the Hemingway style. It seems to them that the author of "Wedding Song" has expanded and enriched a form until he has produced a result that makes the original form appear ridiculous through exaggeration. There is much to be said in defense of such a position. David Burnham began, it is true, with the Hemingway theory of technique and style. It is also true that he expanded and developed the physical structure of the method to a degree never attained by Ernest Hemingway. Upon the surface it appears that this over-expansion has resulted in little more than a parody of a literary form.

There is however, much that can be said on the other side. The style developed by the gall-and-vinegar school has a certain force. Is it not true that Mr. Burnham's expansion of the technique of the school has resulted in a novel of still greater force and power?

There are, then, two possible directions which a criticism of this novel may take. Admitting an expansion of technique, it is possible to conclude that a parody has resulted and that Burnham is inferior to Hemingway. Admitting again an expansion of technique, it is, on the other hand, possible to state that this expansion in style has resulted in an expansion in power and that, therefore, Burnham is superior to Hemingway.

Technique: Just what is the essential quality of this expanded Hemingway style? It consists essentially in the use of several new devices not commonly accepted as a part of literary technique. In the first place, David Burnham has used a shifting "I" in "Wedding Song," that is to say, the first person singular is used by both Kit and Narcissa, the two leading characters. In the second place, he has used a shifting time scheme. For example: in the opening chapter the "I" form is taken by Kit at the age of thirty. In chapter four, Narcissa speaks at the age of seven or eight. In chapter five Kit resumes the use

(Continued on page 35)

Books from the spring list

The following books, selected from the spring lists of the various publishers, represent the cream of the coming literary crop. They will be reviewed in THE ARCHIVE during the next four months as soon as possible after the date of publication.

The World Is Yours—G. B. Lancaster—Appleton Century—A fine, brave, and beautiful novel by the author of the Literary Guild selection, "Pageant." Blood and thunder action set against the very white snow and the very green forests of the very wild Yukon country.

The Making of Americans—Gertrude Stein—Harcourt Brace—A seventeen year old manuscript from the hand that penned "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" in the manner of "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." A tale of American life, its crude intangibles, its hidden springs of emotion.

Blue Blaze—Jane Harvey Hulson—Bobbs Merrill—Danger, delight and delirium in the strange lands of inner Honduras. Exploit and discovery in a world of malodorous swamps and coral reefs, action and adventure in a land of ocean and jungle.

Round Manhattan's Rim—Helen Worden—Bobbs Merrill—Crime, cabbages, and clams; rags, ruin, and riches; poverty, pottery, and prunes; all sketched and recorded in the course of a casual jaunt around the rim of old New York town.

A Backward Glance—Edith Wharton—Appleton Century—An autobiographical study of the life of one of America's most distinguished living authors. A revealing and absorbing account of a literary career, an excursion into a pleasing and energetic personality, and a distinguished record of a literary period.

The Beauty of England—Thomas Burke—McBride—A quiet walk along the by-paths and through the villages of rural England! A delightful quest for the piquant beauties of the English countryside! A panorama of the old and new England caught in a personal narrative of great charm!

Smirt—Branch Cabell—McBride—Richmond's literary pride records in his own particular style the events and happenings in the life of a dreamer. This is, the author assures us, an attempt to extend the naturalism of Lewis Carroll. It should delight especially the disciples of one, Sigmund Freud.

Journey to the End of Night—Louis Ferdinand Celine—Little Brown and Co.—A forty-year-old Parisian doctor writes in a stark and naked fashion the story of an underdog. The greatest of recent French successes in an English translation! Critics: "an insult to the reader," "the greatest discovery of the year," "a book that no sensible man will recommend to his wife." *Voila!*

The Rebel Raider—Howard Swiggett—Bobbs Merrill—A rhythm and action picture of high romance, sketched to the lilt of a southern melody. Adventure and drama as John Hunt Morgan goes raiding into Kentucky with the flower of the bluegrass behind him.

Nine Etched From Life—Emil Ludwig—McBride—Nine word and paint etchings of nine significant figures in the panorama of the new Europe, drawn with line and shade clearness by the world's sharpest living student of men. Stalin! Mussolini! Venizelos!

Valour—Warwick Deeping—McBride—The author of "The Bridge of Desire" paints another great emotional story, this time with the tangled action of the World War as a background. The story of a man who failed, and tried again because of the greatness of a woman's love.

Joseph and His Brothers—Thomas Mann—Alfred Knopf—The great German literary artist writes the first volume of an Old Testament trilogy dealing with the patriarch Jacob and his family. Greeted with great enthusiasm by those who have read it in the original German.

Village Tale—Phil Strong—Harcourt Brace—Another in the cycle of wheat-belt dramas from the pen of

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Irish panorama

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK—Sean O'Faolain—The Viking Press—(\$2.00)—A calm and simple panorama of life in the emerald isle; piquant with the subtle shades of a country meadow, silent with the stillness of a Shamrock lake, powerful with the strength of a fighting red-head. The finest literary achievement of the Irish school, drawn by the pen of one of its leaders. A brilliant analysis of Gallic life, full of bright acid vignettes, and penetrating deep into the inner soul of a people. A nation and a nature etched in the sharp lines of light and dark contrast.

• "Of his boyhood Leo Foxe-Donnel remembered only three things—his father's death, the day of the burial, and how, after that, he went for the first time to Limerick."

Ireland. A misty, black night in December, 1854. The small gloom-shot Donnel home. *Inside*: The mother, the children—James, Phillip, and Leo. The bickering relations. Most of them waiting for a man to die; yet fearing he will do so without making a will. A priest ministering the last sacraments to James O'Donnel. *Outside*: The gathered neighbors waiting, patiently waiting in the rainy darkness for the news of James O'Donnel's death—powerful, descriptive prose of an Irish wake.

The burial of James O'Donnel. Cold, dark afternoon. The sympathetic, weeping mourners; James, the discontented older brother. The ride home in the early dark. Leo cursed and struck by James—the finished performance of an artist.

Limerick: Leo's stay with his mother's cousin, rich Dicky Wilcox. His study of medicine—water on a duck's back—good word pictures of Irish city life and manners of the 19th century.

The following years of the life of Leo Foxe-Donnel were years of indolence, wastefulness, and turbulence. Drunkenness. Love affairs. Plottings for Irish freedom. Leo's implication in the Ballingary police-hut affair of 1867. Portland Prison for ten long, damp years. Poverty. Marriage to Julia Keene. A small paper shop in Rathkeal. The appearance of Johno, the son of Leo and Julia, born in illegitimacy. Further scheming. Seized for gun smuggling and being a Fenian. Maryboro Prison for five years of his old age. Limerick again and a small shop. Old age. No longer the wild Irish rebel; yet—the Irish riot of 1916: "Rifles cracked ceaselessly. In that long street, wide and noble, empty from end to end, glowing under the perpetual sunset of its own fire, men crouched behind the high barricaded windows, and glinted down the hot rifle barrels that barked and plunged by their cheeks at every trigger pull. And there among them was Leo Donnel—; an old man, white bearded, his pale cheeks and his long face lit by the city's doom."

Such is the briefest of résumé's of Sean O'Faolain's long novel, *A Nest of Simple Folk*, as seen through the life-glimpses of its principal character. From early manhood Leo Donnel's life was an unceasing downward march; and with him on the journey went many innocent victims. Out of the charred, broken wreckage, though, rises Leo's spirit; the unquenchable flame that would not be put out by the dampness of prisons, the ravages of poverty, or the feebleness of old age. In spite of himself Leo Foxe-Donnel is a beautiful character, and the author's masterpiece.

His character portrayal is magnificent. Dealing with an alien people,—the Irish peasantry of the nineteenth century—the author so vividly depicts their lives—its loves, its hates, its happiness, its despair, that the characters rise above their locale and become universal in their appeal.

In treatment, Mr. O'Faolain is a realist; yet he surpasses the contemporary school of brittling, bitter realism in that he is gifted with a poet's vision. His prose is full, well-rounded; showing a masterful command of the English language and possessing the cadence of poetry. In short, *A Nest of Simple Folk* is the work of a mature artist, fully arrived. —R. L. Wood.

Three English children

A GAY FAMILY—Ethel Boileau—E. P. Dutton and Co.—(\$2.00)—A calm yet very modern exposé of a bit of old England, written in a manner that is both very English and very feminine, and dealing in particular with three very modern and very charming children. Not in any sense the novel of the age, but for all that a gay and pleasing account of English life.

This book is the journal of Alison Mallory—English gentlewoman, and charming mother. Although born amid the dark mountains and wide moors of Scotland, she becomes mistress of Mallory Court, an ancient home in Deepshire. This ancestral home of the Mallory family is the embodiment of Victorian stuffiness to her. Only a return to rugged Scotland can free her spirit of that staid decorum.

Mrs. Mallory's most attractive quality is her dispassionate, delightful analysis of her three fine children. They are Martin, the eldest, who "grew into" the Army; Veronica, the daughter, daringly modern, spirited, lovely; and Colin, whose temperament can be overlooked in favor of his naive originality. Their life together is an expression of a new creed of living—a creed which fits magnificently this day and age.

The journal is strong with the flavor of Ruritanian England—a flavor imparted by pink-coated gentlemen riding to the fox hunt, partridge breakfasts, whiskey and sodas, races, hot scones, and a thousand other details that fascinate the provincial American mind. Mrs. Mallory writes her experiences with a richness that only forty-odd years of aliveness could give. And she remains alive to her very finger tips. She has lived her own life enjoyably, and now she looks on, a bit sadly one feels, at the fast tempo set by her own daughter and sons. She has the rare good sense to enjoy their life without trying to live it for them. She remains detached, aloof, yet warmly sympathetic to their needs. She knows that her task is finished—she has pre-

(Continued on page 36)

Russian biography

LENIN—Ralph Fox—Harcourt, Brace and Co.—(\$2.00)—A compact and very readable biography of the great leader of the Russian revolution, well documented and authentic, yet vibrant with the feel of life and full of action and adventure. An authoritative work, of importance to all who would know the new Russia through the life of its creator.

Ralph Fox has recorded in his new biography of Lenin the full and complete portrait of one of the greatest of modern political leaders. It is an excellent portrait, carefully etched in line and shadow, and showing clearly the real and authentic character of the leader of the Russian revolution.

The book has been divided into four divisions. In the first of these Mr. Fox has taken the youthful Lenin through the years of childhood and the days of his arrest and exile in Siberia. The author is careful to record those events which formulated in this youthful period the basic character of the man who was to change the destiny of the largest nation in the world. The reader is able to see in these early chapters the formation of the threads that the passing of the years were to weave into the full fabric of the complete life.

In the second division of the book the author has sketched the growth and development of the revolutionary party from the first spark to the days of 1905. Here "Lenin" becomes more than the mere biography of a man. In reality Mr. Fox has recorded in these chapters the growth and development of a basic political idea and ideal.

The next section of the story is one of reaction. The author has shown the continued growth of the revolutionary ideal in the mind of Lenin through the years of reaction that followed 1905. And yet even in these moments of relapse there were evident clouds forecasting a gathering storm. These first indications of the final conclusions of the epic are caught and recorded by Mr. Fox.

(Continued on page 36)

Charleston chivalry

LOOK BACK TO GLORY—Herbert Ravenel Sass—Bobbs Merrill—(\$2.00)—A long and inspired record of the old aristocratic south, the south of plantations and planters, the south of mint-juleps and minstrel songs. A colorful historic picture of the city-state of Charleston in the days of its glory and glamour. A panorama in paint and portraiture of the golden age of the south.

With the brush of a romantic nature artist, Herbert Ravenell Sass, scion of the old Huguenot and English families, has tried to give a series of Millet landscapes, interspersed with exposition of all the glory that is the heritage of South Carolina. He has written at length about inspired ideals and knightly code, which were the motivating forces in the lives of the semi-divine aristocrats of the Civil War period. Mr. Sass has missed a great opportunity to bring home to the people of South Carolina that, although there is no doubt that their state has a worthy history, they are no longer living in a golden age, and that they should not seek their laurels in the actions of their ancestors, but in their present and future actions. No one can deny that in the Reconstruction Era South Carolinians were compelled to rebuild a civilization that had been reduced almost to savagery. Nor can anyone dispute the fact that the generation of that Reconstruction Era made magnificent progress in restoration. The present generation, however, is almost decadent, rather than progressive, in that present-day South Carolinians are content to rest on family connections and legends of former family fortunes; moreover, culturally speaking, they are everyday sinking deeper into a bottomless bog. Today a man may be ignorant, lazy, financially unsuccessful, and a complete failure sociologically, and still be highly respected, so long as his veins are filled with the blood of an old family, such as the de Saussures, Pinckneys, Rhetts, or Porchers. It is really saddening to see people with so glorious a heritage, fall into so detestable a lethargy.

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Washbowl duet

MARGARET TAYLOR

A washcloth hung upon a rack
Its face sad as could be.
It said, "You should be very glad
Because you are not like me.
You do not suffer half so much,
Nor half so frequently."

The soap was fired by this address,
"Forsooth it is not so.
While you hang there complacently
I'm sinking low as low.
And how much longer I shall last
I really do not know!"

"When I was fat," the soft soap said,
"Folks loved me for my smell;
One day a brutal, careless hand
Dropped me into a well.
A well, kind sir, for soap you know
Is horrible as hell!"

I'd be there yet, I fancy it,
And melting in the water.
A bucket saved my life, so now
I wash a grocer's daughter.
I've lived to soft old age because
She washed not when she ought'er."

"Peculiar thing," the washcloth said,
"The hairs upon my back
While aging from a useful life
Has turned from white to black.
This natural phenomenon,
Is honestly a fact.

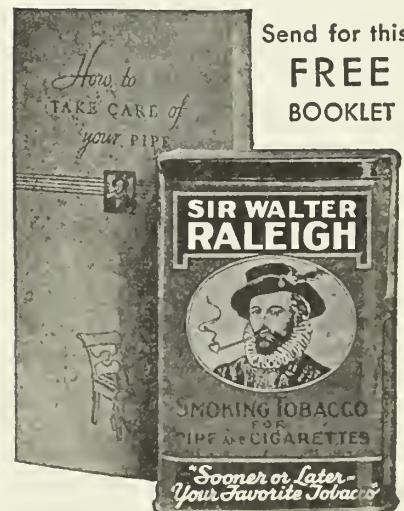
Life is so cruel, I say again
We ride but for a fall.
What will become of both of us
I do not know at all."
His bitter tears in torrents flowed
And trickled down the wall.

**"BUT WHAT DOES
HE LOOK LIKE,
DEAR?"**



TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never could see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-42.



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

Dinners, dances and duchesses



DINING AROUND THE WORLD

In any sort of a whirl around the world you're bound to come across a score of interesting places in which to mix your meat and drink. The following happened to interest the author of this treatise:

Brussels—*La Fregate* on sporty Rue Neuve—everything from beer to a ten course meal served up in style to the tune of a sea chanty and a jazz band—a not too naughty spot with a nice nautical atmosphere.

San Francisco—the *petite* little Parisian restaurant on the quiet blind alle yoff windy Kearny street—French food served family style on clean covered tables—dull walls—piquant tastes—polite and soft, *bon jour monsieur*.

Buenos Aires—the sparkling Grill Room of the City Hotel—stippled Spanish stucco walls—Andalusian tapestries—and the finest fish filet in the world—a selection of salades and desserts each wheeled to your table on little mahogany carts—subtle lighting.

Los Angeles—the snooty Brown Derby where Clark Gable gets in the soup and Norma Shearer in the salad—dine *a la movie celebrity* in a setting of paint, powder, and pretense—autographed walls.

Paris—*Cafe Le Dome*—ask for anything at any hour of the day—all drinks at all hours—an American ham sandwich as an early morning treat—American breakfasts with patented cereals and ham and eggs—or, if you prefer, typical Parisian breakfasts of rolls and *cafe au lait*.

Rio de Janeiro—the grotesque Taberna Carioca—carved gnome-like figures on the walls—a stringed orchestra hidden in a cave-like cavity

over your head—order *salade de fructus*, a heavenly combination of tropical fruits.

Durham—the Tavern of the Washington Duke . . . dark beer with three styles of cheese crackers . . . dine and date in the atmosphere of early America . . . stained wood, red cushions, oil lamps . . . clever girl, that waitress! . . . at last—a decent spot to dine in Durham. . . (no advertisement).

Argentine—*en route* across the pampas on the F. C. C. A. . . a dining car meal in at least a hundred courses . . . steaks of boasted freshness torn from the backs of prize beef as the train speeds from B. A. to Mendoza . . . thick cigar smoke, thick gravy, thick steaks . . . baggy gouchos, smooth Argentine bankers, an American tourist, *le petite parisienne*.



BOAT

NOTE

The sharp bark of the warning bugle at meal times . . . the subtle swing of the deck beneath your feet, on a smooth day . . . the awful emptiness (in the same place) when the waves pile sky high . . . shuffle-board on deck, bridge in the lounge, poker in the smoking room, gambling (how many miles did we make today?) . . . just one big family—the lovers! the grouch! the old couple! the gossip cabal! the gigolo! . . . the swinging crescendo of all existence as you stand at the very tip of the prow in a swinging wind . . . top deck—tall shadowy stacks in the air, bright stars, the lilt of a tune, two in a deck chair . . . (really, you know, they were up there till the most awful hour!!!) . . . the sweet salt tang of the air . . . hot soup at ten, hot tea at four . . . the blue of sky, the blue of sea, the blue of all eternity . . . the smoke of far lands on a dim horizon.



JUST RANDOM MEMORIES

trembling sunset reflected from the long stillness of the mirror pool at Louis the Fourteenth's patrician Versailles . . . the smoky rhythmic blackness of the blaring Parisian night . . . the soft clean breath that comes with the first whiteness of the dawn . . . a rotting leper licking ashen dirty ground in Rio de Janeiro's pungent market-place . . . the purple-tinted flower tossed from the hand of a laughing-eyed child in perpendicular Funchal (Madeira) . . . old coins in Greece, old lace in Spain, old wine in France . . . the silent swish of a filling glass . . . the glaring whiteness of life as it flows by in a tropic languor, the glaring whiteness of life under the silent moon of the north . . . the blatant, blaring, blasphemy of love that fills the walls of *Le Paradis* in morbid Montmartre . . . the subtle sweetness of a whistled tune . . . white moonlight on white walls in a white Berumda night . . . grey days in London, grey birds at sea, grey eyes in love . . . turbaned natives pounding shiny brass in a side street of Cairo's Mooski section. The subtle beauty of the Wordsworthian lake district . . . straw thatched roofs and brown walled houses hidden in a remote spot of the countryside . . . Liverpool—grimy, grey and growing . . . the swift dive and zoom of the nightingale and its pungent poetic song . . . the majestic spaces of Salisbury's gaunt cathedral . . . the Sunday afternoon promenade upon the top of Chester's medieval walls . . . the side glances into neat, meticulous English parlours . . . Glasgow—clean, colorless, commercial, and cold.

Twenty fathoms down

(Continued from page 16)

RAW: What's that? Sounds like a grappling chain!

JAN: By God! That's what it is! They're up there! They'll have divers down here in a few minutes. Start your attention signal. (Raw does. Men sit up in bunks.) Stay where you are men! There is no need for you to get up.

RAW: The first oxygen bottle is nearly gone, sir.

JAN: Go slower on it. (Jan takes hammer and taps signal.)

GIGGLES: Christ but I am plenty hungry and thirsty—do you reckon, Mr. Jannings, they could send us some food and water through the SC tubes.

JAN: Sure—if the SC tubes are not broken—if they make some small bottle-like containers that will slide free in the tubes—if they can attach air hose to the connections so they can force them through to us! (Everybody laughs at Giggles. He covers up his embarrassment by laughing in his mountaineer style: 'Kyah! Kyah! Kyah! Kyah!')

UGLY BUTCH: Silence is your genius, Giggles, close your face and give us a couple of encores!

GIG: Your face is your genius, Ugly Butch, hide it in a gunny sack so we can come out from under the cover! Kyah, kyah, kyah!

(Jan continues hammering on plate. He pauses, and there is a faint metallic clicking on the outer hull—it can be faintly heard by the audience.)

SCURVY: A diver! Glory be! He's out there! (Everybody sits up in the bunks.)

JAN: Quiet! You guys pipe down and stay that way for a while! Rawlins, you call out each word of the signals and I'll answer for the receptions with two taps after you call out—if you don't get the word, don't call out—let him repeat it.

RAW: Aye, aye, sir. (Jan starts hammering out signals.)

JAN: I'll ask him who is on the surface and how long will it take them to get us off the bottom. (Starts hammering signal—two taps for dash and one for a dot with the proper interval . . . between each word he pauses until he hears two faint clicks from outside. He finishes.) All right, Rawlins, get what he says.

RAW: Yes, sir. (Clicking signs come fairly rapidly—Jan taps twice between words regularly to denote receipt.) Tender — Swan — on — surface — S-116 — two — miles —

— to — ballast — tank — couplings — in — conning — tower.

JAN: Listen, Rawlins, and follow his movements.

RAW: Yes, sir. The first oxygen bottle is empty. (Lets some out of second bottle—then puts ear to bulkhead.)

JAN: Let's hope they work fast.

GIGGLES: Better start making out your will, Scurb! Kyah, kyah, kyah!

SCURVY: Me an orphan—without a pot to cook in?

RAW: Andy Gump is back aft hammering on the plates. I don't hear another sound. He is tapping farther aft—I tho't I heard a couple-a-clicks—I don't hear any more—maybe I was mistaken. He's still hammering—not another sound. Gump is coming back this way; (pause) he must be on the conning tower again. He's hammering on the air-line couplings. (Pause) Mr. Jannings, I hear signals! They are being sent by submarine oscillators—it must be the S-116 trying to get in touch with us. (Jan answers with a signal) Stand by: Can — you — hear me? (Jan answers 'Yes.') Try — to — keep — in — touch — with — us . . . We — are — standing — by with — Swan . . . The — sea — rough — temperature — dropping — may — have — to — take — diver — up.

JAN: Damn! How much more trouble are we going to have—foul weather, foul air, foul—what else does he say?

RAW: Give — names — of — men — in — torpedo-room.

JAN: Listen and see when he gets them. (Starts tapping out names. After tapping three, he pauses.) Scurvy, I've known a guy named Scurvy in the Battle Fleet since 1918, but I never heard his real name called—what is it, Scurb?

SCURVY: MacGillicabit — Michael O'Flarhertie MacGillicabit. (All laugh.)

JAN: How do you spell it, Scurb?

The Burtonian Fly

PAUL DILWORTH

Shaggèd Frenzy from a black rainbow
Dropped dark pearls of an hideous glow,
Sowing the seeds of melancholy.
Close crouched Burton with searèd eyes,
Tortured of soul, and bitten by flies,
Flies in the form and the shape of men
Bloated by folly, mere pigs of the pen,
That vomited prayers to a god, a lie,
And feeling better, returned to the sty,
To stink and gorge and buzz about,
Till age or violence snuffed them out.

away — coming. . . . This — is — Andy Gump — from — New London — everything — possible — will — be — done. . . . How — many — are — you? (Jan sends number.) Is — the — gas — bad?

JAN: Thank God there is'n't any—the air is bad enough. (Signals).

GREEN: Tell him to please hurry.

RAW: There he goes again: Am — going — aft — to — find — if — anybody's — alive — in — engine-room. . . . Will — attach — airhose

(Starts sending.)

SCURVY: M-a-c-g-i-l-l-i-c-a-b-i-t.

RAW: No answer—send it again. (Jan sends it again.) No answer. (Sends it again.) No answer. (Sends it again.) He got it that time.

JAN: Damnation! Glad that's over. (Sends other two names.)

RAW: The diver is coming back this way. (After a time a faint clicking is heard.)

JAN: Get it, Rawlins, while I answer.

RAW: Swan — cannot — pump — air — to — ballasts. . . Intakes — broken. . . Bubbles — come — from — hole — in — batteryroom. . . Must — suspend — operations — tonight. . . Will — send — air — by — SC manifolds — tomorrow.

JAN: Well, for God's sake! Why can't he send us some air now! The carbon dioxide may kill us by morning! (Hammers out signal furiously.)

RAW (listening again): Sea — too — rough — on surface — good-night.

(Jan stumbles over to bunks feebly, using whatever support he can—everybody is getting fatigued—the carbon dioxide content of the air is rising gradually, helping the poisoning effect already in their systems—they have been without food and water and pure air for more than twenty-four hours now, and are weakening rapidly.)

JAN: Giggles, you stand by the oxygen tank—be as economical as you can—remember, if you doze off, it's goodbye for all of us. Scurvy, let Rawlins have your bunk; you stand by with Giggles and see that he doesn't drop off to sleep—if any signal comes, if anything happens, give me a call. Don't move around too much, and don't talk too much. Here, take my sweater, or you'll freeze to death. (Gets in Giggles bunk after he leaves.) Rawlins, you need some sleep; tell the one-sixteen that we have no Soda-of-Lime clarifiers in this compartment, and must get a change of air in here tomorrow, or the carbon dioxide will get us all;

then sign off. (Scurvy gets up and joins Gig, while Raw sends signal; when he finishes, he listens and receives signal by himself, tapping between words.)

RAW: The one-sixteen says if weather abates she will get air to us in the morning. She says the S-51 pontoons are being towed out here from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and two large derricks are being sent from New York—Commander Weisberg is coming here by plane to take charge of diving operations.

JAN: Good. Weisberg knows his stuff. Now get some sleep. (Raw signs off, gives Scurvy jumper, and stumbles to bunk; he is exhausted.)

GIGGLES: Listen to that. Two bucks says we'll be eating a big banquet on the topside tomorrow night!

SCURVY: It's a bet—if you win, it'll be worth it!

GIG: Kyah, kyah, kyah! And how! And if I lose, you won't be able to collect—and if you do, it can't be spent.

SCURVY: Gimme a cigarette; I need a chew. (Hands over butt; silence for a moment.) That bet reminds me of what I told a boot what wanted to ship over for the pig boats—imagine a guy in his right mind wanting to ship on the pigs! When he asks me about the sixteen dollars a month extra allotment for submarine diving, I says: "Nuts! See. That ain't no good reason to go for the pigs. You have to make sixteen dives a month while on board—winter and summer. The truth is, Uncle Sam bets you a dollar each time you go down that you won't come up to collect the bet—if you do, you do, if you don't, you lose. You should'a' seen his mug—I'll bet he stays shed of New London Base!

GIG: Kyah, kyah, kyah! You ain't collected Uncle Sam's last bet yourself yet, neither; kyah, kyah. Tell you what, I'll bet you five bucks that you do—how's that?

SCURVY: That I do? (His face brightens; then he thinks.) Nothing doing! Say, what you trying to put over on me?

GIG: Kyah, kyah, kyah! (They sit for a time in silence.)

SCUR: Sposen, Giggles, the weather stays bad—sposen—

GIG: Well, go ahead—sposen.

SCUR: Sposen they can't git us out in time—sposen they can't get us out of the belly of this pig until after the winter—until spring. When they raise her to the surface, how will they figure out who's who—spring is a long time off, you know.

GIG: Kyah, kyah. Being an orphant, you won't have to worry, Scurb. Wouldn't it be a helluva crime if they turned you over to Mrs. Greenish-Grey as her own dear Paul, and have you pushing up native goldenrods in Illinois? Kyah, kyah, or daisies in Dallas? Nope. They got a way to identify you when you ain't especially recognizable.

Remember when you used to kick because you had to go back to the hospital to get that damned dental abstract set up to date everytime you got your teeth filled? Well, they put that dental abstract to use. It'll probably be the only real painless dentistry you'll ever experience; they'll gently extract your teeth—if you have any left—and do it easily, you can bet—they'll put them into a frame and compare them with the markings on your abstract—then you will be Scurvy MacGillicabit beyond a doubt, so you will be able to push up pine trees in Arlington after all.

SCUR: Now ain't that a cheerful way to do things.

GIGGLES: Kyah, kyah, kyah! (Pause) Scurb, watch the oxygen bottle for a while. (Gig looks around in a locker until he finds a piece of cardboard and pencil. He thinks for a while and starts writing, pausing now and then to think. Scurvy gets sleepy and his head nods a couple of times; his chin finally rests on chest as he sleeps. When Gig finishes writing and rereading what he has written, he folds cardboard and puts it in his pocket, looking up suddenly to see Scurvy asleep. He goes over and lets out a bit of oxygen, kicks Scurvy, and says): You're a fine bastard,

dropping off to sleep like that. If Mr. Jannings caught you at it he'd kick yer damn pants off.

SCUR: Sorry, Giggles, but I knew you was awake. What time is it?

GIG: Go see yourself, and stretch your legs. (*Scurvy goes over slowly and gets up, looking at watch.*)

SCUR: Jeez, I'm getting weak as a coot. (*Comes back.*) Quarter after nine. (*Pause.*) Them divers orta be down here soon.

GIG: You're telling me. Put your ear to the bulkhead and see if you can hear any signals.

SCUR: I hear something—see what you think it is. (*Both listen.*)

GIG: Yep. Sounds like that attention signal Andy Gump was making. Call Mr. Jannings.

JAN (*he is groggy at first*): Unh. What—what?

SCUR: Wake up, sir. The one-sixteen is calling us.

JAN: Very well. Give Rawlins a shake too, will you. (*Scurvy shakes Raw and both get up; they are both enfeebled. Jan. cont.*) O.K. You and Giggles can go back to the bunks now—anything happen during the night?

GIG: Nothing, Sir, more than a little more water on the deck plates, and the air is getting as thick as mush.

JAN: God, but it's cold. (*Both men rub their faces; the other two hand over the clothes and climb into bunks and become quiet.*) O.K., Quartermaster, I'll answer the signal while you listen.

HAW: Aye, aye, Sir. (*Listens as Jan makes signal*) Same — weather sea. . . Sea — still — high. . . Temperature — same — as — last — night. . . Diver — Andy Gump — got — diver's — bends — taken — to — hospital. . . Sent — new — diver — down — but — airline — froze. . . If — temperature — rises — and — sea — goes — down — will — send — air — this — afternoon. . . How — are — you?

JAN: Good God! Too bad about Gump; think he'll pull out of it?

RAW: Twenty fathoms down is no

place for a diver to work as long as he did. But Andy is an old mustang in the diving racket; he's pulled out of the bends before.

JAN: I'll give them the information. (*Starts signalling.*)

RAW: Ask them about the derricks and the pontoons.

JAN (*finishing, looking very tired*): I'm beginning to get exhausted very quickly; you take the hammer and ask them.

RAW (*receiving and sending alone*): Derricks — and — pontoons — on — way — should — arrive — sometime — tonight. . . Temperature — rising — gradually.

JAN: Tell them that our second oxygen tank is almost gone, leaving us only one more; tell them the water is also rising above plates. And remind the numbskulls once more that we must have food, water and oxygen.

RAW: Aye, aye, Sir. (*Sends signal, and is exhausted when through; drops hammer and breathes hard for a moment.*) They say there is plenty of hope—if we can stay alive, they'll have us out of here by tomorrow. Mr. Jannings, what chance to you think they have of getting something in to us by way of the torpedo tubes?

JAN: Some. If they make a steel container to fit the tube, they can send us a store of food and water and oxygen bottles. If, by the time they get it down here, we won't be too feeble to pull a torpedo out of one of the lower tubes. The only hitch is that when we snap that shutter plate at the mouth of the tube open, water will come in beside the tube they put it. When we close it and open this end, taking out the tube—that much more water will come in here, increasing the high pressure that we already have in here, and getting rid of none of the carbon dioxide. But I'm willing to take the chance.

RAW: So am I. God damn it! If they had installed those Soda-of-Lime clarifiers when the new regulations called for such installation in all submarines, we'd have something to absorb this carbon dioxide now—the

pressure alone won't hurt us. (*Jannings says nothing—he is in no position to speak one way or the other. Raw listens again.*) They are calling. (*Jan answers.*) Diver — on — way — down. . . How — are — you? (*Jan answers. A faint clicking is soon heard on hull.*)

JAN: There he is now. (*Makes signal.*)

RAW: Will — try — to — get — air — to — you. . . Will — make — connections — in — conning — tower. . . Open — your — SC tubes.

JAN (*listening*): He's climbing on deck. Open the SC tubes. (*Raw makes his way to SC tube and opens it. Water flows out.*)

JAN (*yells*): Close it! Try to get in touch with him.

RAW (*listening*): He's too far away. I hear him scraping around the conning tower.

JAN: I'll tell the one-sixteen—they can relay it. (*Jan raps out signal. Raw listens.*)

RAW: Hold — everything — diver — tangled — in — wreckage — on — deck. . . Am — sending — another — diver — down — to — help — him.

JAN: Damn fool.

RAW: Anybody is that gets in the diving game—too many hazards. (*Long pause. Listens.*) The other diver has just come down. I can hear them scraping around on deck. When you get your lines fouled up like that, anything can happen. (*Pause.*) I don't hear anything more; wonder what's happened—surely they haven't left us again? The one-sixteen is calling again. (*Jan answers*) Divers — up — first — one — unconscious. . . Sea — too — rough — to — send — diver — back. . . Make — your — oxygen — last. . . Will — have — divers — down — again — soon. . . How — is — air? (*Jan answers.*) Message — to — Lt. — Jannings — from — wife. . . The — children — and — I — are — praying — and — hoping — for — your — rescue. . . Love — Ethel.

JAN: Call Giggles and Scurvy while I answer that message. (*Raw shakes*

both while Jan signals.)

RAW: C'mon, scram out of there, we gotta have a little sleep ourselves —up-ya come.

SCURVY: Any news? When we gonna get out of this tub?

RAW: Sea is running pretty high. Couple of divers got tangled up in the wreckage. Had to stop operations for the night.

GIGGLE: How high is the water?

RAW: Get up and test it yourself. (Both get up. Jan receives signal.)

JAN: The one-sixteen says that both houses of Congress offered a fifteen-minute prayer for the safe deliverance of the men trapped in the S-99.

GIG: Kyah, kyah, kyah.

JAN: Shut up!

SCURVY: They didn't spend ten minutes on the Seaman's Pay Bill in 1926!

RAW: You mugs pipe down and take yer stations.

JAN: The second oxygen bottle is empty. Rawlins, send a signal, I am too weak, tell 'em we are on our last tank of oxygen, and for God's sake to hurry—and let us do the praying!

RAW: Aye, aye, sir. (Takes hammer. Jan takes off sweater, gives it to Giggles and crawls slowly to bunk. Raw receives signal.) The one-sixteen says sea is bad, but will send divers down in the morning and that the derricks and the pontoons will arrive in two hours. (The lights suddenly begin to dim, they ebb for a minute, then go out, leaving complete darkness.)

JAN: The batteries lasted longer than I expected them to. Giggles, Scurvy, only use the bulkhead flash-lantern to look at the time—it will only last six hours—be sparing with that oxygen—it will only last six hours—be sparing with that oxygen—good night, men, and let me warn you again against dozing off. (Raw signs off and crawls to bunk.)

SCUR: This thing of working without lights don't appeal to me worth a good God damn.

GIG: Always awantin' luxuries. You're lucky to get lights as long as

we did. Most of the times they short-circuit soon as you hit the bottom. Lucky the water kept away from our battery long as it did—you mug! (Pause.)

SCUR: What wouldn't I give for a hot dog and a glass of beer just about now?

GIGGLES: That two bucks you bet me you would not be at a banquet this time tonight!

Request

WILLIAM GEIGER OWENS

May my death
Be as unexpected and swift
As the sudden flight
Of wild geese
Startled by the hunter's oars.
Safetly, unafrid may I go
And not regret the going.
Bury me deep
In some beauty spot
Upon a high green hill.
Do not mark the spot
With the deadness of stone
But with a living tree
Whose roots will someday claim
 me
And bring me back, bit by bit,
Into the blessed sunlight.

SCUR: Nuts! You're such a wise guy—you better pay up now!

GIG: Nuts yerself! Wait till you need it.

SCURV (after a silence): This time tomorrow night if they don't have us out of here, it will be all over for us.

GIG: O.K. You go ahead and take up where Congress left off—if you ain't out of here this time tomorrow night, you'll go out just like the lights did. Here, take it easy and chew a cigarette.

SCURB (after pause): Say, Giggles, I always heard that when you skeptics reach the end you always start repenting. You are supposed to be an atheist—why ain't you praying?

GIG: Nuts. You are supposed to be a Christian—why ain't you calm?

SCUR (silence for a moment): Give us some oxygen while I see what time

it is. (He cuts on bulkhead lantern and looks at watch. The light throws a weird glow over the torpedo room.) It is a quarter after three. Jesus, I'm chilled to the bone. I hope that storm gdes down so they can hurry up and get us out-a here.

GIG: Christ, sit down and don't waste so much oxygen. Think of what happened to those poor guys aft. There ain't no gas in here to make you choke your liver out.

SCUR: Good God, like rats in a trap—don't talk about it.

GIG: Yep. Like rats in a trap. If worse comes to worse we'll be good little rats, eh, Scurb? Think of the crew in the S-51. Most of them were in their bunks in the forecastle when the *City of Rome* came plowing in on the boys' slumber. Most of them probably never knew what happened; they simply took a deep breath of cold water, and it was curtain mittout the encore.

SCUR: Brrr. Find a more cheerful subject, will you? What's the latest price for wives in China, fer instance?

GIG: Two sacks of navy beans and a head of cabbage. If you want to think of something cheerful, think of Duke getting sent to the hospital just before we left New London—what did he have, athlete's foot? Even if he had kidney trouble on both sides and an ulcerated stomach to boot, he's still the luckiest guy in the crew of this pig, eh?

SCUR: Oh, dry up, for Christ sakes —you're as cheerful as a New York undertaker when the *Titanic* went down. (Silence for a moment.)

GIG: Now you take Whitie the Polack, everybody was kidding him because he couldn't stand the gaff. Five years ago when his pig boat had to spend a night on the bottom off Cape Hatteras in a bad blow, his hair turned white as snow overnight. He was transferred to another pig and he had to spend another night on the bottom. He went mad. Nobody cared a hoot in hell when they transferred him to the psychopathic ward—lucky devil—he's retired now—with pay.

SCUR: Nuts! (Pause—then puts ear to bulkhead.) I think I hear a signal—give a listen while I take a look-see at the watch. The time drags like a sea-anchor while you do all the talking—I wouldn't mind that God damn hot air you shoot so much if I thought there was any oxygen in it. (Cuts on light and looks at watch.) It's nine forty-five.

GIG: Hell, it's our turn to get a little horizontal drill. Shake Mr. Jannings and tell him the one-sixteen is calling us—I feel like I could cork-off for a month. (Scur shakes men.)

JAN: Unh. Unh? What? Oh—shake Rawlins and cut on that light for a moment. (Scur does. Both men groan and stretch weakly and get out—they crawl—everybody is crawling now.)

GIG: Good night, Scurb—pleasant dreams.

SCUR: Nuts!

JAN: Listen, Rawlins. (Jan makes signal.)

RAW: Are — you — all — right... Storm — too — dangerous — to —

risk — divers... The — pontoons — and — derricks — have — arrived. ... Will — send — divers — soon — as — possible... Weather — bureau — gives — us — some — hope.

JAN: Cut off the light, Rawlins. (He does.) I'm so weak I can hardly lift the hammer—you signal for a while. Tell them more than half of the oxygen in the last bottle is gone—tell them if they don't get us some food, water, and oxygen pretty soon, they might as well take their tugs and pontoons and derricks and go home. (Raw signals for a long time.)

RAW: They say don't give up hope—the divers will be down before the day is out—everything is standing by to rescue us the minute the weather permits.

JAN: And to think that for fifteen years my motto has been, 'If the weather don't wait on you—why wait on it?'

RAW: I feel like a fish out of water myself.

JAN: I feel as though I've been working on a two weeks' stretch without a let-up for food or sleep—I'm too exhausted even to feel hungry anymore. Brrr, but it's cold. In a way, it's a good thing we are so far down—otherwise we would freeze to death.

RAW: What chance do you think we have in getting out of here alive now?

JAN: Slim—I knew that a long time ago. To tell the truth we've got about one chance in ten thousand. Those divers they got up there are both the strongest and the weakest link in their life-saving chain. No matter what sort of equipment they've got up there, if they can't send divers down here, we are out of luck—nothing will save us.

RAW: Suppose we can't make our oxygen outlast the storm—what then?

JAN: Nothing. That's the easy part of our predicament. When we reach the end of our rope, we won't even have to let go or jump off—all we'll have to do is to take it easy—we

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DURHAM, N. C.

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THOMAS-QUICKEL
COMPANY

won't have enough strength left to make it tough for ourselves.

RAW: But, I mean, what will we do, call all hands, let them sleep it off in their bunks, or what?

JAN: Just leave that to me. When the oxygen gets pretty low, I'll take charge—and you can get in the bunk with the rest and sleep it out.

RAW: Nothing doing—I'm willing to take it sitting down—with you.

JAN: Forget it. There is still hope. I'm going to get in touch with the one-sixteen (*picks up hammer and sends signal.*)

RAW: Storm — still — too — dangerous — temperature — still — down. . . Will — try — to — work — at — night — if — weather — permits.

JAN (*drops hammer*): Good God, but that was exhausting. You take charge of everything while I take a short nap. Call me in an hour; maybe I'll feel better. If you get groggy, call Giggles. If we are extremely careful, we can make the oxygen last until in the morning—although it will be agony.

RAW: Yes, Sir. (*Jan gets in bunk with Giggles. Raw crawls over to*

flash lamp and cuts it on.)

JAN: What are you leaving the light on for?

RAW: By the time that lantern goes out we won't have any more use for the light. (*The light shines down on the five men asleep in the bunks and on the man sitting by oxygen tank. Raw tries to send a signal for a while but gets exhausted and stops.*)

RAW: Merciful Mary, but I am burned out like a cinder! This hammer feels like a fifteen-pound sledge. (*Drops hammer.*) Have to do their own signalling. Have divers down in the morning, will they?—they've said that for the last seventy-five hours. (*Crawls over to oxygen tank; starts to turn it on, but draws hand back. A smile comes over his face.*) Get in the bunk and sleep my way out, will I? Lucky devils, they'll never know the difference. (*He reaches up to turn it on but takes his hand away again. Raw crawls away from the tank; he looks around at the men in the bunks; agony is written all over his face. He puts his head on his arm and closes his eyes. His chest heaves, trying to get suffi-*

cient oxygen. The men in the bunks are still, all in a deep sleep. Rawlins suddenly opens his eyes; he looks about, fearfully, stupidly—then he tries to crawl back toward tank, but falls back in exhaustion. He makes a burst of effort; he gets a little nearer; his face is purple; he falls back, utterly prostrated. Suddenly there is a faint clicking on the outside of the hull. It is the attention signal of a diver. The clicking gets more rapid. Rawlins opens his outstretched hand weakly and tries to raise it; he suddenly realizes the significance of the clicking sounds. He tries to move his body and raise his arm to the oxygen tank, but physical prostration is too complete. His body and his arm slump down together, and he is still. The tapping continues, getting slightly louder as the one light dims and goes out altogether. The tapping continues, louder and faster, as the footlights go up on the New York street scene; again in the distance a news boy is crying: "Extra! Extra! Six men trapped in Torpedo Room S-99 dead this morning—Doomed men fail to respond to calls! Extra! Extra! All about submarine disaster!"

Books from the spring list

(Continued from page 23)

Phil Strong, author of "State Fair" and "Stranger's Return." This time it is a tale of the closely inter-related life of a country town in the pork and grain country.

Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself—Radcliffe Hall—Harcourt Brace—A reiteration of the nucleus of "The Well of Loneliness" dealing with Stephen Gordon's childhood and girlhood, and with the noble and selfless work done by hundreds of sexually inverted women during the World War.

The Road Leads On—Knut Hamsun—Coward McCann—A sequel to "Vagabonds" and "August" by the greatest of living Scandinavian authors. A biting satire on modern life

hidden beneath a quiet record of existence in "Segelfoss Town." The flaming climax of fifty years of literary beacon bearing.

Anitra's Dance—Fannie Hurst—Harper—A new novel from the pen of America's perennial exponent of feminine literary activity. Modern moods, morals, and manners caught in a fast moving series of words and phrases by the eminent recorder of jazz, gin, and picturesque sexual activity.

Saints, Sinners, and Beechers—Lyman Beecher Stowe—Bobbs Merrill—An inside record of that remarkable family that made family words out of the Hell of sinners and the

Heaven of saints. An amazing record of an amazing family, a family full of zest and independence and vibrating with an intense enjoyment of life.

Cleopatra—Gaston Delayen—Dutton—A new and striking portrait of the greatest of all female women. A striking new study of an intensely interesting historical figure.

The Robber Barons—Matthew Josephson—Harcourt Brace—Being a study of the life and times of the following men: Jay Cooke, J. P. Morgan, J. D. Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Andrew Carnegie, Jim Fisk Jr., Jay Gould, Edward Harriman, and Leland Stanford.

Charleston chivalry

(Continued from page 24)

No doubt Mr. Sass may have had in mind something of a lecture to his fellow citizens, when he started this, his latest novel. He himself, however, seems to have become lost in a hopeless dream.

Look Back to Glory deals with the

plantation life of the coastal plain, secessionist struggles, Civil War activities, and the unrequited love of a man and woman. The author has laid particular stress on meticulous characterization. For a person unacquainted with the family names which

he gives his characters, the superfluity of persons who come into the story must present an annoying confusion. At times Mr. Sass achieves a certain delicacy of stroke, which soon descends to laborious, boring workmanship. —CALHOUN ANCRUM, JR.

Two types of travel tales

(Continued from page 21)

full meaning of the term) and potent with a vigorous appeal to the mind.

Gordon Sinclair, on the other hand, has looked at life in his newest travel book "Cannibal Quest" through the eyes of a wandering romanticist. There is little in this book to appeal to the inquisitive mind, there is little intellectual shading, little that is subtle or potent with mental appeal.

"Cannibal Quest" is a record of

romantic adventure in a land of romantic charm and beauty. It is the record of an adventure full of physical pain and pleasure, an adventure marked by a search for the unusual and the different. The result is a book of travel that appeals strongly to the emotions of the reader. It has little appeal for an active mind in a questioning mood.

Gordon Sinclair has made no at-

tempt to uncover the subtle intonations of life in the section of the world that he has chosen to explore. "Cannibal Quest" is marked by a certain curiosity. It is however an inquisitiveness that wastes itself in an effort to uncover the unusual and the different. It is not marked by any intellectual flavor. The result is a book of travel full of romantic wandering but lacking the basic potency of intellectual realism.

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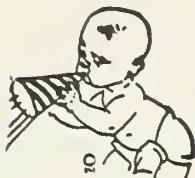
P. O. Poole, Manager

Baby

(Continued from page 14)

your temper. Dr. Williams says—”

A loud thud from the front room interrupted her. It was followed by gales of laughter, mingled with a lone wail, which was easily the dominant note of the discord. We recognized it instantly as Baby's. Edith leaped to her feet.



Baby obeys
a creative
impulse.

“Something terrible has happened,” she said.

“Long before now!” I muttered under my breath, and followed her into the house.

I have never seen anything quite like it before. The floor was littered with paint cans. Baby had obeyed her creative impulse with a vengeance. The rugs, the walls, the furniture, were bedecked in brilliant hues of yellow and purple, and green and blue. Several of the children were giving the piano what must have been the fourth or fifth coat of paint as we entered. Others stood with huge brushes in their hands, ready to be of assistance at a moment's notice. Baby, in the middle of the room, was emerging from a large bucket of green paint. At every step she was uttering loud cries of rage. She was hardly recognizable, being a vivid shade of green from head to foot. If Baby saw us, she took no cognizance of us whatever.

“Go home!” she shouted at her guests, giving vent at the same time to a really dreadful oath. “Go home! I'm tired of playing with you!” The children filed obediently out of the house.

It was too much for Edith. She sat upon the paint-littered floor, and wept softly. I started to grab Baby, but she stopped me.

“Don't,” she said. “The child can't

help it. She was merely obeying her creative impulses.”

Baby cast a disdainful glance in our direction, and swept imperiously out of the door and up the stairs.

“It was a rotten party,” she said.

* * *

It was several weeks later that Edith's mother came to visit us. With all due notice of the almost universal prejudice against mothers-in-law, I had to admit that Mrs. Mary Porter was a remarkable woman. She was a cheerful, abundant creature, old-fashioned without being out-moded, determined, self-sufficient, and kind-hearted.

Baby had a new dress for the occasion. She was tremendously proud of it, and strutted and preened about the house in her gay new clothes. She had been comparatively quiet all morning, and Edith was somewhat afraid that she was about due for another creative impulse, and would misbehave when she met her grandmother.

“Darling,” she had told Baby, while dressing her, “you must be very nice to Grandma when she comes.”

“Why?” Baby had said maliciously, gazing at herself in the mirror.

“Because, darling, Grandma is very old, and she's not very strong, and it might make her feel bad if you are not nice to her.”

Baby promised nothing.

• Mrs. Porter arrived, and Baby was brought downstairs to meet her.

“Darling,” said Edith, a little fearfully, “this is Grandma. Come say hello.”

“What an adorable child!” said Mrs. Porter, and held out her arms.

Baby's face took on an expression of incredible evil. She eyed her grandmother cautiously. Then, without a word, she walked over and gave her a terrific kick in the shins. Mrs. Porter was speechless with amazement. Edith uttered a faint moan.

“You mustn't pay an attention to

her, Mother,” she said. “She is only obeying an impulse.”

“Yes,” I said, bitterly, “she is full of impulses.”

“Full of the devil!” snapped Mrs. Porter, and before our astonished child knew what was happening, she had been seized, laid across Mrs. Porter's ample lap, and given three resounding whacks across a hitherto untouched territory.

When she was placed once more on her feet, Baby stood quite still, not knowing what to do. Then, suddenly, she made up her mind to remonstrate. Once she had decided, Baby outdid herself. She uttered one piercing shriek after another, she beat against her grandmother with her fists, she held her breath until the veins swelled in her forehead, and she grew black in the face.

Mrs. Porter watched the performance without enthusiasm. Then she reached for Baby and started to lead her upstairs. Baby made herself heavy, and dragged her feet on the floor. Baby caught hold of the door-sill on the way out, and hung on for dear life. But Mrs. Porter revealed an unexpected strength in this crisis. She picked Baby up, and carried her to the bathroom. Edith and I followed silently. Mrs. Porter filled the bathtub with cold water, holding our child between her knees the while.

Baby outdid
herself.



Then, new dress and all, she picked Baby up, and submerged her in the cold water. In a few seconds Mrs. Porter allowed her to come up for air. Baby started to shriek again, but before she could make a sound, she went under for the second time. Two more duckings proved sufficient. Baby

was put to bed, and went quietly to sleep.

The next morning she came down to breakfast a changed child. She was sweet, and considerate, and gentle. She ate her breakfast without throwing any of it off the table. She watched her grandmother with unconcealed admiration.

"Come with me," said Mrs. Porter to Baby, after breakfast, "and Grandma will tell you a nice fairy story."

They went out hand in hand. All morning Baby listened with fascinated attention to the stories that her grandmother told her. Edith and I watched, and marveled.

From then on, Baby was a lovely, happy, well-behaved child. Everyone remarked on the wonderful change, and Edith and I were terribly proud of her.

One day she came to Edith, and said timidly, "Mother, I've chosen my name. I-I want to be called Mary."

The ever-fixed mark

(Continued from page 12)

That Time will come and take my love away."

That would be endurable, if that were all. But love itself is a fallacy. The love we desire . . . love "which alters not when it alternation finds" . . . is a fallacy we delude ourselves into believing. And I cannot delude myself,"

he smiled. "I couldn't love, you see, and if I could, I wouldn't."

He leaned back again, one slender hand playing with the last button of his dinner jacket. He blew a smoke ring and watched it disintegrate slowly. I wondered what he was thinking about . . . himself, I decided.

Modern music

(Continued from page 22)

of the "I" form in direct sequence with the opening chapters. In chapter eight Narcissa again uses the "I" form, this time at the age of twelve. This sequence continues until the climax of the book. At that point both Narcissa and Kit are speaking in the present, i.e., at the age of thirty.

In the third place, David Burnham makes wide use of certain odds and ends of physical technique in order to give a changing tone to the various separate sections of the story. Some of these are: the elimination of punctuation to varying degrees, the use of one line chapters, the inclusion of such items as telegrams as a unit in a chapter, and the use of a modified drama form at the climax of the action.

Opinion: The above survey gives in summary the principal innovations in the technique of David Burnham. The problem is this: does this expanded technique overburden the

plot of the novel, or does it assist in the development of that plot action. The true opinion appears to lie in the latter part of this question: Through the use of the changing "I" form, for example, Mr. Burnham has been able to present his unitary action from two points of view. The result is an increase in dramatic power. Again, the use of the changing point of time has resulted in a striking new fiction form. In "Wedding Song" we see *the cause of an action develop at the same time that we see the action itself take place*. That is to say, we learn the reason for Kit's hatred of his father at the same time as we see his plan for revenge slowly taking shape. The result is a new power and force strange to modern fiction. The dramatic power of the plot of "Wedding Song" is definitely enhanced by the expanded Hemingway technique which Mr. Burnham has used.

Conclusion: It would appear then that a line diagrammatically presenting

the development of the realistic Hemingway style would show a rising arc between "The Sun Also Rises" and "Wedding Song." This latter novel surpasses the former in strength and power of dramatic action. It surpasses it in its use of the mechanics of the modern literary form. But it surpasses it especially in the strength of its characterization, a strength that results in part from the technical mechanics of Mr. Burnham and in part from what appears to be his natural ability to draw dynamic characters. Kit and Narcissa stand head and shoulders above the army of modern literary characters. They have height and width and shape and stature, they move and speak with a potency that reflects the speeding vibration of modern life. Such a character as Bice in "Wedding Song" stands out as a powerful and striking example of what the modern school of realism can accomplish.

Russian biography

(Continued from page 24)

The final and most interesting portion of the book is devoted to a study of the actual years of the re-

volt. Beginning with the World War Mr. Fox has carefully presented each step in the revolutionary action

ending with the development of the new Russian state.

Three English children

(Continued from page 24)

pared them to meet the challenge of their world. They meet it with a courage that spells hope for this generation.

There are no clarion appellations

that we can give Miss Boileau's book. It is most certainly not the "novel of the age." It is not even "a true picture of English life." But it is gay, amusing, delightful. It is a book you

will want to read aloud. It is so modern that the members of this Gay Family will touch your own experiences at many points.

—ALICE B. SEARIGHT.

The hill of Michel Torrena

(Continued from page 6)

events they would have discussed in the first place and in the last, the hundred inconsequential things that our newspapers report and that have so little to do with life. It was all ended; they were weary and wary, yet glad and refreshed. Where shall I drop you? Jerry asked. At the spot,

said the woman, where I first stepped into your car, on top of that hill. Right, said Jerry.

As they drove light began all about them to mount from the ground in dim little waves. When they arrived on top of the Michel Torrena hill, the sky was a faint pink beyond the

lake. Jerry had no emotions; he was weary and wished to sleep that he might know what he would think on waking. They asked each other on questions and Jerry drove off quickly without looking back. The woman slowly thoughtfully descended the hill.

Mr. coward's designs on alice

(Continued from page 9)

Dodo Bird (up to his ears in deceit, another difficult bit): Call it something like—*Miss Sex*.

March Hare (literally cf. animal husbandry): Quite right.

Mock Turtle (more tears): She has nice blue eyes.

Dodo Bird (paring his nails): Of a sort.

Mock Turtle (almost dissolved): And golden hair.

White Knight (sternly): Remember, *Miss Sex*!

(At this point, Mr. Coward has decided that a few clichés will be in order. He starts way back in the wings, preferably Yonkers, and then makes a rapid circuit of the four

characters, shouting a different word from behind each.)

Dodo Bird: What—

White Knight: Is—

March Hare: Worse:

Mock Turtle: Than—

(Here Mr. Coward again outdoes himself on skates.)

Chorus: Middle class respectability, life, money, tourists, love, and bananas.

March Hare (after Mr. Coward has gotten his breath): We'll make Alice a mother of the arts.

Dodo Bird (chuckling in his beard, which, by the way, Mr. Coward has forgotten to impersonate): It looks like sex for one, and half a dozen for

the others.

White Knight (tin ear et cetera): It's agreed then!

March Hare (trying to look like D'Artagnan in bunny fur. Another difficult bit): One for all!

Mock Turtle (that extra point): All for—

Dodo Bird (glumly): Shut up!

(As this last is said, Mr. Coward, still in loin cloth but embellished by a handsome pair of corduroy suspenders, skates slowly and modestly to center stage. The orchestra plays *Nearer My God to Thee*, and the lights slowly go down. Out of the dimness comes an electric sign bearing the legend—GIGANTIC.



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MARCH 1934

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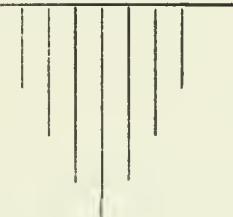
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Announcement of DUKE PLAYERS

The Duke Players for the remainder of the current season have instituted a new and very interesting policy. In the past it has been the custom for them to give a very lavish May Day production usually in costume and with a huge amount of gorgeous scenery. For instance last year the production was Percy MacKaye's *A Thousand Years Ago*. This year, however, there is to be a change that is calculated to bring about an entirely new policy for future years.

Negotiations have been started to obtain for this May Day Production one of the following three plays: Eugene O'Neill's new comedy *Ah! Wilderness*; Moliere's *School For Husbands*, or that famous English play, *Green Bay Tree*.

There is, however, another play scheduled for the interim. This date on the Duke Players' calendar is to be filled by a visiting college dramatic society which will present the play that was written by John Bolderson (note—Berkley Square's author) from the famous book by Bram Stoker—*Dracula*. This play has been excellently cast and is well directed. It will appear on the stage in Page Auditorium in April. The date has been set as tentative, however, that being Friday, April 13th.

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Two Thoughts on Tea

Oftentimes I've wondered
 Somewhat hopefully,
 What the Union would ever do,
 If there was a tax on tea.

 It must be deep, and long, and wide,
 And reach to infinity—
 Perhaps it even has a tide—
 The Union's sea of ice cold tea.

▲ ▲

Discrimination

He always took his liquor straight,
 Of sex he spoke quite gustily,
 But one thing that he couldn't stand,
 Was more than two lumps in his tea.

▲ ▲

"Ever in Dreams"

She thought I was gazing into her eyes,
 Drinking in the limpid pools of blue,
 But I was looking right over her shoulder,
 Thinking of another girl I knew.

▲ ▲

Concerning Sidewalk
Designers

Untiringly they must have worked,
 With maximum of pain,
 Designing each flagstone to hold
 A maximum of rain.

—ROBERT HEFFELINGER.



A Peace Not Understood

The organ's deep cry surges, and the light
 Through stained-glass facets warms the silent gray
 Of Gothic arches. Here my thoughts take flight:
 Music and color sweep each hurt away.
 God will not frown that I can scarcely think
 On heaven and hell and all the gospel's word:
 Beauty and Right and Justice, that I link
 With thought of you, are His, clean-cut, unblurred.
 Though you are gone, I find myself believing
 That your departure has but brought you near,
 And in this tranquil moment, frantic grieving
 Would mock the strength of what I have found
 dear.
 Wrapped in the color's music, I have gained,
 And, in the music's color, am sustained.

It is enough to know that you are real,
 That I have built no idol from my mind:
 With strength unbending as a shaft of steel,
 You walk the common way of all mankind,
 And yet above the rest, I see your face,
 As I have seen the moon's clear, curving blade
 Cut through the darkness with a keen, sure grace,
 Lighting my steps . . . I shall not be afraid:
 I am content to hold the thought of you
 Like an Excalibur against the dread
 That the unjust, unlovely, and untrue
 Shall form their ranks to halt my uncertain tread.
 It is enough to know that, like a spray
 Of cleansing sea-wind, you have passed my way.

This is a "peace that passes understanding":
 Spirit and flesh should stretch the beggar's palm
 To ask that more be given; yet, undemanding,
 I feel this peace as poignant as the psalm
 That stills the rustling in the long dark nave
 When people listen to the little song
 That David sang in accents young and brave
 Because his trust and faith were sweet and strong.
 I held a cup, and in this solitude,
 I, being human, thought to ask of Him
 That it be filled. Now, in a wiser mood,
 I see it strangely filling to the brim.
 A soothing cup must always bring surcease
 To thirst. But oh—I did not ask for peace!

DORIS FISH

Le Soir

WILLIAM BARLOE

"To love," I said, "or whatever the hell it is." I lifted the glass and set the cold edge against my lips. The glass was sharp and hard and clicked against my teeth. Glasses clinked around the room.

Lou lay back on the bed, her body sharply molded in crimson satin. "To love," she said, "or whatever the hell it is." She looked up. The glass was sharp against the red blur of her lips. I could see her mouth, red and warm through the clearness of the glass. Her lips were fresh and wet where the champagne passed over them. Her mouth looked wet and damp and warm.

I let the champagne fall into my own mouth. It was soft and sweet. "Damn," I said, "why in hell don't you get some dry champagne, Pierre."

Pierre smiled across the room. "Lord," he said, "but you're on a chip today. I thought you liked sweet drinks."

"Hell!" I got up and walked across the room.

The room was full, the air was heavy with the stink of smoke and cheap Parisian perfume. It was done in blaring modernistic style, all black and silver, cheap tarnished paint-silver, and dull stained black. The bed was set in a corner of the wall. It was thick and you sank deep into it when you lay there. Around the wall above the bed ran a wide mirror.

I could see Lou three times, once against the whiteness of the bed, and twice reflected in the clearness of the mirror. I could see all of her. She was all scarlet curves, curves set off in crimson sharpness against the whiteness of the bed. She dropped her head on the cover and lay there watching me. Her hair was a tangled mass of brown, sharp against the clearness of the mirror on the wall.

She smiled a deep smile as I came across the room and sat down beside her.

"Lord," she said, "but you stayed away a long time. It must have been three whole minutes."

I lay down on the bed beside her and ran my hand through the tangled mass of her hair. She was warm and close beside me. She was all around me, the crimson of her sharply reflected in the mirrors.

"Love or hell," she said, "it doesn't matter." She let her face lie close beside mine on the whiteness of the bed.

She was sharp and red, yet like the soft sweetness of a long Chinese pipe. As she lay there she seemed covered by a soft rolling haze of crimson smoke. My eyes were heavy and the nearness of her gave to the air the heaviness of a tropical perfume. Yet, beneath the dreamy smokiness, she burned like bright coals of fire. I could feel her there against me, sharp and hot. The blatant surge of her burning was painful to my body. The red blur of her lips stood out sharp against the white of her face.

"What'sa matter, darling," she asked.

I lay there and felt the heavy smokiness of her closing in around me. With a sudden surge I wanted to lift my arms and break a gaping hole through the stale fragrance of her, but my arms stayed sharp and black against the smooth cover of the bed. I wanted to thrash my arms about, to brush the smoke of her out of my eyes and nose and lips, to leap up and break through the heaviness that clutched me.

"What'sa matter, sweet," she said, "you don't act like you did last night."

Across the room Pierre sat in a black and silver chair and fondled the blond blur in his lap. Ikon and his tall brunette stood by the thin window with slender glasses in their hands and whispered softly to each



other. Glasses clinked and pale liquid poured from tall bottles. The heaviness of the air closed in about me and clutched at my eyes and hair. Lou lay sharp and burning beside me on the smooth white bed.

"What'sa matter, honey," she whispered, "don't you love me any more?"

"Hell!" I said and pushed myself up through the thick air until I stood by the bed.

"Gee, honey," she said, "you ain't goin' again, are you?"

I stood there by the thick white bed. I looked down at the crimson flame of her. I thought of the swift burning that was within her. I looked up at the crimson cloud of heavy smoke.

And I brushed my hands across my eyes and ran them through my hair. And I lifted my foot, and it moved, and I pushed against the smoky heaviness, and I ran out of the room.

"Damn," said Pierre, "but Mike's in a hell of a humour today."

"What'sa matter," asked Ikon, "something go wrong?"

"Let him go," said Lou. She let her scarlet body drop back against the whiteness of the bed, "he'll be back."

And I slammed the door hard and ran down the stairs and out into the street.

Even in the street it seemed as if a heaviness surrounded me. I kept pushing my feet forward in an effort to get out of it. It didn't seem to matter where I went. At the corner the air from the *Metro* entrance felt damp and cool. I went down the stairs and onto the platform. I sat down on the little bench under the big route map.

It was cool and damp in the *Metro*. The air was full of smells, but they were round and full-bodied, keen well-shaped smells telling of the passing of normal human bodies. They didn't have the sharp unnatural flare of crimson smoke that cuts into the flesh of your nostrils with the burn of a flaring passion.

The red and green cars came swinging out of the black to slow down and stop with a crashing jolt. The crowd on the platform passed into the cars, and new crowds came down the steps and out of the cars and through the narrow passage-way under the yellow *Correspondence* sign. More and more red and green cars jolted into the station and rolled to a stop.

Slim girls with soft white faces! An old grey man in heavy square-toed shoes! Tall boys in black berets! A short *madame* in a colored shawl, with a basket on her arm! More red and green cars stopped sharp against the wide cement platform.

Later I took a train going towards *Porte d'Orleans*. It was crowded and full, and smelled of human habitation. The air was heavy, yet it had the freshness of contact with living bodies and I liked the feel of it in my nostrils. The crowd moved in and out of the car as the stations passed by. I watched the lights in the stations, the *Dubonnet* signs on the

walls of the tube, the swinging rhythm of the people standing in the car.

As we came round a long curve I noticed three *Dubonnet* signs in rapid succession. The first three letters of the last one were green so I knew we were coming into *Vavin*. They had been painting the *Dubonnet* signs in the *Metro* for the last three months, changing the letters from green to blue. They still hadn't finished that sign just out of *Vavin*. It was an easy way to tell when I got to *Montparnasse*, you couldn't miss the ads, and there wasn't another between *Gare Est* and *Porte d'Orleans* with the first three letters done in that dull green.

The train pulled into *Vavin* and I got out and pushed across the platform. The crowd was close about me in a moving mass. Close in front of me moved a tall slim girl with nice brown hair. A touch of crimson smoke! I went up the steps, pushed the swinging bar-gate, and on up the steps. Outside on the Boulevard the air was light and the sky was white and glaring. It hurt my eyes and I had to stand there and wait until I could see things again. When I opened them everything still seemed white, even the cabs and people in the streets.

"Hell," I said to myself, "what's there to do?"

Across the way the tables in front of *Le Dome* were pretty empty and there didn't seem to be any of the crowd around yet. I looked at my watch. The hands were sharp black but my eyes still made everything else look white. It was damn near five. The crowd had probably left the apartment and gone somewhere for cocktails. They wouldn't reach *Le Dome* for a while yet.

I went across the Boulevard and through the aisles between the cafe tables up to the back row. There was one in the corner near the *tabac* counter that I liked. Right on the corner! You could look down *Raspail* and the boulevard too. The place was damn near empty so I sat down and pulled

a copy of *Le Soir* out of my pocket and started to read.

A waiter came out and stood beside the table. I looked up and saw that it wasn't Jean.

"Hell," I asked, "where's Jean?"

The waiter looked down at me and he didn't seem to smile. He should smile with eyes like that. "Jean," he said, "has gone home."

"Hell," I said, "what'sa matter. Don't he know that he should be here when I come in?"

The waiter stood beside the table. He was young. His eyes were vivid and alive.

"Well," I said, "go ahead, go ahead and tell me, why did he go home?"

The waiter stood tall and very formal. "Monsieur Jean is about to become a father," he said.

I laughed, and looked up at his quiet face, and laughed again.

"Hell," I said, "that's good. Old Jean a proud papa." And I laughed until the copy of *Le Soir* was all crumpled in my hands.

The waiter stood very still beside me while I laughed.

"What in hell's that old fossil mean by havin' a kid," I asked.

The waiter stood still beside the table. Cars and trolleys went rushing along *Montparnasse*. I laughed.

"Hell," I said, "does he have to go home just cause the old woman takes to bed?"

The waiter's eyes were sharp and he turned and looked down at me. "Madame Jean," he said, "is very weak." There were sharp drops in his eyes. "Is there anything that you wish, sir?"

"No," I said. I watched him as he walked down the aisle between the tables and went through the door. Damn sentimental, I thought. Damn fool, blasted damn fool for being a silly sentimental bastard.

It was growing dark and the air seemed suddenly cool and sharp. I watched the blur of lights flicker on down the street as the dark thickened. The lights stretched far down *Raspail* in a cool sharp row of dots,

(Continued on page 18)

A Fairy Story

Once upon a time, away in the forest lived an old witch. She had a long nose and a crookedy back. And where ever she went in the daytime she went walking and leaning on a cane. But who is to say how she went about by night?

Now is the forest there also lived a Ghoul. Do you know what a Ghoul is? Well then, I'll tell you. A Ghoul is a terror. He is a creature whom you are frightened to meet when you are alone with your thoughts. You see, suppose you should be walking by yourself and met a Ghoul. You would know he was a Ghoul by the way he wavers when he walks. But you would be unable to keep from answering him when he spoke to you. That is one of the magics of a Ghoul. And after he spoke to you, do you know what he would do then? He would take your mind right out of your head and enchant it, and then put it back in again. Now how would you like that? Well, I am going to tell you a story about the witch and the Ghoul and a little girl.

The witch lived in a part of the forest where the ground was very hard and covered with pine needles dropped from pines whose trunks were very far apart; and there was no underbrush there. And the witch lived in a little house up among the branches of a huge solitary oak among all the pines. And the way she got up into her little house was by means of an elevator inside of the trunk.

The Ghoul lived in a wee small hut in the middle of a dense, thorny thicket. But he was so thin and wavy that the thorns never hurt him when he was going in and out. And anyway he stayed home most always except on very special occasions.

Far away from the forest lived the little girl in a big city. But she didn't live in the middle of the city. She

lived on the edge of it. Now this little girl had been told that there aren't any fairies, which is of course a terrible untruth. But she believed it because she tried Tinker Bell's trick of calling upon them one night. And when she waited after she called, she didn't see one, not even one. But she wanted to see some magic person; and since she did not know that there *are* fairies, she decided that she would like to see a witch. But her parents were very sensible people who didn't believe in witches and made the little girl do practical things like peeling the potatoes. And now comes the important part of my story.

One night after the dishes were done the little girl went into the back yard and sat in the swing, pushing it gently back and forth with the stubbed toe of one foot. And because her house and yard were on a hill, she could see the forest which stretched out from the edge of the city. And she saw a bloody red moon rise from in back of the pine trees and slide in back of a dark cloud while it changed to white. And that white moon was a big full one. It shone so that it made everything outdoors very clear and distinct.

And the little girl felt very sad. She didn't know why. She just was. She sat there swinging all alone, and her father and mother were having a bridge party inside the house. She watched the clouds up in the sky, and the one near the moon took on the form of a witch's head with a real long nose. The cloud seemed so near that she felt as though she could pull that nose if she just reached out her hand. She laughed aloud at the thought. And that white night was so still that her laugh carried clear to the mountain beyond the forest and came back to her again.

"I know," she thought to herself, "I'll go find the witch's house in the woods in this bright moonlight, and then I will come back again."

Now ordinarily the little girl would have been afraid to go walking in the woods at night by herself. But this night she felt strangely excited and wanted to do something. Just sitting there in the swing seemed very tame indeed. Before she went she took one last swing, standing up on the seat and pumping higher and higher until the seat touched the branches of the tree from which the swing hung, and until she could feel the rope jerk in her hands each time it slackened to swing down. Then she coasted with her head way far back and her eyes closed.

She jumped out of the swing while it was still going and left the yard, listening to the wooden seat banging against the trunk of the tree. She ran down the alley beside her house on tiptoe, because she knew her father and mother would not approve if they knew where she was going. She ran down the hill. She looked back. The house was still there, still quiet, still lit up. They did not know she had gone. She slipped into a dark side street and soon was on the edge of the wood.

The moonlight lay in deep pools between the few shadows of the trees. It lighted the straight slim trunks of the trees. The vines which wound around one or two of the trunks lifted their leaves to sparkle like gems. The air was very still; there was no sound. The little girl felt her heart getting big inside of her, making room for all the peace and beauty and happiness which was filling her. She lay down on the sweet pine needles and look at the moon and listened. She thought she heard an insect crawling up the trunk of the tree near her. She lay there a long time.

After a while that strange heady excitement filled her again. She began walking through the forest. But every step she took made a very loud noise. And every step she took she felt as though she were very large in size and wore seven-league boots.

When she had gone quite a way

she heard a whippoorwill calling. It was all by itself, and it was calling and calling. It sounded very lonely. The moon went under a cloud. She could still see in the forest, but not very well. Each step she took she seemed to bring her foot down very suddenly, and much further down than the ground. She felt almost as though she were walking downstairs in the dark. And she could not be sure that she really saw exactly where the tree trunks were. She put out her hand to steady herself and touched a tree whose trunk was very thickly ivied. Then in the branches above her she heard an owl call.

"Whoo! Whoop!"

The little girl was suddenly afraid. It was probably the witch's home. And sure enough, wasn't that a dark shape coming around the tree trunk toward her? She screamed and ran through the forest, bumping into first one tree trunk and then another, with the owl calling after her for a long time.

"Whoo! Whoop!"

How thankful she was when the moon came out from behind the cloud and she could see again! But she found she was in a swampy part of the forest with which she was entirely unacquainted. So she was very glad to see a man (not a witch) coming toward her. Maybe he would tell her how to get home. She thought she would like to be home in her own back yard very much.

The man was thin and wavy and the moonlight shone clear through his head and came out through his eyes. It made his eyes look very cold. He spoke to her first, and inquired politely what he could do for her. She thanked him.

—No, she wouldn't care to see his house. She wanted to go home.

At that he politely offered to guide her. On their way through the forest she noticed how some of the vines leaned down from the trees to talk to him, and how a whippoorwill went calling through the forest on each

side of them. The little creature never touched her, but she felt afraid to think because she felt that he would know right away anything which she might think.

After a while her ankles felt cold. She looked down and say they were wading in moonlight up to their knees. And it was very cold. The wavy Ghoul (she knew now it was the Ghoul) took her hands then in his cold ones and backed her up against a tree. With his eyes he looked through and through her eyes. And she felt the cold moonlight filling her head and her body and chilling her. An owl called from the branch above. It was the witch's tree!

The little man was gone. Where his thin waveriness had vanished to she could not know. He *iced* away into the moonlight. Her feet carried her (she did not know how they knew the way) on cold airy nothingness through the forest. She found herself once more on a city street. And there was her own house. It was dark. The front door was locked. The back door was locked. She climbed up the rain pipe to the second story balcony. The window in the back hall was open. She climbed through. The hall was dark, but feeling along the wall, she found the door to her room. She undressed in the dark, but feeling along the wall, she found the door to her room. She undressed in the dark and climbed into bed.

That night a figure with wavy hair came and stood over her bed.

At breakfast the next morning the little girl's mother said, "You know, I woke up and worried last night. I thought we might have locked you out. Your father and I just took it for granted that you had gone to bed because you weren't in the swing when we locked up. And I knew you were tired after the basketball game yesterday afternoon."

The little girl didn't say anything. But every night that week she thought she saw the Ghoul. And she has thought queer thoughts in her head ever since. —TOM SAWYER.



To a Dynamiter

Death is so clean, I think it strange, that He
Should touch you intimately, nor recoil
From you, and clean earth drink foul blood and oil
From concupiscent men so thirstily,
Who, gathered shapeless there, an ugly blend
Of earth and oil and you, can scarce have lain
So clean between the beds of blood and pain
That mark the beginning and mark the end.

Am I to pity then, this splintered flesh:
And think it powder, a failed fuse's flare?
All men saw that—but strangely did not see
It kind of Death to wear humility
And stoop, and rake this feculence, and bare
The clean bones crying in their rotten mesh

JOHN

LELAND

Seventy feet you fell, and I would think
That in that moment there had come to you
A nameless ecstasy, spun on the brink
Of time, touched with the aching sweet of rue,
Had I not heard, the muttered curse you flung
At your own foot's clumsiness, and not known
Over your gun the ribald songs you sung
And dreamed—but of some harlot's bed alone.
Yet, that bridge skeletoned against the sun
Has beauty that 'tis strange such hands could bring:
So God, when the first-molded sphere He spun
Or plotted earth's poles on their charted ring
And mused the end, may have planned for the night
Some deep, undreamt, unthought of, sin's delight.

GARRISON



To a Rivet Driver

Richelieu

NANCY HUDSON

In paintings and in word pictures artists set light with darkness and brightness with sobriety that their subjects may be rendered more effective by means of contrast: but in this picture I paint for you there can be no contrast, no comparison, for it is the portrait of a great man, and the man is hate. He is hate, and all around him is hate, before and after him hate, and tears, and bitterness. It is a dark picture of a dark man, and I bring it to you untinged and without light.

He sits alone, this great man, in a large room where there is no lustre and no color, but only darkness, darkness and blackness and darkness. It is heavy with darkness, until it is as the home of shadows, and the air is a mortuary stench stolen from the land of the unliving. Even the chair that he sits in is dark: intricately-carved and handsome, firm-jointed and dignified, but dark, ebon-dark. And he himself, out from it yet inviolably of it, is the very heart of the darkness. There is no color in his features and in his face no light, for he has built his life upon hate, and hate is the darkest darkness. His is the face of one who has sought the dawn and gained the night.

The great man sits very still in his chair. He has not moved for many minutes, nor will for many more; yet his stillness is not quiet. It is a stillness full with silent flames—the stillness of an arched leopard or a crouching lion. The force of his concentration fills the room like the mighty strainings of lettered wings. He plans. Every fiber of that glorious warped brain quivers with exertion; every muscle is taut with straining. He plans. A great mind pushes France in its egoistic floundering, pushes France forward and backward and around in circles for the satiation of its magnificent unrest. He plans. If he plans for others, for the nation, he can move all France and the world. But his plans are selfish. They are selfish, and being selfish, they will kill a few people and fill many with fear and dread and hate. They will make mankind shout his acclaim—and spit on his feet.

He is lonely, lonely, this great man. There can never be a companion for him nor a mate, and his ambition is his Gov. His enemies admire him; his allies honor and respect him. They revere him so intensely they would probably die for him. They almost understand him—inasmuch as men can understand genius, but they do not love him. He is great in a world where there is no largeness, and even greatness is small and smallly comprehended. For him there is no love and can be no sympathy. He is lonely and alone as few have been alone in this world.

His fame will die; it is a selfish fame. He is a man doomed to everlasting death because he cannot see the way to life.

He sits in his chair and plans. Behold him there—a magnificent and a pathetic figure—that of a man overturning the world to propound himself; a heart burning in its own flames; behold him—satirist, genius, despiser, master—Richelieu.

Puppets for Pinocchio

Two Dimes for a Nickel

Out of the cult of ugliness which dominated the creative arts for the past fifteen years, comes a new and uglier sister. I speak of the present psychology of advertising. Everywhere one sees guileful and myriad representations of the word—BUY. Simple notice of the qualities of a certain product is of course reasonable and to be expected, but the modern system of selling has gone much beyond that. Under the present code of business ethics, any methods for increasing sales, no matter how effected, are within the pale. People under constant pressure of carefully calculated propaganda are buying not what they particularly want, but what the manufacturer wants to sell them.

This propaganda is usually a subtle mixture of what the public wants and what the manufacturer has to sell. For instance, a group of clothing dealers in a small town got together and under the guise of unselfish interest in the affairs of high school fraternities began arousing sentiment for an annual dance to be given by each fraternity. Such a dance was to be quite an occasion, and one far beyond the means of a high school fraternity. The clothing dealers volunteered to contribute enough to defray part of the expenses, adding by way of advice, however, that such an affair would of course be formal. The net result was that almost the entire fraternity group bought tuxedos, which they probably outgrew in a year, and they bought them from the same dealers who had supplied a very small part of the expenses for the dance. Each year this is repeated, a perfect blend of ecstasy and profits. Advertising propaganda has also come to be outrageously blended in various expressions of the creative arts. The other evening I was listening to a broadcast of Rimsky Korsakoff's *Scherazade* played by the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra. At the conclusion, a voice began telling me the similarity of this oriental composition to a certain cigarette that contained oriental tobaccos. All radio programs are shot full of such blah specially embroidered for easy digestion. A favorite device seems to be the playing of some particularly lovely bit of music which you try in vain to hear above the dulcet voice telling you to buy something you don't want anyway. The best artists are employed to paint striking pictures for the advertisement of incongruous products, the idea behind this being apparently that the product is not worth buying for itself but that you should buy it because of the attractive way it is advertised. There is no possible way, believe me, of appreciating any of the arts even remotely connected with advertising. And the air is full of nothing but blatant sales propaganda, devoid of intelligence and endurable only because of the crafty way in which it is supplemented by music or color. There is no way to get away from it on the radio except by demolishing your set.

But the end is not yet. Babe Ruth Clubs and Little Orphan Annie Clubs are formed where children are initiated into the inner sanctum by possessing so many labels of certain products. Any child who doesn't belong to any of the clubs is simply *outré*. The happiness circle is another milestone in the gentle art. This malicious bit of strategy is designed to appeal directly to the heart and wallet of every proud mother and father. Under the tutelage of some sublime jackass who is just too happy about everything, their children sing and recite poetry over the radio. One or two renditions of *I'm Ready for Love* by little Gertrude, aged three, with all the family and friends listening in generally suffice to make Papa buy anything from fifty rain coats to a cement mixer. Gertrude, however, will someday be a Prima Donna.

Every avenue of appeal is used without taste or discretion for commercial purpose. Grand Duchesses are hired to tell customers in department stores that the dress is simply too becoming. Very attractive young women are photographed (at \$125 a sitting) to sneer at all males who can't dance, have evening clothes, posses a 19.... phaeton, swim, get fat, or play contract bridge. The more attractive she is the more sales the manufacturers anticipate from shamed young men. Physicians, particularly from remote parts, which precludes their dicta from being questioned, are employed to tell the public that life without a certain product is like life in a glue pot. One European nation has a queen constantly on call for the endorsement of cosmetics, the idea being that if you can't be a queen, the least you can do is to use the same kind of cold cream.

And so it goes, the public of today never has a chance to buy what it really wants. It buys because it has been shamed into it, or because of envy and carefully stimulated desire, but it does not buy from actual need. In many cases, delicate personal matters are blatantly reviewed under the guise of hygiene and people buy out of embarrassment. The idea that we are living better just because we use more equipment or commercial products is utterly false. Our standard of living is not one of actual comfort for ourselves, but is a standard of living based entirely upon how the manufacturers of certain products want us to live. Gradually, as we lose our individual tastes before the continual barrage of advertising propaganda, we shall come to have the tastes which afford the manufacturer the greatest profit. Our own wishes in matters of what we want to buy shall be subordinated to what manufacturers have to sell. It is a monopoly by manufacturers, it employs cheap chicane, embarrassment, sex, and anything else calculated to appeal to the elemental. It will continue as long as it is profitable, and it will be profitable until the public ceases to buy what it does not need. There is degeneracy and certain decadence in the future.

—R. A. S.

Patched Sky

NANCY HUDSON

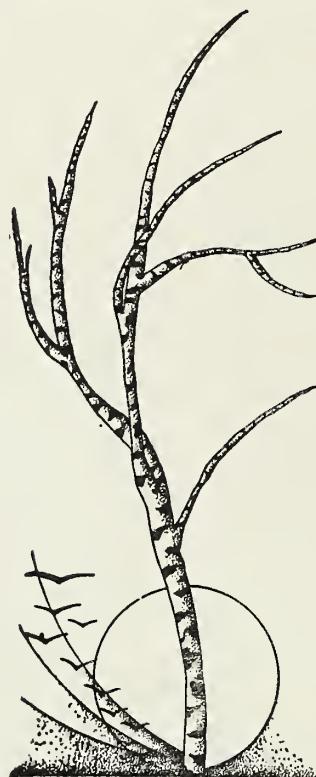
• Lynn Farley lay on her back and listened to the scurry of Sally's racing feet, and then to the thudding plop as Sally hurled her panting body on the ground beside her. "Been runnin'," Sally gasped. "Been runnin' all the way from the Mitchell's to here. Ooooo-oh, look it, Lynn," her tone changed, "look at that sky!" Lynn saw her little face, glistening in the full light, take on an expression of wonder. Lynn shifted her gaze upward. Straight above her were interwoven the branches of the tree beside which she was lying. Beyond the branches she saw the sky, separated into pale, perfect little fragments by the delicate lacings of the leaves. Some of the sky pieces were gentle pink, some delicate blue, some faint lavender, all blending and yet somehow set apart by the intricate network of leaves.

While she stared upward, she heard the crunch of approaching footsteps and the voices, dimly at first and then growing slowly more audible, of her mother and father. Presently the sound of footsteps ceased, and the voices were quite distinct, and she felt a slight coolness on her legs, as if something were beside her shading them from the little sunlight which filtered through the foliage of the tree; so she knew her parents were standing beside her. She didn't take her eyes from the patches of sky. From somewhere off she heard Sally's voice growing in volume as if she had been speaking for some time. "Lynn, Lynn," Sally was crying, "look over there! It's best here! You can see it all!" And with a chubby finger she was beckoning Lynn to the spot where she lay—looking upward beyond the shade of the tree. Lynn looked at her and slowly shook her head. "I like it here," she said. "I like to look through the leaves."

She heard the deep voice of her father quite close to her. He was

chuckling a little. "She's a queer one, you know, Edith," he was saying to his wife; "she's an odd little shaver."

"It's only that she's delicate," Edith replied rather proudly, "delicate in her tastes. She doesn't like much of things, just a little of them—like, looking through leaves like this, and like hiding half of her ginger-



bread man, and like looking through curtained windows, and opening doors just a little way. It's really refined, Carl, this discrimination of hers."

"Sometimes, Edith," said her father, his voice grown suddenly grave, and Lynn knew that his grey eyes were grown dark with that tone, "sometimes I wonder if it's really good for her to do like that. Someday she's got to learn to face things. She can't always look through leaves that way."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Farley. "It isn't a question of facing things. She's so young. You just don't understand real delicacy."

"I wonder," mused her father. And then Lynn didn't hear any more. They were still talking, but their voices were growing fainter and fainter as they strolled away. Thinking of her father's last words, Lynn wondered too. Her father with his frank grey eyes and his square shoulders—what had he been wondering about? she thought. She didn't know what they had said; she hadn't been quite able to understand. But it had been about her—her and dis-dis-discrimi-something. She wondered what discrimi-something was, and whether it was good, and why it had made him wonder. Did discrimi-something mean looking at the sky through leaves? she wondered. She sighed and hoped inside that it did; the sky was so pretty through leaves. They made such strange sky patterns, and sometimes they wiggled a little and made the sky pieces change. She dug her fingers into the earth. It felt fresh and a little moist, and the grass nestled against her palm. She took a deep breath, and laughed aloud. She loved breathing gentle breezes that made her feel as if there were no air in all the world except that quiet whiff just for her lungs; and she loved digging her hands into the earth without looking down, so that it felt as if she held the whole world there in her hands; and she loved to look at the sky through leaves. It made her feel, somehow, so safe and warm, so—comfortable.

Lynn Evans stood at the foot of a grave, staring at its tombstone. Even through her heavy black veil she could read the inscription engraved on that stone. "Reed Arnold Evans, 1901—1903, Eldest Son of Richard Bennet Evans and Anne Arnold Evans, Married to Lynn Farley, 1932. 'Rest in peace.'" But she need not have read it; every letter, every line, seemed chiseled more deeply into her

than into the marble slab. She held in her memory the very quirk of the "s", the peculiar base of the "r", the dot of an "i" slightly awry, and the neat "v"—the "v" that reminded her so much of Reed himself, because he used to say, "V's, you know, are like sliding down quick and then swooping back to the top." What queer apt things Reed used to say! She remembered them now as she had done so many times in this last year since his death—his odd little bon mots, his unusually discerning remarks, that queer way he had of talking to her which she couldn't understand. (Lots of times she couldn't understand him, but he had always understood her—better, she had sometimes thought that she understood herself.) He used to rest his hands on her shoulders—how often he had done it!—and say to her, "Lynn, you see, you don't look at things really; you look all around them. And it isn't right. It won't hold you up when the crisis comes. You have to learn to face things, Lynn, as they are. And I'm going to teach you." But he had never taught her. He had died. Remembering him now, Lynn felt dead herself, and dust inside. There had been the normal first few months of wild pain and grief, and all the terrible time of mourning; but after that nothing had lightened or cleared away, as it did for other people. She had not been able to readjust herself. All of the misery had lingered, and with it—hopelessness. Standing there now at his tombstone, she rebelled against that heavy hopelessness which his death had settled upon her. "Other people have things like this to happen to them," she cried to herself, "and they pull themselves out of it! Why can't I? Why, why can't I?"

But she couldn't, and she felt she couldn't, as if there were something in her that prevented it. She felt broken, almost like a twig snapped in two. Vaguely she remembered that once Reed had said something about

broken twigs: "You have to learn to bend, Lynn, and spring back straight, or with the first strong wind you'll break." What strange things he had said to her! She could hear him now, tender and earnest, talking to her for long hours about things in herself she couldn't understand.—"Someday life will crush you, my darling, if you don't learn to look it straight in the face and fight it. Oh Lynn, I want to save you from crushing! You can't keep on looking at life through a veil." And then he would cry out, "Can't you see what I mean, Lynn? Can't you see?" And then Lynn would look up at him with faltering eyes, and smile vaguely, and wish for his sake she could understand. What had he meant to teach her, trying so desperately, so vainly? She wondered about it now. Somehow she seemed to have heard it before. It had always sounded a little familiar, and from the first moment he had spoken to her like that she had searched through her memory. It had reminded her of something grey and clear. Now she slowly recalled—her father's grey eyes and square shoulders, and his deep voice saying, "Someday she's got to learn to face things. She can't always look through leaves that way." Strange that she should remember that from so long ago, and that two men who loved her should have thought this same thing. She saw them—Reed's warm brown eyes, her father's clear grey ones—both earnest and troubled, looking at her and trying to tell her something she couldn't hear. "Oh, Reed!" she cried. "If only you had taught me! If only I could learn!" For this must have been what he had foreseen—this terrible blackness—this must have been what he had tried to strengthen her for. Suddenly she wanted to learn that lesson he sought to teach her more than anything in the world. "Look at things straight," she whispered to herself. "Face them!!" What had he meant? for the thousandth time she asked

herself. And for the thousandth time she shook her head, feeling defeated and despairing. But this time the defeat was not so certain. A tiny excitement stirred in her. It grew. She quivered with awakening. It leapt up. It flamed into faint understanding. It blazed into comprehension, and then into complete understanding. She began to tremble. All of a sudden she knew! She *knew!* She wanted to shout into the earth, "I see, Reed, I see!" She took off her hat and threw it to the ground. She felt the wind blow full against her head and whip in her hair. Slowly and deliberately she raised her eyes to the clear sky. For the first time there was no veil between it and her. It was a deep strange blue, a glorious blue. Lynn began to reel with that blue sky. She felt it come into her and fill her until her eyes, her throat, her limbs were steeped in it. She felt strong, and alive, and drunk with sky, and pliant, like a twig that would bend and spring back. She sensed it coming into her soul and stretching it, until she throbbed and ached with blue ecstasy. And the ache was too great, the sky was too big; Lynn stepped back to lean against the tree that shaded Reed's grave. She looked up at the sky through its leaves. For a moment, as she stared through their intricate network, she felt as if she were falling a great distance, and then the waking exultation was gone, and she felt again as she had always felt since Reed's death—broken, crushed, so very tired. She stared up at the pretty patches of china sky. For a moment she had thought it something more, or had she? What was that strange wildness so suddenly come and gone? And why had it gone? Only a disordered fancy?—She supposed so, and yet, for a moment—so clear and bright. But already the memory was fading. What had she been thinking of?—Oh, of the queer things Reed used to say to her—so strange they had been, and so incomprehensible.



Basic modern literature

Now this Johnny was a man who ran away from his home-sweet-home one day. After wandering for many years he found himself in Patagonia. Why anyone should want to find himself in Patagonia is beyond me, but there Johnny was in Patagonia. The flowers blooming were something like the smell of horses on old Fifth Avenue. Birds twittered and tweeted as they swung through the trees. Their long prehensile toes deftly clasped the slippery limbs of the coranal trees.

Now these coranal trees are worthy of comment. The bark has a transparent covering of highly burnished metal which emits iridescent flashes of color. The leaves are vaguely similar to American pancakes and when eaten with a bit of broiled monkey thigh have a flavour comparable only to Crepes Suzettes. The bark itself when placed in a bowl and gently pounded for three days with an old electric light bulb is reduced to an edible paste. The flavour of this paste can be improved by adding a dash of coagulated professorial blood. Anyway the tree as a whole has a piquancy of taste rivalled only by that found in broiled old shoes.

But now to get on with the saga of Johnny. Johnny was strolling beneath the trees in which the birds were

KEY

Insert One—

Hemingway—"Hell, Charlie, give me another gin fizz."

Gertrude Stein—"A mother is a mother is a mother is a mother."

Philip Barry—"Better bring in the brass monkey tonight, my dear."

Eugene O'Neill—"Ah! Wilderness, wilderness! And incest forever."

Insert Two—

George Bernard Shaw—"I am not a myth in America, in America I am God."

Sinclair Lewis—"I can hardly wait to start my Babbitt warren, t'will be a work of art."

Noel Coward—"It's a gentleman's agreement then, no Sex!"

Hervey Allen—"To fight, to live, to love; to thrust onward, that is life."

Insert Three—

L. A. S.—"Hell," I thought, "his face is like shiny black pants, —what's it matter, —her body was red and curved with crimson, etc."

R. A. S.—"Next month: The Seven Colors Merge, or How to Tell a Bass Viol From a Babbitt From a Back-dive From a Baboon."

Noel Coward—"I fancy it's the Duke of Westminister's garter, it always is."

William Faulkner—"Ain't it a cesspool."

Editor's Note: To make this literary masterpiece an excerpt from the following Authors' works, merely insert in the blank spaces the italicized words found in the key.

twitting and tweeting and wondering what his old mother was doing—that is Johnny was wondering, the birds didn't care. His thoughts flash back to dear old America and there is his mother leaning against a modernistic bar and saying, "— (INSERT ONE) —." Naturally Johnny is glad to see that his mother is having a good time, so blithely he cavorts onward.

He wanders on, his legs feel like a bellboy's who nears the top floor of a modern hotel whose elevator has just had a nervous breakdown from eating too much bean soup. Suddenly Johnny stops, he stares; he stares again, this time down a flight of stairs. He sees an Indian maid coyly ducking her little brother in a cauldron of boiling bean soup. Her face is transformed by a beatific beauty. The little boy is very solemn and says, "— (INSERT TWO) —." (By the way, tell me, do they really have Indian maids in Patagonia?) Johnny enters the family scene. He remonstrates with the maid (we'll leave out the Indian part) and demands that he be allowed to participate in the dunking. He seems to think that that's the trouble with this world—too many people do all the things themselves.

The maid snuggles up to Johnny. You see, Johnny has been wandering a long time, and this snuggling has a double effect on him. He gazes into the limpid blackness of her eyes and mutters, "Geez, what I could do to a bowl of bean soup." He sighs, the maid sighs, and whispers, "Size? Perfect '32!"

The scene shifts to an egg rolling down a hill. When the egg gets to the bottom it strikes a boulder, and out pop two fleas, an elephant, two feather dusters, and a burst of sunlight.

Another shift and the scene is a huge city. Lights flash, colors mingle and confound. Noises rise and merge. The strains of a wild melody swing through the air. Lights, color, noise and music unite and say, "Once there was a pomegranate tree that was afraid of Sex. That tree withered away and died. Bean soup is bean soup and it burns your tongue when it's hot."

There is a pause and onto a street inlaid with silver belt-buckles dance some varicolored eggs, the cauldron of bean soup, and Johnny and the Indian maid. Johnny holds aloft a glass and shouts, "Here's to Life! It's a bowl of soup, a ham sandwich, and something like the first time I stubbed my toe! There is a burst of flame. The characters writhe in clouds of smoke. A voice whispers. "— (INSERT THREE) —." The voice dies away and complete and enfolding darkness is the scene.

Maiden's Prayer

BETTY KNIGHT



The bell rang twice—first sharply and insistently, and then again on a muted note. In a moment the bustle started—the swishing of long, black habits around lithe young legs, and the tap-tap of serviceable, heavy, black shoes, that moulded to unaccustomed rigidity the curves of strong young feet. The novices filed in to prayer. The air of the chapel was still close with the incense from afternoon Benediction, and the flames of the candles burned straight and clear in the quiet. The novices knelt in their pews, and Sister Magdalene gathered her skirts in a skillful hand and swept up the choir steps to the organ. The rustling of her sheet music was the only sound in the silence that ensued. A candle burning before the altar of the Virgin sputtered briefly and went out. Sister Magdalene started to play softly a hymn to the Virgin, and twenty young voices followed.

In the second pew Ann Veronica Daly noted these things with an unusual clarity of vision. Her eyes were stung to tears by the pungent smoke of the incense, and her nostrils stung too. And yet she thought that today for the first time she was seeing this place clearly. Her voice rose and fell with the others, but the words were meaningless in her ears. She clasped and unclasped her hands in a fever of nervousness. She stared at the altar

of the Virgin with brilliant, unseeing eyes. The statue was crowned with flowers but they had wilted in the oppressive atmosphere. Ann Veronica thought suddenly, "I have wilted too. I've lost the freshness of purpose with which I came here. I can't find the beauty any more. What am I to do?"

Yesterday afternoon this place had surely been the same. There had been dim-lit shadows and light through stained-glass windows creeping across the velvet carpet and candles burning. There had been music and the soft murmur of voices in prayer and the faces around her had been strange and beautiful and rapt in devotion. But this was the same place. This was the beauty that had possessed an almost insidious power over her—this sensual beauty of light and shadow and music. It had not changed. The change had been in her.

• There was beauty here no longer.

This was May. It was May—and the novice class was singing hymns to the Virgin. And crowning her with flowers that faded and lost their beauty and died. This was May! Outside the grass was , and its color was a new and pale and strangely living green. Outside a chill, sweet breeze was blowing and it had swept the sky of clouds. She had an impulse to throw back the wide stained windows and let that cool breeze blow in, to dispel the heavy scented smoke and make the clear white candles flicker and go out. The sunlight would creep across the crimson carpet and the shadows would retreat and flee.

She had stared out of her window last night—hours after the last bell had sounded—and the trunks of the trees had been tall and black and straight against the sky. There had been a white moon shining. She had felt a tremulous, painful response. This was no beauty that drugged your perceptions, that hushed your senses

and made you forget your dreams. This was beauty that made you startlingly, thrillingly awake—that throbbed and hurt within you—that left you unsatisfied and empty and desirous—desirous for you knew not what. She was conscious of desire now. The security of her life had been disturbed. Her peace was gone.

She stared at the Virgin again. *She* would understand. She knew she would. How had she felt when Gabriel called on her with his awesome message from God? She must have known what it was to be young and afraid and unsure—and not to know where to turn for guidance. She couldn't have gone to Joseph. He was kind—but he wouldn't have understood. And how could *she* go to someone for help when she didn't know what was wrong with her herself? She remembered the things people had said when she had decided to enter the sisterhood. Her mother had consented but had pleaded with her to wait a few years. "Don't—yet—Ann Veronica," she said. "You don't know what it will be like, darling. Wait until you've lived a bit—until you're sure."

"Mother, I'm sure now," she had insisted gently. How had she been so sure then, she who was so unsure now? Her father had not understood—running away, he had called it. There was for him no dramatic clean beauty of sacrifice about it. It was all nonsense! You could do more good by active service in the world, he had roared. It was all cowardice!

• Ann Veronica wondered. Had he been right? Were they all afraid—these sisters with their blank, inscrutable eyes and unsmiling lips? Had there been a reason for their withdrawal from life other than the desire to devote their lives to service? Had they built around themselves out of this quiet and peace an impene-

(Continued on page 26)

Wedding March

LESLIE BLANE

Andra could not realize that it was really she herself who was walking so slowly and steadily down the carpeted aisle. It was difficult to walk slowly and steadily because it seemed to her that the world had suddenly become turbulent and mad . . . unstable and flimsy. Even her father's arm quivered under the tense clutch of her carefully manicured hand.

Dum . . . dum . . . de . . . dum . . . the organ played. Her mind ran through a silly rhyme she had sung when very young:

"Here comes the bride, all dressed in white. . .

Here comes the groom with his breeches too tight!"

Perhaps not the original words which should accompany Lohengrin music, but still words. Now they seemed grotesque to her because they did not fit with the poignancy of the music and the occasion. Words should fit the music. Her heart jumped as she thought of that. Was she then so sure that George was the only man . . . ever? Oh, of course she was. She could be sure by now.

She began to discern the faces of the six bridesmaids lined up beside the altar. There was Amy, whom she would always remember as the simple freshman. And her first roommate—the roommate who had always said that she wondered how the man Andra would marry was going to look. Well, she could see now. She could see whom Andra had chosen.

She knew they had all been a little bit surprised at George. They had not expected anyone so . . . so practical. Andra had been the "artist" of the group at college. She painted, she played piano, she even wrote poetry—after a fashion. Andra had loved her role, shunned the limelight, and gloried in their worship of her "genius." Yes, "genius," why not? She had impressed them by her fits of temper and frequent hysterical

ravings, which they all forgave and pretended to understand. And Andra threw things and was given to looking blankly off into space at the most inopportune moments.

And now there was George. She smiled when she thought of the conversation she had held in Amy's room at college only a few months ago.

"I shouldn't be surprise if I'm not married before long," Andra had said.

"Why, Andra Dean, I thought you of all people would not be one of that type who come to college to catch husbands. You're supposed to become famous and rich and—"

"I said nothing at all about catching husbands," Andra had interrupted. "I said being married."

"Same difference," Amy had said provocatively. "Why I shouldn't even think about being married . . . yet. Look at Polly . . . last year thrilled to death over freshman proms, and now, probably knitting or something. That's what marriage does for you."

Andra eyed Amy squarely. "Have you ever been thrilled?" she had asked her.

"Lots of times."

"Have you ever been so thrilled that you shivered . . . and every inch of your body was aware that it was living and not merely vegetating?"

"Well, not quite like that—"

"Then no wonder you don't want to get married. And all the rest of you—" Andra looked at the group. (They expected these outbursts from their "genius".) "You think of marriage as merely an economic institution where somebody else makes your living for you, and all you do is loll around in the beauty parlors getting facials, and playing bridge. If you were anybody else, I might have said, and cooking and sewing; but I know they won't play too vital a part in any of YOUR marriages. But mine is going to be different!"



"Anybody who wrote poetry should be different," they had said nonchalantly.

"Thrilling idea," they also had said, just to show that they had understood.

No one could say that Andra Dean had not lived her part. For Larry she had penned her verses . . . Larry who had met a quick, sharp death on the quick, sharp curve of a New England road. She and Larry had been a familiar sight in a secluded cafe up town, drinking tea by candlelight and holding hands over the damask table cloth. Andra would shut her eyes and

(Continued on page 27)

Log for Connoisseurs



DID YOU KNOW

That there is no color line in Brazil. That it is not considered unusual to find black and white children (as well as the various in-between shades) in the same family.

That Lake Titicaca in Bolivia is the highest body of navigable water in the world.

That the passenger steamer first used on this lake in modern times was carried piece by piece from sea level to an altitude of 12,500 feet on the backs of several hundred mules.

That Simon Bolivar was the father of five nations and is today recognized as the liberator of half of South America.

That there are hundreds of boot-leggers in Chile, but they handle money and not alcoholic spirits.

That the tram lines in Rio de Janeiro are still called "bonds" indicating their origin and one reason for the loss of millions by American investors.

That the west coast of South America is east of the east coast of North America.



WORD PICTURES

Havana—hoydenish—heathenish—happy—and hot. Paris—gayly painted and perfumed—a prismatic flash of floating color—peppy yet pretentious. Nice—naughty—narcotic—naked—and "nice." La Paz (Bolivia)—lofty. Cairo—Cain-ish—carefree—cheerful—and childish. Los Angeles—a beautiful young girl brazenly displaying her natural charms. Gibraltar—gaunt—grey—grizzly—gruesome. Athens—aged—ailing—amnesic. San Francisco—a staid old matron proud of her evident culture and romantic ancestry. Pompeii—pale and putrified.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE TRAVEL WORLD

First . . . Pão de Assucar in Rio de Janeiro's majestic harbour, rising through the purple mists of an early morning. Second . . . the turreted mass of Carcassonne's medieval walls crowning the green hills of southern France. Third . . . the full moon rising over Athen's ruined Parthenon, as seen from the Portico of the Maidens on the Acropolis itself. Fourth . . . piquant Strinagar in India's green vale of Kashmir. Fifth . . . the Ankor Vat hidden in Siam's steaming jungle. Sixth . . . the tremendous abyssal scar of America's Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Seventh . . . the snowy Andean roof of the western world (as seen from the air) with the mass of 21,000 foot Aconcagua holding up the sky.



BERMUDA INTERLUDE

The sharp glare of white-clean stone roofs against the flaming red of hibiscus laden grey-green foliage—the bright, buoyant, brilliance of the blue sky—the green-roofed white sand by-road wandering across the hill—the burning whiteness of Hamilton at high noon—the subtle whiteness of a cream tinted field of Easter lilies—the black and brown of the sea in St. Georges' ancient harbour—the sharp mast of St. David's lighthouse above the green of the hills—a luscious cream-cheese moon bending to touch a greyish hilltop as it rises from the far blue sea—ruined St. Catherine's fort and the great bronze cannon spuming sea and sand from its half hidden mouth—the flashing flare of color where the pink-

sand beach drops quietly beneath the azure-tinted sea—wave-carved castles and wind-hewn ruins facing the waves—the thundering cannonade of the blustering waves that smash the south shore on a wild day—the sweetly subtle surge that laps the shore when currents play and winds lie still—the round black human bouncing down the road on two small cycle wheels—the bit of old England serving fresh tea on a latticed porch—life that flows quietly onward by the blue of a tropic sea.



PERSONAL ASIDES

The president of the Republic of Panama receiving visitors in front of a tropic pool graced by the arched white necks of four swans. . . Jimmy Durante saying, "It's my nose, and I'll stick to it." . . . Peru's ex-president's son blandly admitting accepting a bribe from America's ardent export banking company . . . the result—his active effort to persuade his father to accept certain unwanted millions in American loans. . . Jack Dempsey escorting a five foot blond to the high-hat Embassy Club in low-brow Hollywood. . . robed Mohammed Ali (Cairo's most sheikh-like dragoman) wrapping his twenty-foot waist-band around his middle with the necessary assistance of two brother dragomen. . . the Marx brothers adagio dancing in front of the ornate Chinese theatre on snooty Hollywood Boulevard. . . aided and abetted by a six-four brunette. . . Maurice Chevalier forgetting to assume his French accent when closely pursued by two energetic autograph hounds. . . the peppered body of a too ardent revolutionist lying in the street of Pisco.



Le Soir

(Continued from page 6)

stretched far down towards the smooth Seine. I thought of Jean, and his wife, and that sentimental bastard, the waiter.

And I suddenly got up and crossed the Boulevard and started off down *Raspail* towards the river. The dots of light flicked past in an endless chain as I walked.

It was dark when I reached the Seine and bright lights flashed out of the darkness around me. Across the *Pont Royal* came a blaze of lighted cabs and rolling busses. I went slowly down the huge steps of the embankment to the *quai* close by the river. Then the night closed in smooth and sweet around me. Below I could see the string of lights that marked the *Pont des Arts*, and farther still the massed light-dots of the *Ile de la Cite*. And I sat down on the bottom lift of the huge steps and looked across the black flowing water towards the dark walls of the *Palais du Louvre*.

And I sat there in the twinkling silence and felt the rumbling of the cars crossing the bridge over my head. Along the edge of the *quai* were dim shadow-shapes that marked the position of the river-barges tied up for the night. Here and there little squares of light stood out in sharp whiteness against the silken tapestry of the night. Within the squares little fitted vignettes of light and shade formed themselves and passed on. In one *Madame*, her hair caught up in a wriggling knot, cooked dinner over the twinkling coals of her small fire. Farther down the *quai* a square of light revealed *Mademoiselle* standing before her mirror, slim and poised, outlining her lips in sharp red lipstick. And above me the cabs passed by in a rumbling symphony.

And I thought of Lou and the flaming red of her body against the whiteness of the bed. And for a moment the night air brought a cloud of perfumed haze that hung about my

head. But it passed quickly on, and I watched the floating shapes on the river and the pin-dots of light that drifted slowly by.

I thought of Jean, Jean so broad, and deep, and bent, and old. And I thought of him standing by another bed, grey and old. And I wondered why I had never noticed him, really noticed him, that is, as a human being. He was always so still and cold, always standing there beside the table with his quick, "Oui, Monsieur," always moving swiftly yet without ever seeming to be actually alive.

And I remembered the day that I first brought Lou to the cafe. Jean had come to the table and stood there silent and still as he always did. And Lou had looked up at him and said to me, "Who's that old mummy?"

And I had laughed and said, "That's Jean, my sweet, that's Jean."

And she had rubbed her hands together as she did when she didn't like anything and had said, "Take him away, he's dead. I don't like thinks that are dead."

And I had been very politely drunk and had defended my friend, "You're all wrong, my sweet. Jean is a very nice man, and he's an exceedingly nice waiter, aren't you, Jean?"

And Lou had rubbed her hands together hard until they were red and had almost shouted, "Take him away, I say, you take him away from me."

And I had stood up very politely and had whispered to Jean, "Go and milk a very nice white cow, will you old thing." And he had gone away. And I couldn't remember even seeing his eyes move during the whole time that this was going on.

And now old Jean was a father. I remembered that I had laughed when I heard it. It seemed strange that I should have done that. Jean seemed very near and real, and it seemed suddenly wonderful that he should never have smiled.

And I thought again of Lou and the smooth warmth of her young body, but she seemed suddenly far away and cold and hidden by a thin film of unreality. And I lifted my hand and moved it through the air, and it cut through the thinness with ease. After the heaviness of the afternoon it seemed almost as if I were in a sudden emptiness. And I stood up and walked down the *quai* with the sharp crunch of gravel under my feet. And I lifted my feet and placed them on the ground in rapid little steps. And I seemed light and free, and open to the air of the night.

I walked on down the *quai* with the lights of the street forming a dim twinkling chain above me. First the *Pont des Arts*, then the *Pont Neuf* passed over my head. And I walked on down the gravel *quai* with the dark walls of the *Palais de Justice* standing out against the sky across the river.

It was dim and shadowy in the narrow breach between the *Palais de Justice* and the high wall above me. The branch of the Seine swinging around the *Ile de la Cite* was tiny and quiet and deep under the stone walls. Even the shadowy shapes of the boats no longer floated down the river, for they took the deeper channel on the other side of the *Ile*.

Just ahead the *Pont St. Michel* carried the broad boulevard across the river in a blaring blaze of light. Cabs, trolleys, ponderous busses, all turned and twisted like the giant strands of a light-carpet. And for the first time something in the blare of the light and sound crashed against something with me, and I hated the thought of taking my place in that spinning wheel of light.

And I sat down on the cold stone wall that rose above the river and dangled my legs over the edge. There in the dim canal it was dark and

(Continued on page 28)



- somehow
I just like to
give you a light

They Satisfy

Chesterfield

the cigarette that's MILDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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It is my soul caresses thee so gently;
 This trembling flesh but closes in a heart
 Would warm the frigid moon with its great love.
 Sure God is wracked with sobs to see us kiss;
 All Hell drops steamy tears and senses heaven.
 Yet there's a canker deep within my brain
 Flings dunk-like thoughts into my doting eyes,
 And turns me to a sneer at sight of thee.
 And were you mine, you'd shrivel to a drab:
 A filthy frump would seem to me more lovely.
 Ugh, such love, such rot, and all mixed up in me—
 I'll weep when you are gone—breathe softly, dove—
 I'll go before you steal into my heart,
 Press deep a kiss, and snuggle there forever.

Sonnet to Beethoven

Sonnet in Blank Verse

Give us this cant about the free-born soul,
 And one whose mind runs riot in the sky;
 For know the highest tree has deepest roots,
 And growing near to heav'n, sinks nearest Hell;
 For God in mad desire to know himself,
 Takes hold of this great brain, this keenest tool,
 And stabs himself, and lays huge muscles bare,
 Strikes to the bone, and batters there this brain
 And grinds it deep, yet never quite breaks through—
 And writhing there, this mangled tool of God
 Is melted down to dust and dark oblivion,
 And leaves his beauty here for fools' delight,
 While wise men bow before a broken soul,
 Restrain base sobs but cannot hide their tears.

PAUL DILWORTH

Books

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

Pastoral portrait

VILLAGE TALE—Phil Stong—Harcourt, Brace and Co.—(\$2.50)—Another novel dealing with the pork-and-grain country from the pen of America's ace down-to-earth journalist. The subtle contrasts of human character as seen in an Iowa village, caught by the swiftly moving mind of a critical observer, and recorded in black-and-white pages for the benefit of the reading public.

This new novel by the author of *State Fair* and *The Stranger's Return* has obviously been written for the movies. It is excellent material for Hollywood and as a result is interesting reading. When *Village Tale* comes to the screen it will be the third of Author Stong's novels to be filmed.

The story of this new opus is built around a small Iowan town. Little did Drury Stevenson realize, when he persuaded Elmer Jamieson to shoot his wife and her lover, that he was beginning a chain of events that would eventually lead him to his doom. Brunswick is a typical small town where each person's business is everybody's affair. Not for many years had Brunswick had so much to talk about and the good citizens did not fail to do justice to the occasion.

Into this simple Iowan village Author Stong has woven a romance that moves from one startling event to another. In addition he has embellished his narrative with those human touches of local color. Mr. Stong's knowledge of Iowan life could not be shown to better advantage. At the same time he has revealed himself as a keen observer of human nature and its inner workings. So vividly is the tale portrayed that its characters and landmarks seem to step from the pages and paint themselves indelibly on the mind. One is not apt to forget soon the scene in the barn between Lulu and Slaughter, or again the scene in the church between Slaughter and Sybil, or the arrival of the ever famous Six-Forty-Five. One can picture to the last detail the simple farmers sitting in the general store discussing the latest moves in the Roosevelt Administration. These scenes and many others are transformed into living images by skillful word pictures.

There is an excellent plot, well knit, cleverly and carefully constructed containing a certain element of humor and a generous amount of suspense. With the small village of Brunswick, Iowa, as a center, Mr. Stong has woven a complicated chain of events, the solution of which is extremely adroit. Although the middle portion is a let-down after an exciting beginning, the plot gradually rises step by step, scene by scene to a tremendously thrilling climax.

Into this tale of love and hate Author Stong has inserted a galaxy of characters clearly analyzed and quietly portrayed bit by bit throughout the entire book. The almost unconscious progression of character in the principal players does not strike the reader with full force until the conclusion of the final page. There is Slaughter Sommerville, trying to overcome the influence of his ancestors; Drury Stevenson, nourishing a grudge against Sommerville's good fortune; Lulu, Drury's daughter, a flirt and a vamp; Ben Roberts, solid, sturdy, strong, blindly in love with Lulu; Bolly Hootman whose life is shattered when he discovers that his wife is unfaithful; Eddie Winters, the village pest; Elmer Jameson whose shot gun disrupts a not altogether *private* love scene; Sybil, Jameson's beautiful wife, loved by Slaughter; Ike Crane and Tessie Oosthoek, the old standbys—all of these appear as real definite people.

There is much depth behind the latest of Mr. Stong's novels and those who enjoyed its predecessors will want to read this one.

—HERBERT S. NUSBAUM.

. . . It's taken me thirty years to notice that this is a hard world and if you're strong you can't afford to worry about people that are weak. . .

"You can git a Chrysillac now for only forty-eight hundred dollars—two thousand down."

. . . The barn had a clean, agreeable stink. The bean hay and clover recalled the summer faintly; there was a faded, ammonical smell of the horses and cows; graying wood and a seasoning of carbolic disinfectant completed the scent. Slaughter liked the odor. It was the smell of things growing and changing—and changing to his advantage—but he liked it principally because it was a smell of living, healthy living. He whistled in the barn almost for the same reason that men whistle in their baths. . .

. . . and this annoyed him to the point of letting down the big central chandelier, blowing at the lamp wicks, and lighting the whole affair, pulling it back up to the beamed and gabled ceiling where only a Galileo might have noticed that it swung a trifle in the breeze insistently blowing from the squinch of the corner chimney. . . the blackness of the early night began to shine with the faint bluish iridescence of the stars, pouring themselves against the snow. . .

. . . A dying, decaying reminiscence of all the talcums, lavender, and bodies that had diffused themselves in Brunswick church came slowly out and spoke to them, and a papery smell of wood, and the sour objection of slain flowers.

. . . He was about to do the hardest thing he had ever done in his life, but it would be harder if he did not do it tonight. He set his teeth—to confront these clowns, these rustics, surely that should not tax his courage! But he had lived among them all his life. . . and all had seen what happened last night, and no one had warned him. . .

Pale pessimism

WORK OF ART—Sinclair Lewis—Doubleday, Doran and Co.—(\$2.50)—Another satire on modern life and modern men by the author of “Main Street” and “Babbitt.” A slightly sentimental account of the art of hotel management from the hand of an author who once dipped his pen in more acid ink. Being in short, an elaborate exposé of the how’s and wherefore’s of running a successful hotel, as expressed in the life of just another hotel man.

Sinclair Lewis’ latest book, *A Work of Art*, deals with the lives of the Weagle brothers, Ora and Myron, of Black Thread Center. Black Thread Center of 1898 is the typical Lewis town, dust, provincialism, and a Main Street. Pa and Ma Weagle run the American House, a synthesized prototype of the small town hostelry of the era—the brass bound register on a swivel, the pen in a potato, and small clean rooms of lumpy mattresses, faded calendars, and inch-thick, grape clustered wash bowls and pitchers. The two young brothers, Ora and Myron, have one characteristic and only one in common; they both bear the name of Weagle. Ora is a consciously felt winged lit-r'y genius. Half-baked, pseudo-intellectual, he is according to his own idea “terrible” and “potent.” “Terrible” in his indolence and “potent” in his ignorance. Ora’s life is for the most part a hodge-podge of mouthed nothings. After twenty-odd years of irksome life in Black Thread, Ora starts forth to warm the world with the fire of his genius. His Black-Thread-Center-spun air castles fail to materialize, however, so that for the next twenty-five years of his life he is forced to find contentment sitting in the gutter building mud houses. As the book closes in the year 1933, Ora is pictured as having finally arrived in a material fashion—thanks to the uncultured graciousness of the last decade and the ever-swung Hollywood door.

Myron on the other hand is the patient plodder. Early in life he resolves to be a great hotel man some day and the book in its entirety represents that struggle. Porter, night clerk, butcher, chef—Myron at some time or other in summer resorts, country inns or large hotels holds these positions or others. From the American House to the Westward Ho of New York City, Myron studies through the years the intricacies of the hotel business until finally his patient, unending toil is rewarded and he is made chief executive of New York’s most palatial inn. Still Myron, the plodder, is not satisfied, and he goes on to build his own hotel—his own conception of the perfect hotel; an ideal that has grown during his years of experience. The hotel completed, Myron is shunted aside by his New York financial backers. Going West Myron at forty-five starts anew. One feels as the book ends that Myron with his sails mended and sailing off in another direction will eventually arrive at his cherished goal.

Although at times the more appropriate title for the book might be *Hotels: Their Management, Work of Art*, I believe, is a much better book than its immediate predecessor, *Ann Vickers*. In his minor characters Mr. Lewis reveals, as always, a true understanding of the provincial mind and temperament. In the character portrayal of Ora and Myron, the author accomplishes not only an admirable study of antithetical temperaments but he also cleverly depicts in unimaginative Myron the true artist; while I-am-Ora-young-intellectual evolves as he gathers years from a past possibility into a 1933 bromide. More than ever, however, Mr. Lewis shoves his own personality into the book. *Work of Art*, consequently, while it is a continuation of the *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith* lineage, is not on the same plane with its more eminent forerunners.

This book gives further proof of the author’s ability at depicting the American average man. He limns him for us as he is—foibles, ambitions, petty conceits; yet he does no more. In other words, Mr. Lewis gives us beautiful ponds but no pounding oceans.

And so is *Work of Art*, a typical Lewis novel, a typically good Lewis novel; and therefore, decidedly worth reading.

—ROBERT L. WOOD.

(Yale-bred Mr. Lewis) “It was a young government surveyor who put the name down as ‘Black Thread’ in 1810, considering, in his Havard manner, the probabilities of spellings and the idiocy of myths.

—“Myron wouldn’t even know the meaning of the word melodrama! Huh! Yuh! Sure! No brains, no education! Could Myron make a line like ‘Till with blown flame thee the power of me fills’?

—“I didn’t know,’ he sobbed, ‘that the Bible was poetry! I thought it was nothing but religion.’”

—“Of course you got to be a reporter before you can become an author—any reporter will tell you that.”

“It is one of life’s ironies that the suggestion of a passer-by—a man met on a train, the unknown author of an editorial, an actor repeating a pure and pompous sentiment in a melodrama—may be weightier than years of boring advice by parents.”

—“Nor is it certain that the enjoyment of priggishness is not one of the most innocent and wholesome of pleasures, as seen in the careers of most bishops, editors, sergeants-major, instructors in athletics, and Socialist authors.”

“For Myron showed uncommon talent, the first ever he had shown in his industrious life: he bought a cook book. That was not extraordinary; people do buy cook books, particularly brides. Between 1896 and 1931, *The Boston Cooking School Cook Book* had sold a million and a half copies, making the author, Miss Fannie Merritt Farmer, one of the only five important American authors, along with Charles M. Sheldon, of *In His Steps*, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Arthur Brisbane, and Laur Jean Libbey.”

—“Now that he was fifteen and a sophomore, Myron found high school diverting. The physical background was fairly bad. Not yet had New England towns discovered that the young can be educated only in a milieu of tapestry brick, Vita glass, \$100,000 swimming pools, gymnasiums with professional instructors.”

Byron tells how he feels.

"The great object of life is sensation—to feel that we exist, even though in pain. It is this 'craving void' which drives us to gaming—to battle—to travel—to intemperate, but keenly felt pursuits of any description, whose principal attraction is the agitation inseparable from their accomplishment."

November 25, 1816. To John Murray.

Byron tires of water sports.

"Talking of the 'heart' reminds me that I have fallen in love, which, except falling in the Canal (and that would be useless as I can swim), is the best (or worst) thing I could do. I am therefore in love—fathomless love; but lest you should make some splendid mistake, and envy me the possession of some of those princesses or countesses with whose affections your English voyagers are apt to invest themselves, I beg leave to tell you that my goddess is only the wife of a 'Merchant of Venice'; but then she is pretty as an Antelope. . . Then she has the voice of a lute, and the song of a Seraph (though not quite so sacred), besides a long post-script of graces, virtues, and accomplishments, enough to furnish out a new chapter for Solomon's Song."

July 15, 1817. To John Murray.

A kind word for one of his critics.

"So let him look to it: he had better have written to the devil a criticism upon hell-fire. I will raise him such a Samuel for his *Saul* as will astonish him without the Witch of Endor. An old tiresome blockhead, blundering through Italy, without a word of the language, or of any language except the wretched affectations of our own which he calls English, to come upon poor dear quiet me with his nonsense! but never mind: we shall see. . . ; sunburn me, if I don't stick a pin through this old Blue-bottle!"

February 2, 1818. To Tom Moore.

Byron on contemporary poetry, with a prophecy.

"I called Crabbe and Sam [Rogers] the fathers of present Poesy; and said, that I thought—except

Postludes with a poet

THE LETTERS OF LORD BYRON—Selected by R. G. Howarth—E. P. Dutton and Co.—(\$3.50)—A complete and accurate compilation of the personal epistles of the dean of romantic poets. A new collection, throwing searching light on many of the perplexing problems in the life of "Childe Harold."

Mr. Howarth's convenient new book makes easily accessible for the first time a selection of Byron's letters which attempts "to illustrate every phase of the poet's life" from his youth in 1799 until his death at Mesolongi in 1824. Being but a selection, it must necessarily run the risk of a few arched eyebrows on the part of those who fail to find included some favorite passage of Byronic humor or some important bit of autobiographical communicativeness. But the editor, in selecting about one quarter of the total number of letters to be found in the expensive six volume Prothero Edition, has succeeded in presenting a full size portrait of the man who was, according to Andre Maurios' excellent Introduction, "with Napoleon, one of the two most remarkable figures of the nineteenth century." Sixteen illustrations in photogravure of contemporary portraits add to the attractiveness of the book and adequate notes at the bottom of each page guide the reader through the wilderness of otherwise obscure references.

As for the letters themselves, they are among the most fascinating examples of a species of writing that has been designated by Mr. Lucas as "The Gentlest Art." The terminology, however, is open to some question when applied to the several hundred letters comprising Mr. Howarth's volume. Art they are, to be sure—although almost in spite of themselves and without any conscious attempt on the part of their author to say things with a polished nicety. But the almost feverish note that permeates the whole selection, the verve and rapidity of movement, belie to some extent the accuracy of Mr. Lucas's superlative adjective. Byron was not one who exquisitely mirrored the minutiae of a quiet existence in the "divine chit-chat" of a Cowper. One wonders that in so hectic and importunate a life he found time at all for so voluminous a quantity of poetry and correspondence. He would seize an odd moment by the tail—at six in the morning after an all-night Carnival celebration, or immediately on his return from a rendezvous with a Venetian wife and a upset in the Grand Canal to boot—and "in a passion and a Sirocco" unburden to his friends in a few brilliant flashes the feelings that were struggling for expression.

Byron had a certain precision of malice that is all the more remarkable in that it was spontaneous rather than a forethought. When he felt particularly enraged, he dipped his pen in his spleen and left it up to the first editors of his letters to chasten his wrath with asterisks. To the imaginative reader, these lacunae detract but little from the piquancy of effect. But there are also letters of other moods—the charming description to Tom Moore of the Venetian Carnival; the sincere expressions of affection to Augusta Leigh and the Countess Guiccioli. However much Byron may have posed before the delightfully scandalized readers of his poetry, to his intimate friends he sent small snap-shots taken at unguarded moments, heightened only by a natural tendency to exaggeration, and by a coloring of the emotion which usually prompted him to write. If we are to know him at all (and he is too complex a person to pigeon-hole without long study and many qualifications), our knowledge must come from those moments off-stage during which he dashed off to his friends what lay closest to his heart. *The Letters of Lord Byron* is a book to be valued not only because it shows a great poet in the paradoxical roles of the rebel against society and the common-sense Englishman, the cruelly calculating debauchee and the genuinely sentimental lover, the misanthropic cynic and the warm-hearted friend, the not infallible critic of contemporary poetry and the best commentator of his own, but because it is captivating reading and guarantees electric shocks against a reader's ennui.

Potent personality

JEREMY HAMLIN—Alice Brown—D. Appleton-Century Co.—(\$2.00)—A deep and intriguing tale that holds the attention through an elaborate system of motivating symbolism. A searching study dwelling upon the truth of the statement that “the things that men do live after them.” A powerful and penetrating spirit, changed by death, yet still exerting a profound influence upon the lives of those it once controlled. Such is the character drawn with a skillful and experienced hand by the author of *Jeremy Hamlin*. A drama of life and death, and of the permanent realities that pass through all existence without change! A novel of the spirit, full of philosophical and religious motifs.

Jeremy Hamlin, six weeks in his grave, continues his inexorable march across the lives of those who knew him. Thus in brief may be stated the story of Miss Brown's book.

An unknown hireling comes into the New England hills. He manages to acquire a sketchy education and Judge Hamlin's daughter. He assumes his wife's name and property at the Judge's death. He becomes the one rich man in the struggling settlement of Bridebrooks. His wealth is achieved by relentlessly crushing any opposition to his desire to accumulate material things. His mysterious power is a great rock which does not physically hurt, but which stifles and suffocates all beneath it. It was a power which denied love to his attractive daughter, Juliana, which smothered his wife's personality, which drove his only son to attempt suicide.

Now that the actual Jeremy is dead, Juliana's spirit is enslaved by the idea that she must justify his existence on earth. She is aided in her effort by a journalist, Jim MacIvor, who has the soul of a mystic and the mind of an adventurer.

There are two love stories woven into the plot. Juliana's lover, banished to Tibet by the powerful man who could not bear for his daughter to be possessed by another, returns after many years to claim her. But her love is for the young dream of him, not for the practical actuality of him. MacIvor is passionately loved by Naomi, the young granddaughter of the gigantic Jeremy. Because she inherits the strength of her “grandsir,” she never relinquishes that hopeless love. The domination of old Hamlin's spirit becomes more complete, and the four are brought together forever in their search to determine what manner of man this was.

Miss Brown has achieved perhaps her best characterization as she outlines the bigness of Jeremy Hamlin. As she shapes the destiny of her four characters, she fills in the sketch of this dead man until he stand vividly immobile before our eyes.

The reality of the situation sometimes challenges the reader. Are Julie's thoughts from the mind of a woman in her fifties? Is one so capable of examining one's love as a thing apart? Could a daughter dissect her father's personality in such an impersonal light? An occasional labored style causes the reader to wonder if there are not such doubts in the mind of the author, too. It would be interesting to know if Miss Brown is employing native New England expressions or her own inventiveness when she uses such unusual expressions as “she'd admire to go,” “lay yourself out on,” and “all our drip.”

There is a philosophical and religious motif in the story. And at time that philosophy becomes too big for the author to handle. She succeeds, however, in developing her thought so that the great, blundering Jeremy Hamlin becomes the symbol of earth—earth that has forgotten its heaven.

—ALICE B. SEARIGHT.

them—all of ‘us youth’ were on a wrong tack. But I never said that we did not sail well. Our fame will be hurt by *admiration* and *imitation*. When I say *our*, I mean *all* (Lakers included), except the postscript of the Augustans. The next generation (from the quantity and facility of imitation) will tumble and break their necks off our Pegasus, who runs away with us; but we keep the *saddle*, because we broke the rascal and can ride. But though easy to mount, he is the devil to guide; and the next fellows must go back to the riding-school and the manège, and learn to ride the ‘great horse’.”

Jeremy Hamlin

“As I see him, he was made for trouble. He was always stirring it up, breeding pain. But that wasn't what he had in mind. So wasn't he innocent? Some of the things we know about him were deviltry, sheer deviltry. He was planning business, and whatever came in his way had to lie down so he could plod over it—or stand up and be smashed. There was no other way. It was the working of a power as gross as what you'd find in some mammoth beast. Being alive, it acted—as it must.”

“What troubles me is that it's wonderful, all the Lord has made, and we're missing the whole magnificent show. We plug along and do what other people do and go to church and mumble through the most beautiful ritual in the world and are unchanged—mark you, we're unchanged. As if we kept our relations with God in a strong box—in an ecclesiastical bank—and until we go and unlock it we forget they're there. But it ought to be such a wonder, don't you think? The whole act of creation, every day, every hour—and love between men and women—shouldn't that be a sacrament from the first, when they recognize each other? And instead it's the sign language of morons and us poor half-wits that write the books, and ought to have our heads cut off and our hands that hold the pens.”

Proletarian Prelude

ON THE SHORE—Albert Halper—Viking Press—(\$2.00)—The author of "Union Square" records in modern clipped dialogue a series of highly colored vignettes dealing with the years of his youth. A series of strong impressions, caught by an active if youthful mind, and recorded with a vigor and strength that holds with the feel of reality.

A young man startled the critics by producing a new type of novel that was proletarian, and yet vividly moving. The young man was Albert Halper and the book was *Union Square*. In *On the Shore* Albert Halper closely approaches the standard set by his first published work. The book is a series of autobiographical impressions and moods arranged in more or less chronological order. He dwells upon little events of his life and overshadows in the telling the main action with subsequent and terse descriptions of the characters involved. For the most part the subject matter is not unusual and the action is not consciously dramatic. The scene is Chicago and the home of a grocer and his family. Gradually the members of the family are developed as events bring them into the narrative. The father is a silent man worrying only about the encroachment of the chain stores and asking only that his wife's relatives relieve him of worry by staying at their respective homes. The mother is grayed by domesticism and children, finding her joy in memories of the old country, and family visits. Dave, the youngest, is a hero worshipper. At the age of six he saw two truckers kill a negro. Fear closed his mouth and he told no one. The oldest brother, a traveling salesman, is a sincere person and the pride of the family. Then there is Uncle Gustav, the meekest one of his father's family, who was always pleased when the author took him a herring. These characters and others equally as interesting are woven into a constantly shifting background which forms a vibrant reconstruction of everyday life and human situations.

Halper's life has been one of work since he was graduated from high school: order-picker in a mail-order house, factory hand, office worker, salesman, jewelry clerk, and night postal sorter at the Chicago central postoffice. The author has gained something from his life that enables him to crystallize impressions which another might feel and yet not be able to express. His picturization has a poignant nudity in its description of events common to all childhood. His style is cryptic, impressionistic. At times it is coarse even as life is coarse; consequently *On the Shore* has few equals in portraying human situations in an everyday setting.

Excerpt

But I was born in a raw slangy city in a new slangy neighborhood. I lived near railroads, and on warm nights I could smell the strong odors from the stockyards rolling in heavy waves all the way from the South Side.

I was an errand-boy when the race riots broke out on the South Side. I saw five whites chasing a negro up the street. They chased him up an alley off Indiana Avenue, cornered him near a shed, and one white kicked the coon in the mouth as the dark boy got down on his knees to beg for mercy. The nigger begged hard. He said he had never done harm to any white man; he howled and then stopped, and for a while it looked as if he were trying to swallow his own lips. That was when one of the whites pulled out a gun, a shiny revolver that caught the sun. It took two shots to finish the business. The whites stood grim. The coon, his arms spread out as if nailed to a cross, lay quiet near a pile of horse manure.

—EARLE RUNNER.

The review of Sinclair Lewis' *Work of Art* was made possible through the courtesy of Thomas-Quicke Co. Copies of books reviewed in this section may also be found at Thomas-Quicke Co.

Premier poet

GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS GENIUS—John Livingston Lowes—Houghton Mifflin and Co.—(\$2.50)—A series of lectures by the great master of Chaucerian scholarship, now appearing in print for the first time. A new and brilliant dissertation upon some of the vague and hidden shadows in the life of the first great poet in the English language.

This is a series of lectures delivered two years ago at Swarthmore College to the lay reader of Chaucer rather than to mere students or those who fondly (in both senses, alas) call themselves Chaucerians. It was a difficult task, which invited invidious comparisons, to reduce Chaucer to five hours' discourse, but Professor Lowes faced it boldly, and devoted nearly half his time to preparing the soil, to presenting (in his italics) Chaucer's "timeless creations upon a time-conditioned stage." That stage, set more than five centuries ago with what seems now pretty antiquated machinery, needs explaining. First we have mediæval science—astronomy, astrology, physiology, and so on;—here Professor Lowes is obliged to speak like the Eagle "Lewdly to a lewed man," and he does his best not to be too teacherish. Next we have a really excellent sketch of Chaucer's life as a public servant,—which is about all anyone can do with the available biographic details. Then Chaucer's French masters, Machaut, Froissart, and Deschamps, and the *Romance of the Rose*, all skillfully outlined and analyzed.

For Chaucer's works three lectures remain. In one are grouped the four vision-poems, the *Book of the Duchess* ("fresh and lovely" and in spite of its dependence on French poetry "an original composition"), the *House of Fame* ("the most Chaucerian thing that Chaucer ever wrote"), the *Parliament of Fowls* with its "grave sweetness and a poised serenity," and the Prologue of the *Legend*

of *Good Women*. Here, I think, Professor Lowes is at his best, for he has here breathed upon some of the dust of scholarship and made it alive; he has interpreted the "sources" beyond the bare "cf." of the commentators and shown the significance of Chaucer's borrowings. The lecture on *Troilus and Griseyde* is called The Mastered Art, but it does Chaucer somewhat less than justice. After tracing "the story of the story" and

summarizing the story itself, after touching on the complexity of *Criseyde* (without admitting the difficulty of Book V) and the enormous verve of Pandarus—and after deducting a few pages to introduce the following lecture—Professor Lowes left himself barely room for all the various interests of the poem. Finally, having chosen the "unfolding of Chaucer's genius" rather than "its crowning achievement," he leaves

us with a series of brilliant observations and comments on the characters of the *Canterbury Tales*. The whole book is written with that gusto and enthusiasms which we have learned to expect of Professor Lowes, along with his large and well-digested learning; but hardly anywhere has he let himself go (a favorite phrase) with such gusto and enthusiasm as in this last lecture.

—PAULL F. BAUM.

Maiden's Prayer

(Continued from page 15)

trable wall, so that life might not pierce their armor and disturb them? But she had not tried to build a wall! She had not been afraid of life! She had thought that she was taking steps to embrace it more closely, to clasp it to her, pain or tears regardless. She had thought that she had been called—that she must answer. When God called you to His service you couldn't refuse. Wasn't it possible that she had been wrong—that she had heard no heavenly voices—that she was an outsider within this walled castle and could not escape? She shivered and buried her head in her hands. When the novices filed out she went with

them slowly, mechanically.

Evening prayers were over. She pocketed her rosary and shut the door of the narrow bedroom behind her. There was beauty here—the chaste, white beauty of austerity. Her ebony crucifix struck a note of contrast against the whiteness, her black habit another. There was no mirror. She had quite forgotten what she looked like. Oh, she vaguely remembered that her eyes were dark and her cheeks smooth and that before they had cut it off her hair had been soft and abundant. She felt queerly that her own personality was pouring back into her after months of being lost.

She could feel it—great waves of awareness and response surging through her.

She sank down beside the bed without turning on the light. The air that drifted through her window was heavily scented with honeysuckle. She was afraid to go to the window—afraid of this Spring that tore at her heart. But she could not help herself. She rose and crossed to the window and forced herself to look out. The trunks of the trees were straight and dark and their leaves were silvered. Her ears were deaf to the heavenly voices. There was a white moon shining!

I remember
Long rows of men
Marching,
Men in blue,
Men in khaki.

Bands playing
Soul-stirring marches,
A small boy
Waving a flag,
Shouting.

A kindly pat
On a little head,
And a boyish voice
Saying
"We'll get 'em, sonny."

WILLIAM OWENS

War

Wedding March

(Continued from page 16)

listen to the low, sweet sobbing of the orchestra. At ten-thirty, the moods and music and love were over. She would be back at her dormitory, like any other co-ed and her date, telling him goodbye and yelling down the hall to her roommate.

Andra knew they had expected George to be something like that Larry—a romantic somebody who fit in with her poetic fugues . . . somebody who would kiss her finger tips and tell her she was like a far-off dream.

She could never imagine George telling her she was like a far-off dream. She smiled to even think of it.

The people on the sides of the aisles nudged each other knowingly as they saw that half-smile light up her face.

She walked slowly on. The altar seemed distant and blurred. It seemed too far off . . . and there was endless procession, endless walking to get there . . . and thoughts and memories crowding in her mind as if this were the last moment in her life instead of its beginning.

Distinctly she remembered the day when they had learned that Polly would become a mother in July. It had seemed an almost impossible phenomenon to them all. There had been a conversation during which Andra had been moodily silent . . . thinking in one of her far-off moods.

Impossible phenomenon? That night she had not come back to the dormitory at ten-thirty with Larry. There had been a night upon the grass . . . a star-dusted night with her hair blowing in her eyes . . . Deliberately she had planned everything. But the plan had failed. But now she hoped that . . . Now she hoped.

The rest of the ceremony had been blurred, and very much like all other ceremonies . . . congratulations and wine and aren't-you-happys. Rice and

shoes. Receptions and people. Then finally no more people,—but just she and George. He was kissing her too frantically, but he seemed so safe to her. His practicality sobered her. No more far-off dream and no more lying on the grass with her hair blowing in her eyes. There would be a bed . . . with linen sheets white and smooth and decorous-looking; her hair in a net to keep it smooth.

God, she thought, why did they have to ruin such a perfectly natural thing as love.

Then she thought of George and his promising career, offering her love that was calm, but enduring. Something stable in the eternal maelstrom that had been her life. Not romantic, but safe.

As if an evil demon had whispered it into her ear, she remembered again how she had sworn that there would be no economic marriage for her . . . only love . . . ideal love that poets sang. Perhaps the words didn't fit the music . . . perhaps the words didn't. Perhaps she had made a dreadful mistake of which there was no undoing.

"You look so blank," she heard George telling her.

She aroused herself. "Forgive me," she said, "You know I warned you that was one of my faults."

"What were you thinking of?" he asked her, almost timidly.

She turned the radio switch off. "I was thinking," she said, "that the words didn't fit the music."

She looked out of the window, her mind wandering, hoping. The grass upon the ground . . . the grass which reminded her so much of Larry . . . was dead and brown. And only a few months ago it had been green and beautiful and vibrantly alive. Then she remembered that grass must die. . .

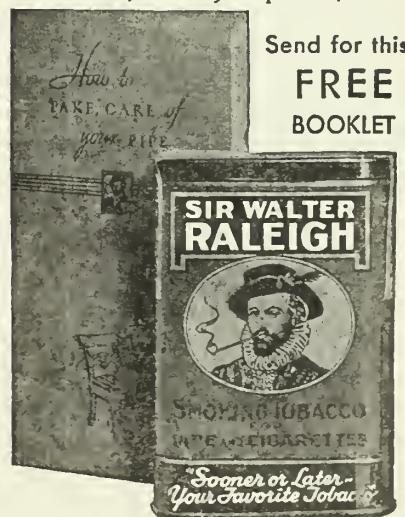
Carefree suddenly, she kissed her husband fervently and whispered into his ear.

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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

Le Soir

(Continued from page 18)

quiet. I could sense rather than really see the blatant blare that formed the moving crescendo of the street-symphony above me.

I sat there in the darkness and tossed little stones into the water and wondered dimly what had happened to me. The crowd I knew would be at Charlie's by now. Pierre would say, "Bottoms up, you mugs," and the glasses would empty. Someone would say, "Fill 'em up, Charlie, old boy," and Charlie would pull tall bottles out of little round holes and pour streams of white and green liquid into the empty glasses.

Lou would be standing at the bar and I knew that someone would have their arms around her. And that someone would look down at her and see the blur of scarlet lips, and white skin, and round breasts. And the air would be heavy and crimson, and Lou would yell, "Come on there,

what'sa matter, strike up the band and let's all dance."

And the piano would begin to pound and the champagne would pour. And Lou's lips would be red and sharp, and someone would find them damp and warm.

I sat there in the dark and somehow it didn't much matter that it wasn't me that was touching those lips. And I wondered still more what had happened to me.

I tried to think of all the things that seemed good to me, things that had tasted sweet to my blood, things that had raced through me like charging leopards. And I thought of tall gin glasses full-up with sparkling liquid, and I thought of the softness of Lou's warm body, and I thought of the night long swing around the town, *Le Dome*, *The Bat*, *La Coupole*, *Inferno*, *Moulin Rouge*, and the thick bed at the apartment.

And I sat there in the darkness and try as hard as I might it all passed on through my mind and left not even a trace of crimson-tinged smoke hanging in a cloud against a black and silver ceiling.

I felt again the lightness and the cleanliness that had touched me earlier in the evening. It was as if the night passed through me and left a sweet newness in place of the old rotting. And it surprised me that I recognized the old as a rotting. Yet now all that had passed seemed black and diseased, and cast in the shape of gnawing rats.

And the newness within me seemed to flow through my body and it seemed that I tingled all over with the feel of something new and clean. And I got up and walked down the *quai* and up the steps to the crowded corner where *Boulevard St. Michel* runs into the Seine.

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728196	778421
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090628	987654

Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

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SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

APRIL
1934

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The ARCHIVE

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THE RETURN
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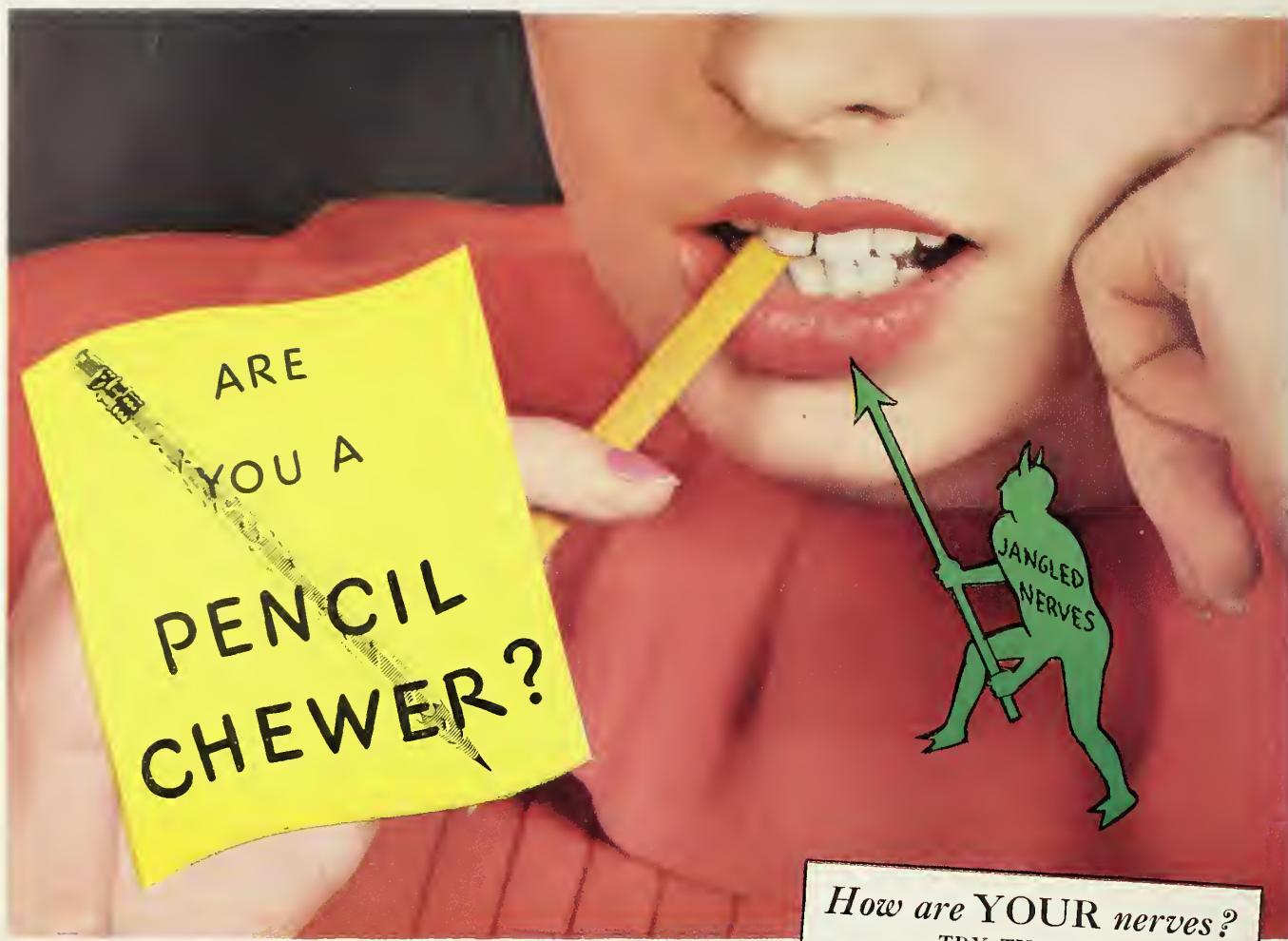
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Watch out for the telltale signs of jangled nerves

Other people notice them—even when you don't—little nervous habits that are the danger signal for jangled nerves.

And remember, right or wrong, people put their own interpretations on them. So it pays to watch your nerves.

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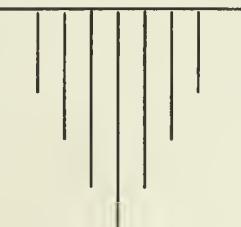
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N. P.

||| Cheveux blonds
Plus beaus du monde
Me font la peur.
Pourquoi?

||| Yeux jolies,
Peau comme lys
Font battre mon coeur.
Pourquoi?

||| Levres qui rient
Me baiment, et puis
J'oublie l'heure.
Pourquoi?

||| Bien chaud coeur,
Douce comme fleur;
S'il glace, je meurs.
Pourquoi?

||| Je ne sais pas quoi,
Mais, c'est BON pour moi!

—ANONYMOUS.

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Came the Revolution

They gathered in the stately hall,
This vast and motley crew.
A common grievance called them all,
And that is all they knew.
"Treat us like men!" the leaders cried
"We're bold and big and strong.
We will commit no homicide
And perpetrate no wrong."

The chairman was a comely lad
Whom friends call "Princely Joe,"
He thought this rabid stuff was bad
But didn't let it show.
The football captain took the floor,
He called for concentration
To turn administration o'er
(A major operation).
A letter was dispatched in haste
To that far-distant board
Which Mr. Duke set up with taste
To rule, to spend, to hoard.

In chapel on a Thursday morn
The students voiced their plea
To have a reign of freedom born
For you and you and me.
"Now, make no noise," said Princely
Joe,
"And try and be restrained
For noise and strife will bring us
woe—

I like my hearers trained."
He read his list from stem to stern,
It wasn't very long.
The hearers couldn't quite discern
Just who had done them wrong.
"Our food is very poor," he said
"For what we have to pay.
They won't serve caviar in bed
For ninety cents a day."
To be specific is not smart,
As most of you can see,
For politics is just the art of
ambiguity.

Up marched a student editor
Complete with black mustache
He gave his views, who knows what
for?

For they were almost rash.
Our dean sat quiet in his seat
He ventured not a word
For, as is needless to repeat,
He feared a gentle "bird."

(Continued on page 29)



Grandioso

Come sing the grand finale of our love
 In measured cadence, delicate and slow—
 A stately rhythm for the grandeur of
 Our farewell melody. Because I know
 Young love is gay and gone too quick for songs
 Too long or dull. It needs the vibrancy
 Of sharp staccato notes; and it belongs
 To mellow chords of pregnant poignancy.

Compose the ending in a throbbing style
 And sing to this of crazy, transient things
 We never could have bound. For even while
 We chant the end, a tangent echo rings
 Of ecstasy recalled and sweetest folly,
 To spoil the stateliness of grand finale.



Allegretto

Though this was fleeting, I did not deny
 That it was love, and that perhaps we two
 Were born for this. But it has passed us by.
 Old love is stagnant: sweeter is the new.
 And I will bide this same philosophy,
 Strange as it seems to you. For stranger still
 Is love that calls itself eternity—
 That years and many kisses cannot kill.

We had a treasure fairer than the gold
 Of seasands when the moon plays alchemist;
 It was too intricate for us to hold—
 Too intricate to hold—or to resist.
 Oh, call it fickleness or what you may:
 I loved you once—but that was Saturday.

—RUBY FOGEL.

Midnight Sun

RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

On the New England coast, off North Light, always the sea is a strange color, but tonight under the ghostly spell of the great iron danger lights, Soren thought it never before so luminescent, almost as if hidden fires burned below the surface. Low across the starboard bow, the fishing boats of Chester grew black upon the golden sands, and lights from the little villages began to twinkle softly in the dusk. Neat, white cottages stood out against the darkening skyline, and streets like dark rivers ran into the sea.

Still dark and desolate with the melting of winter snows, loomed Diges Island and the Light House on its seaward tip seemed more lonely than ever as its yellow shaft began to search among the somber forests.

Soren loved this hour between day and night when even the chained ships were quiet in their straining. Twelve years had passed since they carried soldiers to France, but now they lay at anchor off a quiet New England town and turned blue water brown with their rusting. Often in the North Atlantic on dog watch, he had seen the George Washington slip by in the night, her decks a blaze of lights, and music drifting gently from her cabins.

Now she was but one of four old ships bound together through all the seasons by great chains of iron. Of the other three, he had glimpsed the tanker Jorgen waiting in a fog off the Dardanelles to refuel an English submarine and in the English Channel the freighter Northland Star carrying a deckload of Seventy-Five ammunition for French batteries in Flanders. But of the Wilhelmia, he could remember nothing until, as a prize of war, she left the captive Prussian Eagle to sink, like the name she bore, into guarded oblivion. And so with the burying of war dead,



these four had come to be forgotten and slip slowly back into the sea. Soren who wished also to be forgotten and to slip back into the sea, had come aboard them as watchman, a watchman to walk their decks by day and listen by night to their heavy stirrings, as they struggled with the chains.

Better it seemed to live such a life than drift along the waterfront with its dirty cobbled streets, and broken red houses with women leaning out of the windows. Waterfronts are only kind to the young, and he was nearing sixty-five. But the rumble of cargo hoists could not be forgotten, and he missed seeing again the old ships he had passed in the Indies or out of China. Then, too, something burned inside him that made him want ever to be afloat, to feel the dull stirring of the sea full and strong-voiced from the storm, or pale in slumber in the moonlight. Like some men are born to dread lightning, so Soren dreaded land, feeling somewhere deep within him a presentiment that all his life must he live upon the water. To him, the sea was real, a personality, not just a great natural force. Perhaps, he owed this belief to his long Norwegian lineage, going far back to the time when Thor brooded over thunder in the mountains. Sometimes, in the Winter gales, he would hear the din

of distant combat, the singing of arrows, and the clash of swords on brazen shields. Knowing these things within himself, he had come aboard the old ships and there found peace alone with the sea.

Other reasons, too, had prompted him in taking quarters on the forgotten ships. Since his boyhood in Chester, he had known the men who once captained the Jorgen and the Northland Star. John Northcutt had retained in maturity the same gentleness of his youth, a strange, strong gentleness that everyone felt, especially animals. Dogs would come for miles around to run yapping at his heels. Once, Soren saw him bring two runaway horses to a dead stop merely by standing in the middle of the road. He lived to run a hundred tons of dynamite through the Russian Pacific Squadron, and died in a bed of rheumatism. Then Craig Britton, Captain of the Jorgen for almost as long as Northcutt had skippered the Northland Star, spent thirty years knowing every whim of her until just before midnight Christmas Eve, she took her crew quietly beneath the waters of Hong Kong harbor.

Salvage sledges had left little of the ships, and like grey ghosts they clung together in their rusted chains. The splendor of the George Washington had gone to make more space

to carry regiment after regiment over the Atlantic. Even the *Wilhelmina* lay stripped of her imperial grandeur, somehow tarnished like medals buried with the dead, but still she looked long and slim, straining to every sea breeze. The *Jorgen* and *Northland Star* remained much as they had been when carrying petroleum and pig iron around the Azores, except that sometimes when the sea would live in fury with herself, Soren thought them like worn old men come home to die.

At first, Soren had made his quarters on the *George Washington*, but with night the great empty decks would seem filled with low whisperings and then periods of long, brooding silence. Once before, with the dead around him in a blasted mine, he had felt such silence. And sometimes when the wind swept in from the sea, the empty saloons seemed filled with the sound of music and laughter, or of soldiers praying in the night. And so he had moved to the *Wilhelmina*, but there, too, imagination got the better of his reason, and night winds brought the rattle of sabers. Once came the voices of two lovers, but then a storm had broken, and, with its passing, he heard only the low sobbing of breezes. He feared the *Jorgen* and the strange way her plates had opened to the China Sea, and so at last he came to live aboard the *Northland Star*.

For a moment, now, he stood in the gathering dusk and then climbed to his quarters on the Bridge Deck. Once inside the small, white-paneled room, he lighted the oil lamp which swung from the ceiling. The wooden paneling of the cabin supported several shelves of books, a brass-bound telescope, and a colt forty-five. Across the table top was spread a large piece of yellowish cloth bearing the numerals 218, those formerly carried by the American Destroyer under Soren's command during the war. Over one of the port holes hung a sheet bearing musical symbols.

These Soren had recorded many years before when he and some others had gone deep into the vaults of an ancient monastery on the English coast. Tales had gone abroad of its being haunted and of strange, chanting music heard in the night. Soren had stayed after the others left and, in the darkness, copied clumsily the music as it softly swept along the vaulted passages. Even now whenever he looked at it, he heard low, resonant chords, like the deep tolling of bells, or ships moaning in the fog.

Soren picked up a book from the stack on the table, and sat down to read. It was a strange looking book, bound in sail canvas, and bearing a hand printed title in old Norse dialect. All the contents were written in long hand, and sea water together with hard usage, had rendered the writing almost illegible. Soren had found it while rummaging behind the paneling in the cabin, and was especially interested when it proved to be a collection of old Norse legends amassed by Hans Christensen, carpenter aboard the *Northland Star* when Northcutt had skippered her. Soren remembered him well as his gunner's mate on the British Destroyer *Pericles* at the battle of Jutland. They had been waiting, with the other light ships, behind the first line warships in Admiral Jellicoe's fleet guarding the exits from the North Sea. Wireless communication was extremely bad due to interference set up by German operators, and the second line of defense was totally in ignorance concerning the Imperial German battle squadron under von Scheer. It was hardly expected that the German fleet numbering one hundred warships would attempt any escape through the superior British force of a hundred and fifty vessels, but yet the darkness seemed somehow charged with electric activity and things moving silently. Silence hung heavily about the ship and men talked in tense whispers. Dull flashes of lightning came out of the black seas and the

air felt as if drums were being beaten afar off. They had stood beside the forward five inch gun, he and Christensen and the rest of the gun crew, all waiting breathlessly. Soren had been so acutely aware of his surroundings, of the gently rolling ship, and the dark waves occasionally showing white under her bow. Overhead, heavy clouds shut out the stars. Then suddenly out of that silence, he knew that someday he would die at sea, but that his death would be different from that of other men. Death for him would come as a trial. And, as he had stood there in the darkness, with the silence around him, he said something low and guttural and in a language he had never heard before. Beside him, Christensen had started violently. Why, he asked, did you speak the war oath of the *Talholm*? But Soren had not answered, for suddenly out of the night came salvo after salvo, and the night was alive with fire. Grey shapes swept out of the darkness and searchlights sent yellow fingers into the sky. Tensely, he ordered the gun to begin firing. Ships blew each other out of the water at point blank range. Some, in the confusion, fired upon their own sisterships. Vessels flamed into the midnight sky, and burned until their steel hulls stood bright red against the waters of the North Sea. Beside him, the gun flared and grew so hot that it scorched his hands. And then, suddenly, out of all the inferno there came a great stillness within him, for out of the darkness swept a great black galley. On it moved, through gun smoke, among modern war ships, on with sail set to an unknown wind. Amidship, upon a funeral bier, lay the armored figure of a warrior. Still calling the range for his gun, he had watched the galley sail through a great German dreadnaught, had watched that dreadnaught shiver from some unseen impact, and slowly capsize. And so, he had known that he would live until the sea called for his death. Christensen and the

other members of the gun crew were killed when a shell jammed in the breech. Slowly and deliberately, Soren turned the pages of the book, and on each sea-stained leaf searched for the Legends of Talholm. Even now every detail of that night upon the North Sea lived intensely in his mind, even to the name Talholm, Christensen had whispered in the darkness. At length, he found it written there in strangely antique script, a script that flowed in odd strokes, cutting deep into the paper as if the hand that made them was more used to the sword than to the pen.

"The Talholm," he read, "lived far to the Northward, deep in the Fjord of Voklun. For centuries, their blue swords and fleet galleys filled lonely cities with terror. And the headlands of Norway were crowned with temples to Tarid, Goddess of Courage, Tarid of the blue hair, in whose honor warriors wielded their blue swords. Life began with Tarid and ended with Tarid. She smiled upon menchildren at their birth and in the manner of their burial, showed her pleasure or her rage: if a warrior died in honor, his body sank into the sea borne upon a flaming galley, but if he died in shame, or cowardice, no fire sent him to the arms of Tarid, and the galley bore him over the sea forever."

Soren leaned close to the page as the oil lamp flickered and threatened to go out. Outside the winds carried sullen whispers as though strange things were stirring in their sleep on the bottom and drifting up to walk abroad in the green fog. At the end of the page, he read in barely distinguishable script, "Once only in all the tablets of the Talholm was there burial without fire. Once into the city of Turnin, a city whose temples ring with the tolling of golden bells, went Ragor, Captain of Corsairs, with a galley bearing many warriors and the Council of Ten. A narrow strip of water between two towering masses of rock guards the entrance to the city, but Ragor had

swept unseen through the darkness, and soon the night was crimson with the fires of a burning city. After plunder, the galley in the dawn returned to the narrow strip of water, only to find the rocks manned by warriors. Flight after flight of arrows fell upon them and great masses of hurtling rock whipped the water to whiteness, but the galley, with Ragor at the steering sweep, plunged on. Then Ragor, shot through with an arrow, for a moment released his hold on the steering sweep. In that instant, the galley swerved from its course and was sunk by one of the falling rocks. For his weakness, Ragor received not the fire galley, and sleeps not in the sea, but forever must float in the black galley until the mists of Glarnin swirl from the lion's mouth, or the blue haired Goddess gives him life again."

Until the lamp burned low, Soren sat thinking of the black galley, the galley without fire, and of the strange restlessness, the sea song that sang within him. He rose at last, and turned down the light. Outside, the sea sang wearily to herself.

II

The day broke and warm over a tranquil sea as Soren leaned on the bridge railing and watched Chester stir from its slumbers. Morning was always a great occasion for the villagers, one filled with moment and sharp activity. Children shouted in the sunlight, chimneys sent their smoke into a breathless sky, and up from the sea came brown fishermen glinting silver with their harvest. Soren went back into the cabin to cook breakfast over the little oil stove. On only one burner, this was managed by making a round dent in the frying pan just large enough to accommodate a battered coffee pot. Soon the air was pleasantly filled with the smell of bacon and boiling coffee.

After breakfast, he went below decks to check the amount of bilge water in the holds, then went aboard

the other vessels to see if anything unusual had happened during the night. He always made his inspections as rapidly as thoroughness would permit, for somehow the empty, gutted cabins gave him an eerie feeling of tragedy. So many people had lived and died on these boats, some with laughter on their lips and the sounds of life all about them, others quietly with only a few white faces to remember. This morning he especially felt the gloom of the derelicts, and hurried back to the warm sun shining through the port holes in his cabin.

Absently picking up the Book of Legends, Soren began to leaf through it, struggling the while to answer in his own mind just why he had never felt free to leave the sea. With retirement from active service, came the bitter effort to live quietly ashore, but somehow the sound of wind through trees was different from the voices that come from the sea. Again on land there was none of the deep, silent understanding between men that comes with life upon the sea. And men seemed to die ashore feebly and in futility, while death at sea was always strong, like a great wind. Yet never had Soren been able to completely rationalize the feeling that he must ever be on the sea. Because of his striving for some explanation and for the same reason to justify the black galley, the galley that had swept through the North Sea when it looked like the hair of Tarid, Goddess of Courage, Goddess of the blue hair, his questing mind had seized eagerly upon the Book of Legends collected by Christensen. It seemed rather absurd to him that a man of his sort, a man hardened to bitter eventualities and uncompromising hardship, should admit such fancies to his mind. But somehow they seemed vital, seemed to have the same realness and tangibility always attendant upon his actions. They stood not in sharp contrast to his days upon the sea, but rather blended softly into

them. But the unreality of it to other eyes, had haunted him. No one else, he was positive, had seen the galley, or the armored figure it bore so silently. And then too, he found nothing in any memories of latter days to justify his bizarre experiences. If, like his first mate on the old Clifton Spire, he had sipped Chartreuse with a friend in a Parisian Cafe, only to hear of that friend's death at sea some five days earlier, he could have explained it, at least to his personal satisfaction by tacitly admitting the power of association, but never had he spoken, or heard spoken a language dead in Norse throats two thousand years before. Neither could he find explanation for the black galley sweeping on silently full sails over the calm North Sea. He could not explain them, but never for a minute did he question their realness to himself. Only fools scoff at things whose existence their reason cannot justify. He had always felt that the world held too many strange things for men to live alone by reason, sometimes it was much better to feel and recognize, than to explain. Nevertheless, he picked up the canvas-bound volume, and carrying it out of the cabin made himself at ease on the bridge deck. Opening the yellowed leaves to the section on the Talholm, he had started to read, when out of the corner of his eye, he caught an unfamiliar outline on the horizon. About a mile offshore, and glinting brightly in the morning sun, lay a slim, grey destroyer. Along this section of the New England coast, a section made lonely by rocks and sudden fogs, the appearance of any vessel is an unusual occurrence, and Soren dropped the book to get his telescope from the cabin. With his glass, he swept her from stern to stern, somewhat puzzled to notice the dismantled gun mounts on forward and after decks. Torpedo tubes had also been removed, and the life rafts as well. From flat stern to her sleek prow, she seemed to have been stripped not only of

her armament, but also of her normal deck equipment. She seemed deserted, and yet black smoke pouring from her funnels told of hot fires burning under the boilers. Puzzled more and more by her unusual appearance, Soren turned his glass upon the numerals along her bow. 218—the number seemed to leap at him across the blue water. 218—American Destroyer—218, his old command on convoy duty and the North Sea Patrol. What she was doing here, why her armament had been removed, who was commanding her now, these questions he asked himself as he leaped into the freighter's dory and started the motor. Strange, he thought, as the boat rapidly neared the Destroyer, that he should feel so oddly about seeing his old command. He had never cherished any sentimental illusions about the other boats under his captaincy. And yet he could not ignore the keen feeling of exultation, the great satisfaction sweeping over him. Too much imagination and reading of legends, Soren thought, springing up the gangway with an agility that surprised him.

Once aboard, he walked aft to inspect the forward gun. Nothing but the mounting, however, remained of the five-inch rifle. Even the deck winches and mooring cleats were missing. Clearly 218 had been dismantled, but why, then, should smoke be pouring from her funnels. Descending to the engine room, Soren saw the oil burners had been adjusted to give maximum heat and the turbines ready for instant service. Pressure gauges on the boilers indicated a good head of steam, and yet in spite of this Soren saw no one about. Ascending the engine room ladder, he came out on the main deck and continued to the bridge. Once inside the wheel house, he saw the reason for the strange condition of 218. The cabin was literally filled with radio apparatus, generators, and great masses of cableing that covered most of the wall space. A glimpse of another warship some three miles

to starboard confirmed his suspicions. The Destroyer was being used as a radio controlled target, probably for aircraft.

Even with this realization came a brittle crackling of electricity, and the banks of tubes in the back of the cabin began to glow with somber, purple fires. Almost simultaneously, cables on the steering wheel and engine room telegraph began to move. From below came the rising hum of turbines as the indicator, controlled by someone Soren could not even see, moved to the position Full Speed Ahead. 218 was getting under way!

Inside him again there was the strange quiet. He made no movement to leave the Destroyer as she gathered speed and stood her prow boldly out to sea. Under fire, he had always felt great terror, but now aboard a ship presently to be blown from the water by aircraft, he felt calm and strangely at peace. He walked through the cabin door and stood impassively upon the deck as Chester slipped far behind into a toy village filled with prim, white houses. Perhaps it was the sweetness of the morning, on such a morning death could not be abroad, and his mind refused to admit that in a few hours he might be dead. And yet, too many people had died before his eyes for him to be romantic about it. It had always been in pain; men were born in pain and they died in pain. But now with North Light fading into the grey headlands, he found himself wondering what men should think of when they were about to die. Some, he remembered, had thought of their wives or relatives. He had no relatives. Some too thought of the pain and mystery. And, he who had always been afraid of pain, now found no place for it in his heart. So it was that he watched the destroyer's prow touch the blue Atlantic with white, as 218 headed for the open sea, and his ears began to fill with old legends and sea song of the Talholm.

For a long time, he leaned quietly

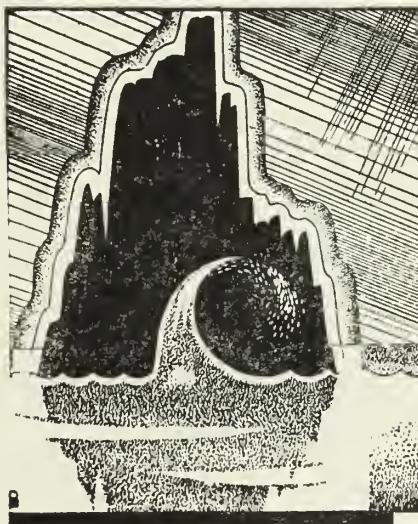
upon the bridge deck railing, and watched the ship cutting through the water. When at length he roused himself from reverie, even the mainland had faded into the horizon. Far astern, its presence suggested only by a smudge of black smoke on the skyline followed the controlling warship. Soren, with a quietude that surprised him, wondered when the bombing grounds would be reached. At least dying aboard a destroyer was better than slow death on the four anchored hulks. Death would come stealthily there with the villagers missing his weekly visit, and one or two of them coming at last to see if he were ill, only to find him huddled in his bunk—eyes open in a blackened face. He had lived strongly and he would die the same way.

Walking to the forward deck, he seated himself on the firing step of the gun mount, and turned his eyes seaward. The Destroyer had just begun to hit ground swells and was rolling with the easy, rhythmic sway of seaworthy boats. Overhead, the sky was deep blue, the serene blue of summer. An off-shore breeze skipped across the water and Soren's face began to redden with the strength of the early sun. It was a beautiful morning, the kind of morning, when, Soren felt, people lived to fullness without quite knowing why. He wondered how anyone else would feel rushing alone through the blue water to an unknown death. The hum of turbines and the irregular swish of water leaping from the bow were the only noises he heard. Occasionally, sea birds sent forth their shrill cry, but he found himself listening for silence rather than for sound.

Absently in the peaceful contentment of the warm sun, he began to speculate on the career of the 218 after he had left her. To judge from the condition of her paint, she had evidently been decommissioned soon after his retirement. She was rather old when he skippered her, and in the war all ships grow old rapidly.

Gun mounts and the remains of fire control apparatus remained definitely unchanged aboard her, and Soren knew that great technical advances had been made since their installation. She must have been put out of commission immediately, then, and would probably have been scrapped had not the air force wanted a little sport. Soren knew a little about naval aircraft bombing from experience with Goths in the English Channel. Then, he had little respect for their accuracy, but since the destruction of the Westfriesland by the vicious modern method of dive bombing, his opinion had changed, although even

rific explosion, split amidships and sank rapidly in a veritable wall of fire. By the time the Destroyer arrived upon the scene, she had disappeared beneath the waves, leaving patches of fire to burn fiercely on the darkened water. Soren searched the oily swell for any possible survivors, and found his attention fixed on the charred bottom of a capsized life boat. Suddenly, it turned over revealing the blackened faces of ten men, who evidently had taken refuge there from the terrific heat. Ripping up a deck stanchion, he climbed rapidly the bridge companionway and entered the control room. With a few smashing blows, he demolished the delicate radio apparatus, and then with his clasp knife severed the ropes attached to wheel and engine room telegraph. Almost immediately, the ship ceased to vibrate and the hum of turbines dropped to a low whisper. Seizing the telegraph arm, he pushed it to Slow Forward and turned the wheel hard aport. Deftly, the destroyer swung into a position about twenty feet from the life boat, and Soren jerked the indicator to Stop. The men struck out for the warship, clambering weakly up the rope he threw to them. For a few moments they lay upon the deck, tall, blond men with blackened faces, and Soren looking at them, had the strange feeling of having known them somewhere before. Norwegian oil tanker Frenland, one of them said at last. Fire in forward tanks. No radio. Captain died aboard. Suddenly, Soren looked more closely at the blackened face of the speaker. Christensen? Could it be Christensen? Why Christensen had been dead twelve years, had died with those others of the Pericles' gun crew. But that long scar, like an old sword wound, he had never seen another like that, and Christensen was born with it. The old feeling of exultation and mystery again swept over him. As he framed the questions pouring into his mind, from overhead there came a deep droning sound. Yellow



now he would not admit supremacy of anything over ships. He could not forget smoke screens and the appetite of a good anti-aircraft gunner. Suddenly his attention was riveted on a great mass of orange flame almost dead ahead, and low on the horizon. Leaping to his feet, he ran up the bridge companionway to get the telescope he had forgotten to leave aboard the Northland Star. Rapidly, as the Destroyer bore down upon it, the mass resolved itself into the outlines of a flaming vessel, an oil tanker with the forward hatches on fire. Great columns of lurid flame lept into the heavens and ran over the sides of the ship to spread inferno on the surrounding water. As he watched, the vessel rocked to a ter-

glinting in the summer sun, formation after formation of bombing planes met his eye as they thundered toward the Destroyer. Quickly, the men were order below decks, he had seen what thermalite could do to the human body, and Soren climbed again to the wheel cabin, bolting the heavy steel door behind him. It took but an instant to fasten the metal covers for the port holes and lower the iron shutters. His thoughts now were only of escape, not that he had changed, because he had been willing, almost eager to die, but these others, they wanted to live, he saw that in their faces as they came aboard.

Seizing the wheel, he swung it hard to starboard, at the same time turning the indicator to Full Speed Ahead. The Destroyer trembled with the thrust of her screws, and the roar of forced drafts under the boilers filled his ears. Clearly their only means of escape was a run for the nearest city. There mixed with the other shipping they would be safe from bombing. With no signal flags aboard, and no wireless, there remained only luck and the dim memories of wartime maneuvers to guide them over the five miles to safe port. Soren felt fire racing through his veins and the keen exultation he noticed when first he stepped aboard 218 again.

Overhead, he saw the bombing planes wheel into formation. They seemed to be waiting for something, perhaps a signal. Swiftly the Destroyer sped beneath them toward the city, and the planes circled into a flanking position. Evidently, they had received no information from the controlling warship, and were waiting for 218 to heave to. Soren's straight mouth twisted into a smile as the radio control apparatus in the rear clicked futilely. Ahead a dark haze appeared on the horizon where factory chimneys sent their smoke into the sky. There lay the city and safety.

Suddenly pandemonium seemed to reign above. The squadron command-

er dipped the wings of his plane, and bombers circled to position over the Destroyer. Soren knew what this meant, and immediately threw 218 into the erratic, zigzag course common to warships in battle. The first flight of light planes dipped gracefully, went into a steep dive, and maneuvered to drop their bombs broadside of the ship. Soren had seen what bracketing could do, and swung the wheel hard over to present a smaller target. 218 heeled violently and shuddered from the sudden change of course, but the long, black cylinders sent up tall plumes of spray some hundred yards astern. The ships roared back into the sun again, and Soren saw another flight swing into position, come hurtling downward to drop their bombs in salvo. Again, he swung the Destroyer hard to starboard, but this time the explosions came so close that the forward decks were momentarily awash. Then, as he straightened his course and headed for the city looming large on the horizon, the whole squadron fell into perfect formation and plunged downward to drop their bombs in barrage. For ten minutes the air was shattered by terrific explosions. Some burst in mid air, raking the Destroyer fore and aft, others sent great geysers over the plunging ship. 218 shuddered with each impact, and careened through the maelstrom as if no one were in control of her, ready to be blown from the water at almost any moment. Soren felt the propellers thrash wildly, as explosion after explosion lifted the stern high into the air. Thermalite had torn down the wireless masts and made havoc with the deck equipment. The air seemed to be trembling even when there were no explosions. Through the glare and smoke of bursting bombs, Soren saw one huge plane caught in the concussions of its own projectiles, fall off on one wing, and crash into the sea. Then, he began to time the salvos and send the Destroyer into her frenzied turnings only just before the bombs were

about to be dropped. Bucking and rolling, she swept on toward the city.

Finally the planes soared back into the sun, and flew rapidly into position over the narrow strip of water leading into the harbor. Soren knew that there in the narrow limits, he would not have room to continue his erratic course and the bombers would be in good position to blow him out of the water. As he looked from the narrow strip of water just ahead, to the massed planes above, there lept into his mind the legend of the *Talholm*. Again he felt the strange quiet and the keen exultation. Then the Destroyer had swept into the passage and the squadron dove until it seemed that they would plunge into the sea. With a single movement, the planes levelled off and the black tubes again lept from their wings. Great holes appeared amidships. Fire burst from a huge rent in the bow, just above the water line. The air sang with flying bits of metal and the acrid smell of high explosive hung over the ship like fog. A sudden lurch told Soren that the Starboard propeller was out of commission. Through the flaring of explosions and great masses of leaping water, he saw a plane heading directly for the Destroyer. As he watched the observer swung his Lewis gun into position and burst after burst poured into the radio control apparatus behind Soren. A blackness seemed to come before his eyes as he clung crazily to the wheel, and then, dimly out of the blackness he could see ships and knew that he had won through to safe harbor. Suddenly within him, he felt a great quiet and out of the dimness before his eyes, swept a black galley, dark sails full with silent wind. Amidships lay the figure of a warrior upon a funeral pyre, sword and shield beside him. From Soren's lips lept again the ancient war oath, the Norse oath of Jutland, and with the sound of his voice the galley, bursting into splendid flames, sank forever beneath the blue water.

And a little child shall lead them

JOHN W. GIVENS



President - Secretary - Treasurer, Carlos Mendez, paced up and down his regal office and cursed in fluid Spanish. Why didn't those cabinet ministers get here? A revolution in the offing, a declaration of independence resting on the table, and that pig Torriente and his prideful satellites sitting in some cafe guzzling wine! Torriente prime-minister of Mosquitia! Caramba! Torriente was nothing but a mere tool in the hand of the great Mendez. Yes! He, Miguel Carlos Sancho Gomez Simon Bolivar Mendez, whom the people had made defender of the faith, preserver of the nation, and had given fifty-four other titles describing his sublime gifts and probable divine origin, would know how to deal with these tardy cabinet members when they arrived.

Mendez looked over at the right wall of the room where his fifty-four medals were strung out in a single line over the chest of an enlarged painting of himself and smiled. From there he turned to a cracked mirror on the opposite wall and viewed his distorted image around the whorls of imperfect glass. He smiled expansively and thrust out his chest. Life was indeed good to Carlos Mendez. For a moment a shadow passed across his face as he looked at the open window near his elbow. Then he smiled contemptuously as he felt the hardness of the bullet-proof vest under his gold-braided coat. That vest had been a present from a visiting Americano by the name of Al. That Al had been a tough one. He

it was who had put an entire company of Mendez' army to flight by a scowl and the display of a suspicious bulge in his pocket. Carlos Mendez had been going to make Al a general in the army, but one day a few United States Marines had come ashore with an official piece of paper and then Al had vanished. But Carlos Mendez still had the bullet-proof vest and it was his most valuable asset in ruling Mosquitia.

The door to the office opened, and the entrance of the tardy ministers cut short Mendez' admiration of himself. After all there was a revolt in progress that had to be put down. The President-Secretary - Treasurer looked up and down the table and scowled into each pair of eyes. That was his unique way of letting them know that they were not to interrupt. Then he spoke. The ministers sighed gently and slumped comfortably into the chairs. They knew it was useless to listen, because Mendez would do what he wanted anyhow. But one person did listen. It was José Tamale, the boy who opened the door of the presence chamber. He listened to every word and as he listened a plan formed in his brain. Mendez talked on.

"Gentlemen, I have before me a declaration of independence from the citizens of the Isle of Oaks. The island, as you know, is filled with gringo settlers and has in the past defied my divine authority. I am asking for power to call out the army to suppress this revolt and teach the Americanos a lesson." He paused to

let his words take effect and then went on. "And if you don't give me the power, I'll take it. It is necessary that we act at once, before these gringos have time to get their friends from Florida to come help them. Five thousand men should be enough to assure us the victory and undying glory. We will send the men over in the battleship San Felipe and land them at Point Belize. If the accursed Americans had only included shells in the sale of that warship, we could blast the rebels from the island.

"My friends, these gringos will fight. Santa Maria! How they will fight! It will be like fighting with five hundred devils. But I, the great Mendez, will win the fight through my undoubted skill as a general." Again he felt of his bullet-proof vest and even had a vision of taking one of the steel helmets from the local museum. Without a doubt he would win the fight or, failing that, would come out of it with only minor wounds.

The speech continued at length as the Great One told how the rebellious Americanos had constructed a huge wooden keg in which they kept their water—the only water on the island. Of course they could drink whiskey, but men do not fight revolutions on whiskey. They make great speeches on whiskey, but not great battles. No.

Even José Tamale grew tired after a while of his guarding a closed door. The great Mendez' speech was so long, and the idea to which the oration had given birth would not let

José rest. Taking advantage of a particularly loud outburst of senatorial eloquence, he slipped out the door and ran down the long corridor leading to the street. He turned sharply to the left and then ran down a narrow street whose further end was a mass of spars and sails. José was heading for the water front. Once arrived on the great pier that stretched out into the blue ocean, he unhooked a small sailboat, tossed a machete into it, and headed out into the open sea. Far out on the horizon a hint of green showed itself and José turned the boat in that direction.

Long purple evening shadows were falling over the island as the boy steered his small cat-boat into the harbor of Belize and tied it to a rock on the sand. Then the boy took the machete from the bottom of the boat and headed into the jungle. For an hour he traveled north and then slowed his rapid trot into a careful walk. Fires ahead warned him that he was nearing the camp of the revolutionists. He heard them talking and knew only that they were determined to fight for their freedom from the great Mendez and Mosquitia. Finally José stopped and rested his back against a mahogany tree. He watched the fires as they gradually died out and the men as they slowly vanished into the wooden shacks for the night. Finally all of them were gone except two sentries. Then the boy crept carefully around the ring of huts and made for the woods on the opposite side of the clearing. For several minutes he walked in that direction and then stopped as a large structure of wood loomed over his head. Without hesitation he began chopping with the machete. With many pauses he continued his labors for over an hour and then an exclamation burst from him as he heard a soft gurgling and splashing. He chopped a few more pieces of wood away from the hole he had made, and then fled rapidly back in the direction of Point Belize.

The moon was just beginning to

reach its zenith when José carefully put up the sail on the cat-boat and headed for the lights of the city of Banana that could be dimly seen to the south. Once under way, he stood up in the stern of the boat and with one hand on the tiller looked back at the island. A light of triumph came into his eyes and he said ironically:

"Viva la Revolucion."

As the afternoon of the following day waned, the super-annuated battleship San Felipe—formerly the S. S. Texas—crept into the harbor of Point Belize. Crept in, that is, with as little noise as possible from its ancient engines. The great Mendez stood behind a bullet-proof shield on the bridge and fingered his bullet-proof vest. He issued orders for the ragged Mosquitians to man the guns, although he knew very well that there was no ammunition. But he knew that a show of activity around those gray muzzles might help to awe the rebellious islanders. In short, Mendez was a showman—except that the show part did not extend to his precious person. At all events, the ship anchored in the harbor without any display of interest from the shore, and the ragged army poured over the side and into the small boats that were to take them ashore. Night had fallen by the time the heroic five thousand had disembarked and stood waiting for their equally heroic leader to come ashore behind the bulwark of their might. Finally Mendez came ashore also and gave his commands. Characteristically he quoted a more famous predecessor:

"Arms—as you please. Step—of conquerors."

And then the filthy five thousand stole like shadows into the jungle. Mendez, as usual, followed.

Carlos Mendez worried greatly as he listened to the subdued noises that his army made as it wended its way through the thick foliage. He worried over little things. Things that in the light of day would not have disturbed his greatness. He had

reached such a low ebb that he even doubted his steel vest—and that was unheard of. Formerly that vest had represented almost as much to him as had the hair of Samson to the Israelites. Probably the army of Mosquitia would have fled could they have read the thoughts of their leader. What worried Mendez was the strange sequence of noise and silence in the island. For a time everything would be as silent as his ministers, and then the whole area would ring with shouts of glee as if at some supreme piece of humor. No, he couldn't understand it. Frankly, he feared a trap. There should be shots and cries of fighting men instead of these bursts of laughter. Nevertheless, Mendez plodded on and stilled his fears as much as possible by the thought that five thousand human shields preceded him. But he was wrong. His army had been true to the Mosquitian military tradition and had allowed him to get in front of them. They reasoned, as did the ancients, that the place of the commander was in the van of the army—regardless of where his personal inclinations might place him. So it was with great surprise and no little trembling that Carlos Mendez, The Great, burst out of the solid wall of trees and into the clearing full of men. They paid no attention to the ruler of all Mosquitia, but continued to listen unsteadily to one of their number who was speaking. Mendez also listened, and as he listened his naturally valiant nature reasserted itself.

"Fellersh," said the speaker, "we're s'posed t'ave a rev'lushun today. But"—he paused to drink from a tin cup—"ish not ev'ry day we c'n have good ole whiskey t' drink. Am I c'rect? Okay then, boysh, I'm gonna send l'il note to ole Mendie t'morra tellin' him that we ain' gonna revolushe no more if he jus' fills that keg full of whisky ev'ry week. Whatcha say, fellersh, sh'll we do it er sh'll me not?"

(Continued on page 31)



Song for Inconstancy

DORIS FISH

This is the book I turn each wretched page
To find the diamond that I pressed here, fresh
With love, with vital meaning. Yellowed and
Has stood these apart, and on the week
Of darkness they were in their beauty,
And made me with the pleasant memory
The roses, matrons, with green leaves — more

Brave are the flowers of a past youth
Pride and grace of old remembrance
Laurel, by moonlight, like sage from the plain
A compact diamond song
One song of constancy, drenched in rose
Crown were soon blazoned from the dew so rose,
You where it be your like, and flowers, and past



RONDEL—Charles of Orleans

The year has shed his cloak
Of wind and cold and rain
Has donned instead his gay attire
In light and sunny vein

Birds now sing and love invoke
Each in his own strain
The year has shed his cloak
Of wind and cold and rain



River, fount, and brook
Wear in pretty livery
Beads of silvered jewelry
That new fancies do provoke:
The year has shed his cloak.

Translated by Louis Jongbloet



To those of my former intimates, who have no doubt accounted my recent behavior strange, I feel constrained to offer an explanation of the cause of this change which has been effected in me. As they are well aware, the last few years of my life have been excessively carefree—convivial even, in comparison to those of my twin brother Ernest, who was always sober and scholarly. When I reflect now, it seems incredible that in our youth Ernest and I were almost exactly alike, both in appearance and behavior. And yet such was the case: we both had abundant black hair with a suggestion of a ripple in it, rather large peculiarly black eyes, noses straight and fine to the tips, which were almost square, thin wide mouths having a tendency to droop slightly; our natures were scholarly; in each of us was a love for the arts and philosophy, as well as a common interest in botanical science and the astronomical division of higher mathematics; we both lived in a state of tension, intenseness being a family characteristic for generations back, and one which we inherited generously, though Ernest was of decidedly more heightened sensibility than I. Indeed, so similar were we at that time that for a while it had seemed not improbable we would develop into two identical scholarly young men. However, at this stage, when it was beginning to be accepted that our characters were fixed, a

change came about in me, wrought, it is very likely, by one of those incidents which, in themselves so trivial, nevertheless can completely alter the course of adolescence, of which I was undergoing the final throes. I discarded my studies and gave myself with all the abandon which taste permits to the pursuit of pleasure. While I indulged myself so delightfully, Ernest plunged with renewed vigor into his work, as if to compensate for my indolence; he concentrated the whole of his terrific nervous energies on his study. As consequence of our inclinations, the corners of my mouth began to assume a slightly upward curve, while those of Ernest drooped lower than before; the contour of my face filled out slightly and began to appear less distinctive; whereas his pallor deepened and his visage became even more severely stern; I grew jovial, he grew pedagogic;—in short, I became a reveller, Ernest became a pedant.

With Ernest this state lasted only a few years; the continuous strain to which he drove his electric nerves inevitably overcame him—he went mad. Immediately he was sent to the institution at Blackamoor for treatment. Now, the effect of this upon me was but to increase my tendency towards conviviality. I lamented the misfortune of my brother, but at the same time I rejoiced in the happiness of my own choice. I don't think for a moment I really believed that, had I continued on the course Ernest and I had begun together I too would have gone mad—my reason had a stability which never would have permitted that—but herein I saw the opportunity to persuade myself that the more pleasant choice had been the wisest, and I seized upon it. From that time, extinguishing those few qualms of conscience which had occasionally troubled my

The return

NANCY HUDSON

mind, I devoted myself wholly to revelry. However, this came to an abrupt halt three years ago—on the third of April, to be exact—when there occurred the sobering event which has so altered my previous conduct and caused me shamefully to neglect my former companions. It is to them I write the following account of that occurrence, hoping that they will accept it as an explanation and an apology:

It was about six o'clock on the evening of April the third when I descended the steps from Lady Chesterton's reception, permeated by a jovial warmth. On the landing I paused and dismissed my chauffeur and then proceeded along the avenue in the direction of my home, which was some distance away. I was feeling pleasantly muddled. Catching strains of music that had been popular that evening, some particularly telling bon mots, the vivacious painted faces of the women, an impression of lavishness, laughter, and frivolity, ran at random through my mind. I was, as I say, pleasantly muddled.

Presently, however, my stroll began to take effect: in the clear air of Essex street, with its shadows and its quietness, my head gradually grew clearer and my senses more acute. I walked more briskly. The strains of music and laughter began to fade from my mind. I became aware of the unusual beauty of the evening. Until this hour the day had been leaden and fog-filled—a typically



London day. Now, with its approaching end, a quick and complete change was wrought in the atmosphere—a phenomenon also peculiar to London weather; the mistiness faded, the grayness gave way to a sudden and unprophesied brilliance. The sun was setting. The sky was a pure, a sheer blue in the east, and as it ascribed the arc to the west, it gradually became tinted with the palest of pinks, which deepened into a blush, grew lavender and then deep rose, and finally broke into great flaming orange rifts of clouds. Glory began there: color piled on color—deep rich purples, and mad reds, and burnished golds. Long lean fingers of burning cloud stretched themselves across the sky; great blazing masses of color mulled together and blended; somber and bright met and mingled in magnificent abandon and harmony. And in the center of it all, in a pale blue space cleared as if intentionally, glowed the glorious rose sun, slowly sinking. The earth was bathed with its radiance, and the very sidewalk on which I paced burned with its splendor. At that moment a clear cool breeze stirred the hair from my temples. With that faint fresh wind, no more was needed to complete my metamorphosis: the intoxicating brilliance of Lady Chesterton's reception, the clinging strains of melodies heard there, the elaborate artificiality of its women—faded from my mind; the slight mental intoxication of the champagne left me. My erstwhile pleasantly befogged state gave way to one of exaltation with the sunset. My step grew more elastic. I threw my head back and breathed deeply.

So long as there still shone from it any ray of light, I remained engrossed in the setting sun. It slowly disappeared behind the horizon. The flaming stretches of color deepened, became somber, and faded away. The evening star came out and shone sweetly and brightly, alone in that great heaven. The blue deepened to navy, and the navy grew darker until it was hardly distinguishable from

black. Some night cloud passed over and hid the face of the evening star. The cool breeze that had stirred against me a moment before returned with renewed vigor. Now it was no longer cool, but cold. I shivered.

Night had fallen completely. There was no moon, and thick night clouds hid the stars. Around me street lights were coming on, and they gave off a glazed, unreal light, like the surface of old yellow calico. Overhead the sky was oppressively dark. I shivered again, and with increased vehemence. I am, as I have said, a peculiarly impressionable individual. And as I had been exalted with the sunset a few moments before, now with this present dull blackness I felt my previous exultation rapidly departing and giving way to dejection. This dejection I did not welcome. I did not want it. I say, I did not want it. Somehow, and how I know not, it threw me into a kind of half-fear, an indefinable terror. Ever since I turned from metaphysical studies to the pursuit of pleasure, I had attempted to avoid actual thinking, and especially thinking which tended toward the depressing; I had found that it made me too dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction held no place in this world which I had chosen for my own. And so I had learned, in the course of time, resolutely to force from my mind the unwelcome impressions which occasionally pressed themselves upon it. With practice I had gained an almost mechanical control over my mental faculties. Now, when gloom seemed to be threatening my senses, I thrust all intruding thoughts and impressions aside, increased my pace, and concentrated on my walk, having projected my mind into an almost complete void. I listened to the subdued, rhythmic murmur of machines in a factory as I passed. I heard the hum of automobile motors, but, though they were only a few yards from me, they sounded faint and far away, and the automobiles themselves were barely discernible. In this way I continued for several min-

utes, at the end of which, however, struggle against it as I might, I began to become more and more conscious of the atmosphere around me, and less aware of my physical surroundings. Deliberately I turned up my collar and fixed my attention on a nearby telephone pole. It was useless; I could all but *see* melancholy creeping in upon me. Against my will, and despite all my efforts to direct the course of my thoughts, the indefinable atmosphere of that night forced itself upon me.

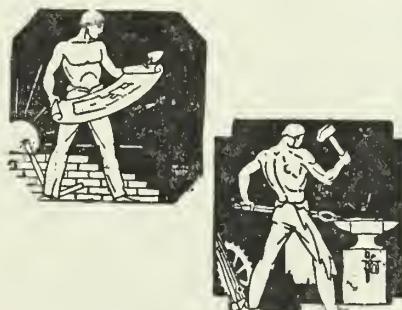
Aside from vague impressions, I first became really conscious of it, curiously enough, through the sense of smell. My nostrils began to fill with the damp earthy odor of heavy mist. As I breathed, it penetrated to my lungs, and to my brain, and ran through my body until I was wholly saturated with it, and even seemed to creep in upon my heart, sounding there an indefinable agitation. Quickened, I glanced up. People were passing to the left and right of me, but I could see them only as moving half-shadows. From the earth a fog was imperceptibly rising and settling around me like a bleak stretch of squat dull rain clouds come to nestle against the ground. And for all of its sluggish grayness, it was strangely pale and phosphorescent. It was an odd heavy mist—intangible, mysterious, mesmerising. Ominousness was in it, and fatality. It hung over and about me, so thick that I could see only grayness and nothing else, and the muffled grating of my own invisible feet came as from some nether world. For in this grayness there was no sound nor movement save the subdued moan of the mist. It was terrible, and yet it was not its terror that filled me wholly; it was as oppressive as the heaviness of centuries, but I was not completely sunken beneath its weight; it was weird and fascinating, and still I was not at all entranced: the very atmosphere and whole of the mist, that intangible yet manifest something which reigned there, which possessed me implicitly, and whose

chill rolled through and through me and echoed in the depths of my spirit, was—Foreboding. Complete, unremitting, inevitable Foreboding, which hung in the night and lay upon my very soul.

In this manner my walk passed, and that sense of Foreboding did not diminish when I reached my home, but rather increased as I became for the first time aware of the dullness of its stone front and the ponderous darkness of its massive iron-latched door. I fitted my key into the lock and turned. There was a hoarse grating rumble as the mechanism of the lock operated. I turned the brass knob, and the door swung open. With nervous anticipation, I stepped inside and heaved the door shut. Around me all was darkness—not the dull darkness of the mist which I had shut out with the closing door, but a complete and penetrating blackness. I took several steps to my right and fumbled for the cord of the lamp. My fingers, after groping in air for a moment, encountered it. I paused, distraught. How can I explain it—that awful dread with which I faced the revelation of that Something which I knew was surely there? I laughed rather hollowly at my fears, steeled myself, and pulled the cord. There was a slight staccato click, and nothing happened. I pulled again; still there was no light. Swearing softly, I made my way to the mantelpiece, whereupon, I knew, rested a great bronze candelabra. Facing the mantle, I snapped on the flame of my cigarette lighter and held it up to the central candle. It flickered several times with soft spurts of flame. I was suddenly in an agony lest it fail to catch the flame and I be left again in darkness. My hand holding the light was quivering. The flame flared and then steadied itself into a quiet glow. Cursing myself for being a fool and a coward, I lit the two side candles and extinguished my lighter. I stood there a moment, trembling, facing the three tall can-

dles, which leered at me with a thin light. Then I straightened up and turned around slowly. By the pale half-glow of the candles, I saw there reclining in my leather arm-chair—MYSELF.

It was true, I swear it! Thereupon, the being, the Thing that sat there was I; his features, his coloring, his size—all were mine. Wildly I stared at him, transfixed with horror. And then my mind, which had been for a moment paralyzed by this apparition, began to function accurately once more, and, scrutinizing more closely, I became aware of the details of his person, wherein, I remarked, our resemblance altered. His frame



was leaner than my own; his skin had an almost luminous pallor, while my flesh had of late acquired a certain coloring; his mouth was more intensely taut and down drawn with mine. He reminded me curiously of myself as I had been before I became addicted to pleasure, or, even more exactly, he resembled my unfortunate brother Earnest. And yet he had one feature that was akin neither to Earnest nor to me—his eyes. They were our eyes in structure, yes, but such blazing, such wild eyes! They flamed with unearthly light. No man had ever such eyes! They were not the eyes of this world; they were rather the eyes of a spirit, or a devil.—Or a devil!—and then I bethought me that Earnest was mad! I leaned toward the occupant of the chair, who had not moved since I turned around.

“You!” I cried in terror. “How did *you* get here?”

“I have come,” rolled out the answer in a voice so deep, so hollow,

so sepulchral that it set me trembling anew. “I have come, and that is enough. You have not forgotten me then? Ah, how I feared that you had;—you have neglected me so long, so long . . .”

Never have I heard such a voice! His tone came out like the deep, resonant pealings of a bell. Yet there was in that bell-sound something inexplicably gutteral and hollow. Each word fell on my ear like a somber knell, sounded for an instant and then abruptly muted. His voice, his voice, I tell you, *rang* on my senses, and every note was like a sober shaft striking with a dull thud upon my brain. The voice of a madman!—I thought appalled—the voice, the presence within my very room of an ungovernable maniac, who was apt at any moment to spring up and hurl himself upon me! Long cold iron fingers of fear closed, like grasping tenacles, upon my heart, contracting it with horror and dread. I felt the chill creep into my arms and legs and throat, and my muscles grew taut with it. My frantic eyes measured the distance between us; it was about three yards; my whole soul burned for the length of three continents there instead. Three yards between myself and an uncontrollable madman, who sat there now, diabolically calm—I, in my frenzy all but screamed these thoughts inwardly, although outwardly I was still, my eyes irremovably fixed upon him, fascinated. The weird half-light of the candles played strangely on his face, accentuating his deep pallor and the firm set of his mouth, enlarging the great hollows encircling his eyes, darkening the strong lines and shadows on his visage. That play of the lights, their intermittent pale flickerings—was the only movement in that great room: I—I was frozen with fear, and he was still—ominously still. But I was glad for his stillness; to myself I thought, “So long as I can keep him still—so long as he is not disturbed, not excited. . . . Perhaps, if I humor him, keep him

calm and unsuspecting... Perhaps... I could make my way to the door... escape... Keep him still, calm... There's the thing; keep him calm...!"

I collected myself to some degree, and managed a smile. "It has been," I assured him "an involuntary neglect."

"Of that," he continued ominously, "I have doubts. But be it as it may, you have neglected that for which I stood. Oh," he burst out, and his voice clashed through the room like thunder, "have you forgotten it—all that which you have so long neglected for this mad seeking after pleasure?" (The irony of it, I thought, that a madman should find in *me* madness!)

"No," I answered carefully, "I have not forgotten but have discarded—and for something to which I am more adapted."

"More adapted!" cried the one in the chair. "More adapted!" You do not remember then the keenness, the elevation with which you pored over Nietzsche, Goethe! The rapture with which you once plunged into the realms of Etruscan art!" (Strange that he should recall this!)

At the mention of these a sharp clear pain ran through my limbs, like the sudden flaming of latent fires, long-buried, and in an instant re-born. Alas, I did remember! I did remember!

I tried to thrust it from me. "But," I argued, "I have found a place for my energies and enthusiasms in a more pleasant occupation. Charm I have discovered to be a profession, wit a vocation, discriminate pleasure a high art! Of such things I shall make myself a connoisseur! Oh, delightful to be a connoisseur of pleasure!"

"Of pleasure, yes," replied the occupant of the chair gravely, "but of happiness also?"

The terse query struck me to the heart; and though I held it to come from the lips of a madman, it did but echo the doubts that had been

long inside of me, and I could not overlook it. This was no madness; it was a shrewd and biting observation. Like his former conversation, it had none of the disconnectedness of wild extravagances commonly found in the speech of maniacs. So far I had found it rather the discourse of a discerning and mature man. Were it not for the wild flaming of those two unearthly eyes, I would have been hard put, despite my foreknowledge, to consider this an unnatural creature. Even as it was, doubts began to assail me: Could it reasonably be Earnest?—Except in a few details, such as the expression of the eyes, leanness, etc., the appearance of Earnest as I had known him tallied almost perfectly with the appearance of this person facing me; and those differences between them might easily have been wrought through lunacy. It was possible too that Earnest might have escaped from the asylum and made his way here unperceived. Would Earnest converse so intelligently if he were as utterly and dangerously mad as the doctors have repeatedly warned us he was? This perplexed me; the behavior of this person was not the behavior of a maniac. And then I recalled that even the more radical lunatics have periods of the utmost lucidity in their ravings; that is, for a time they may discuss quite calmly and reasonably some fantastic idea their mind has grasped, or weave with great cunning and foresight an intricate plot, and then suddenly fly into an inexplicable frenzy. That, then, I decided, must be the explanation of Earnest's conversation; he was for a time suspended in his mania. And to my mind the strange clarity of his speech, its surprising rationality, began to serve but to enhance its ominous quality. I was afraid. I was terribly afraid. "Keep him calm," my mind counseled me. "Keep him occupied and calm." I searched for a topic.

"But," I asked aloud, referring to his last statement, "in that other

life which I rejected what real happiness was there?"

"Don't you remember the deep satisfaction of poring over the introspections of Plato, the glories of Athenian sculpture? And all that which you used to love—your old favorites, you have forgotten them?—Fragonard, Gainsborough, Romney, Nattier?"

"And David," I urged, forgetting my terror for an instant, "David, with his incomparable *Madame Recamier!*"

"Yes. And the seventeenth century Netherlanders: Rembrandt, Reubens, Franz Hals, Tarboch—what of them?"

How greatly like Earnest this was! But for his eyes and the oddly hollow voice, it might have been the Earnest of old that spoke, or I myself in my former days! It seemed so natural, this musing on all those great ones of the Renaissance, whom we had once loved and studied together. As I remembered them, something warm and living stirred in my heart; how I had gloried in them once!

"Da Vinci, Correggio, Velasquez," he continued, ringing out those great names like the deep tolls of a bell, "Titian, Giorgione, Carpaccio—"

"Michael Angelo," I added, "Michael Angelo and Raphael." It stirred me oddly to think of them once more.

"And, ah, that father of our Venetian school, Mantegna—"

"No, no," I cried, forgetting myself, "not he, but Bellini—Giovanni Bellini—he was the true father of the Venetian school!"

He objected. I insisted. He denied. I pressed my arguments. He countered and emphasized his reasons. We argued. The points he made were good, his delivery of them convincing. I, still a little cautious at first, gradually grew bold with the ready delight of again debating with an opponent worthy of the name. Back into my mind among its half-forgot-

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*- as we
go along*



*We believe
you'll enjoy
them*

Chesterfield they're MILD
they TASTE BETTER

Hamlin's journey

KATHERINE SAWYER



There came a time when Hamlin would give himself to Hamlin, and every smile and spoken or unspoken word was the basis. Things looked better and people were as we used to dream. So he lived on his quiet mountain, and crossed the door.

The white sunlight was bright on either side of him. The air filled his lungs. Each breath of the free winds he wanted after a longer stretch. And the wind was quiet for the moment, too happy for concentrating on stirring out the innumerable contents of what it had left.

He turned off up a side road because he had never been there before. The road was dirt, with few stones. He raised the stones. The trees, too, were leafless and lonely, rather unhappy in distance. And suddenly he began to sing loudly in a minor key. As he sang the gates opened slowly and descended upon him in soft, steady snow. The dirt road closed, and paid Hamlin no more heed, but the late light crept on.

The road quickly became slippery, and this within his faltering road of song. Thus, that, like a mountainous region. When he stopped to shake off his hide of snow, which

had accumulated on his shoes, he imagined. He heard only the low murmur and whisper of the rain taking with the pine trees.

The road led up a steep hill. When Hamlin gained the top, he saw a house set back from the road. At the gate was a sign: **WARNING: KEEP OUT!** Hamlin looked at the sign.

That was meant for me, he said.

He carefully scraped the mud from his boots on the right, and walked up the drive. There were old lace curtains at the door and the windows. Hamlin could see how dirty they were even before he set foot on the rotten steps. He scraped his feet again at the top step, crossed the porch and opened the door.

It was very dark inside. This house had been lonely a long time, he thought Hamlin.

He went to the windows and pulled down the curtains. They left big streaks of dirt on his hands. He rubbed his hands on his sweater. Now there was a little light in the room.

The room was cold and damp and had a bad odor. It was cluttered with broken, useless furniture and small trash.

I tried to clean my room of all the worthless, casual friendships, he considered silently. It shouldn't be so hard to make of this place a solitary, permanent refuge. It is so far from people.

He attempted to build a fire in the fire place. It smoked badly at first. He was just beginning to feel warm when the fuel gave out. He threw some of the old rubbish of the room on it, feeling glad to dispose of the trash so easily. As he did so a door above stairs opened suddenly, creating such a draft that the fire went out. Hamlin felt cold at the base of his spine. He shuddered. On the way to the front door he tripped over a shovel. It made a loud noise

in the empty house. He walked slowly down the driveway to the road.

By the time the Warnings Keep Out sign is up, friendship is too late, the road to himself is too tramped along.

When the house was no longer in sight, he looked at the drenched trees, the gray sky, the mud, and his heart surged.

I love this, he told himself.

But his next fancy brought him a picture of himself lying dead beneath the mud with the rain beating on him year in and year out. He revolted at the picture.

It is too lonely. When we are dead we shall be lonely forever. No one should have Keep Out signs while they are living. There is no comfort in nature.

Hamlin found himself running, slipping, sliding down the road. The thought of his warm room was inviting. He came to the paved street, and walked numbly down it through the driving rain.

* *

He opened the door to his room. There were people waiting for him.

"Join the bull session, old man. Why walk on a day like this? Here where'll I hang your sweater?"

(Continued on page 30)



Private chauffeur

RAYMOND L. KENT

I got let out the week before last, the governor's daughter was to blame. And I worked for the Governor for ten years last September. It just goes to show that you give what you got and people don't appreciate it none. Ten years, the best years of my life, and then the kid gets me handed one like that. I'm not the best chauffeur in the game, but when the madame says go slow, I go slow; and when the kid says go like hell, I step on it. The Governor was a right guy, no getting away from that—when he had been lucky on the market he used to slip me a ten—"buy yourself a cigar," he used to say or "Get yourself a shave"—he was a right guy.

But the Kid started growing up and she thought I knew too much, so she worked on the Governor until I got the gate. The madame was gettin tired, too, but I thought she'd stick up for me when it came to a showdown. Maybe I hung around the job too long, but that's the way it goes—you think you have a gravy boat and then it goes from right under you. I was a big time driver too—forty-five a week and the garage dough—twenty bucks a month on the side when we were in town during the winter. I didn't have much time to myself, but I kept my own car in gas and oil, and out on the Island I had a couple of rooms over the garage which wasn't any two car affair.

I used to get my social life with the help—back five years ago was that French governess which was some number—she had that thing we call class. I've seen them all over, in the parks with baby carriages, down at the beach with the sun suits, and at other social places, but she had 'em all topped. I sure felt bad, when the Madam got on to her and the Governor, it wasn't anything out of the ordinary either. All the big

men like to be nice to the help. She didn't expect anything either except the price of a pair of silk stockings, but the Madam, she's pretty watchful on the whole. I guess she didn't want to miss her gravy boat either. But to get back to the sweet French Number—we used to manage to eat out in the help's kitchen together—I not much of a Romeo, but the butler was English in the grand manner—you know, accent, religion, and all. I always thought he was Scotch, palming himself off as the bally old thing, but I never could get anything on him, he never got no mail, but he just didn't have that kind of a what-they-call-up-front as personality—no punch. I guess I had the edge on account of I was American. The French Miss liked things modern, you know, and she had nice teeth, too. Sometimes when we were out on the Island in the summer and I'd take the Governor out to dinner and he'd say "Be back at Eleven," and I'd go back to the house and I'd pick up Petite, I always called her that, and we'd go riding in the big car or maybe we'd park the big bus—hard to drive you know—and we'd take the roadster, or maybe the station wagon and go down along the bay. The bay sure was a romantic place all right, water, trees, lights along the shore and all that sort of stuff. Petite used to wonder who was driving the cars on the beach road on the other side—that used to burn me up on account when she had those spells she wasn't attentive to me. She was modern, though, always thinking about things. But she got the same as I did, when the Madam found out about her and the Governor. There was quite a stew at the time, the Governor had been out playing golf and I brought the Missus in from the Beadleston's Garden Party. And I took Petite to the train that night. It wasn't her fault,

she had herself to look out for. It was a toss-up between her and the Governor I guess. I never saw her again.

It's a funny thing but decent people can't get decent help. What I mean is they can get maybe two or three that are swell and maybe one is a pass, but there is always one that just is out of the social class of the rest of the help. Maybe it's the gardener. I remember one—a dago. He just lasted a week. He was pretty dumb—knew his hedge trimming and lawn-mowing, and tomato weeding, but he just couldn't learn what was what—he was plenty greasy too. It was funny how he got his. The Governor always went in for this country stuff—vegetables and chickens and a cow for fresh milk. Well the order came from the Madam to kill a couple of the chickens for the table, I don't remember why, but Tony, the Dago, was supposed to do the beheading. Well, the dumb Dago gets a hold of the chickens, but he didn't know how they were killed in the states; so he gets his revolver and blows the head off the chicks. When the Madam hears about it she is sure up in the air—that queers the chicken dinner from the Governor's own pasture, and Tony goes somewhere else to trim hedges. He was greasy, anyhow.

But the one that got my goat most while I was working for the Governor was a Irish cook. She called herself Mrs. something or other just to ease her conscience more than anything else, because no man in his right mind would've tied himself to her. Maybe I shouldn't be so hard on her, but she sure served us terrible food. She was about fifty or so, and used to get tantrums that were the real thing. When she was baking no one could go near her and when she had a big spread on for the family and friends you couldn't touch her with

a ten-foot pole. She was plain mean, and she served the help hash all the time, but up front the food was all the conversation, I used to hear it some when I was driving the Madam and her friends. She didn't even get the works when she went on one of her tantrums in the village. Thursday was her day off, and she and the chambermaid walked up to the pictures. Maybe it was the picture, I don't know, but afterwards they went into about the best beanery, which wasn't much, but some of the help like to put on the dog on their day off—insist on the service the same as they have to give six days in the week, any way this Irish cook orders up something that was her specialty, and it wasn't up to her standards, and right away she goes off into one of her tantrums and she lets the waiter have it in her best brogue. But the waiter wouldn't take it from no Irisher: so he goes back at her with what he thinks of them with housemaid's knees in particular and of those from the bit o' star dust dumped in the Atlantic as the poets call Ireland in general. And she lets him have it with a tumbler, and to top off a perfect evening she upsets the table, dishes and all. This place being fairly respectable, the constable is called in to settle things. They call up the Governor, who sees only the humorous side to the whole affair, and we drive down to bail the Irish thunderbolt out of trouble. Which is done by the Governor settling for the damages and slipping the waiter a fiver to help take the lump off the side of his head, which was a honey. But that put her on the black list which meant that she didn't last none too long, and we weren't sorry on account we were fed up on her hash even if the Madam's affairs were made by the food she served. It came to the blowoff when she thought that she ruled the roost even the Madam, herself.

And so I got fired, and maybe after it is all talked over, I ain't got such a big kick coming after all.

But the blasted witch of a kid did it and I can't forgive her none. If I wasn't a right guy I could spill a few choice words here and there that would fix her wagon in a social way. Not that people care a rap what you do as long as you don't get caught, but her rep hasn't been what you would call lily-white.

To get back to the story, the kid's first kick against me was back when she was twelve or so. I had orders from the Governor to see that the kid got to early Mass every Sunday, which means that we had to show up at St. Patrick's at 6 A. M. to get our religion. Not that I haven't got my religion the same as anybody, but waking up out of a sound sleep at five on a cold morning is something I can't see. What does God care about the early morning anyhow. Most of the sin in this world takes place at night from nine to one, why don't they put on a religious show them, and stop sin before it has a chance to blossom out—catch it in the making, instead of getting us up in the morning to repent what could have been avoided in the first place. Well, the Kid used to pester me about lettin' her off and all that rubbish, when I had orders from the Governor. I used to have to wake her up and see that she got dressed in a hurry, or sometimes one of the help would want to go to Mass for misdeed or something and she would get the Kid up, but the Kid sort of set on me as the one to blame because I did the driving. Even at twelve she was getting her snooty ideas about life, and she was a plenty spoiled brat anyhow. It used to be a fight all the way to Mass and then all the way back afterwards about how slow I was driving or how fast I was driving or about how sick she was—just plain meanness all the time as if she was a master ordering somebody around, making somebody else suffer for the injuries she thought had been pushed off on her. The only time she didn't act mean on the way to Mass was the time we didn't get there. We ran

across a car that had gone off the road into a swampy place in the meadows out on the island one summer. We were driving along and it wasn't quite light yet and I noticed a tail light shining off the side of the road and below it. I stopped the car and got out to investigate and found that this drunk had gone hay-wire and had sunk the bloomin' bus he was driving right up to the running board in the mud then decided to spend the night there. What got the Kid was the fact that the drunk was from a pretty prominent family and when I found him he had a crum in the car with him and all the paraphenalia for quite a party. The dame was a local gal with no mean rep. I stalls the kid off from poking around too much, and got a hold of a cop who looked after the drunk and the dame. The dame had got herself clocked on the head when the car went over the shoulder and was out cold. The fellow just calmly passed out for the night. But I just wanted to show how things lined up against me over the space of five years or so to get me the bounce.

Then there was the Madam, she wasn't so bad, but she had her moments of unpleasantness. The Kid was a throw-back on her I guess. There was one thing that she had it in for me. She just couldn't stand to see me chew gum. I don't know what's wrong with gum chewing, but every day she used to say: "Herbert, expectorate that vile stuff you are chewing." Then I would touch my cap and say, "Yes Madam" and I'd spit out the vile stuff. I'd always do what she told me to do, but I could tell that she held it against me. Now I ask you, what's wrong in chewing gum? Her cocktail and high-ball drinking was a damn sight worse, but she thought that it was smart to drink the rotgut that Duffy was peddling back before Repeal. I could tell—she thought it was swank to get lit, and then try to keep her regular manner. Then she would get off on that old line with the rest of the boobs in the back

seat "on how only the educated should be allowed to drink, and what a wonderful thing it was that prohibition kept the poor and uneducated from getting drunk. I guess she didn't know that her dago gardener was making his wine in her tool house, and that when the help threw a party the old man's liquor store got hit for plenty. What she didn't know was that when poor people take a drink that they have a reason for it. They don't just get tight and walk around the same as before talking the same lingo as before, they are their real selves most of them, when they have a few drinks. Their humor isn't rotten, they laugh, imitate the Governor and the Madam, tell stories of prize fights they have seen, or if they fight themselves, there is none of this hate stuff, it's just a good bloody battle or a broken bottle over somebody's head. There isn't any of this throwing liquor in somebody else's face and then ramming the glass in the fellow's face after it as I saw a young rake from Harvard do once. Poor people feel the cost of liquor, and drink when they need it; not just because there isn't anything else to do.

Well, the Kid got through her Prep school or whatever it was in town I used to take her to, and was sent to Miss somebody's school up in Connecticut. When she came home during vacations she was a real hell raiser, and no mistake. She used to cause me more trouble. She would call me up and tell me to call for her at such a place and at what time and I'd show up and she wouldn't be around and wouldn't leave word where she had gone to. For instance last Christmas I had to drive her up to the Westchester Biltmore to a dance with her boy friend and she told me to call back at two o'clock for them. I showed up at one-thirty and climbed into the back seat and kept the motor running because it was devilish cold—cold enough to freeze a brass monkey. And I hangs around and hangs around expecting to get called.

Finally after finishing the magazine I had along, I dozes off and don't come to until about six-thirty or seven. I then drive back to town and do I catch it. She lets on to the folks that I didn't show up and that she was forced under the circumstances to come back to town in somebody else's wagon. She didn't get in until about six or so; so you can imagine what she was up to. She just gave me the slip so she could go out and have a swell time, and me up there in that bloody Westchester country hanging around and freezing. That's one thing I could never forgive her for. She could have passed it off and made it all right, but no, she had to pass the blame off on me.

What got the Madam really hot was once I took her shopping, last Spring. We went to several places and finally wound up at Saks-fifth avenue, and she asked me where I would meet her and I says near the Forty-Ninth Street entrance, and she O.K.'s it. I drive around the block a few times until I find a good parking space and sits down to wait. And I sure waited a hell of a long time, then I see her waddlin' up the street. I was shooting the bull with a couple of other chauffeurs when she comes up, and I comes to attention and opens the door for the Madam although I was pretty well burned. Then she sails into me for all she's worth and gives me hell right in front of all the rest of them chauffeurs, and insists that I told her the Fiftieth Street entrance, and what could I do but hold my ground in front of all those other chauffeurs—I got my pride the same as anybody. Then she starts on my gum

chewing again and makes me spit out a new stick of gum I had just put in my mouth before she comes up. How could I show my face in front of those chauffeurs again—me spitting out a stick of gum on Forty-Ninth Street. She never quite got over that on account she had to walk a block or so, which was a damn shame—she being so heavy, and her feet hurt her too, although at a party she'd get up and twirl around a few times to show people she was still young.

Then back last summer the governor brings home this aviator which was a Duke or something from Italy. He was a decent youngster, and one of the crew of Balboa's fleet that stopped in at New York on their way back from the Fair out at Chicago. All the society dames made a play for them, just as all the Belles out at the Fiji Islands make a play for the sailors when they come ashore. I hated to see the Duke get taken for such a ride as Kid handed or was trying to hand him. It was the same way with the Oxford Tennis team when they were over. This foreign guy was real democratic, a damn sight more so than the Kid was. And the Kid tried to put on the dog with me—ordering me around to make believe that they still had slaves over here. The Dago couldn't speak English much, but laughed a lot as if he was enjoying himself, and the Kid signed checks to beat hell at every place they went to. The Dago would try to buy cigarettes, but the Kid insisted that it wasn't according to American customs to let a guest pay for his own smokes. She tried to get him drunk, but only got herself tight and was quite a mess. I used to give her the laugh, because she wasn't getting any place to speak of, and then she'd get mean and order me around. I'd take it, but not very well and the Dago would be more friendly with me than he was with her. She just couldn't make any time and she blamed me, because she was out of

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Lines to Beauty

NANCY HUDSON

Beauty out of sorrow grows.
From every breaking heart there
 glows
The loveliness of pain's repose.
Nature bleeds to tint the rose.

Hier an der Bergeshalde

Translated by Louise C. Warren



The boisterous wind is wholly hushed
Here in the mountain's sacred wild;
The blossoming forest droops its boughs,
Where, neath the shadows, sits the child.



She sits amid the incensed thyme,
Reposing in the perfumed air,
While round her many a bright-hued fly
With drowsy hum darts here and there.

A silence broods upon the wood,
That strange befits her dainty air,
The golden sunshine crowns her head
And shimmers on her hazel hair.



The cuckoo's call sounds from afar,
Where dim woodland arches green;
A thought goes thro' my mind: she has
The sunny eyes of the Forest Queen.

L'APRES-MIDI

LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES



• Her shoes were silver, bright shiny silver, such crazy shoes for walking in a park. Her feet seemed smooth and slender in their bright shiny casings. Her pointed silver toes kicked at little grey pebbles in the path and rolled them into the water. It was as if she and her little silver feet were playing an exciting game as she stood there in the gardens of old Louise Quatorze. Pointed silver shoes together! Roll a round grey pebble lightly! Pointed silver shoes together! Grey pebbles and shiny silver shoes.

She smiled. And when she smiled her slim grey body twinkled with laughter. She was tall and slender in her greyness. Tall slim greyness! Silver shoes! Smooth grey pebbles!

"Of course," I said very formally, "you couldn't be an American. I understand from very reliable sources that there aren't any Americans at all in Paris this summer."

The silver toes turned in the gravel. Little bits of it rolled slowly end-over-end down the hill.

"Oh!" she said, "that's so disappointing. Is it really that apparent?"

She spoke. And the slim indefinite greyness melted away. And a tall girl in a "correct grey suit" stood beside me, —on a gravel walk, —in a garden, —at Versailles. Tall, and slender, and grey, and when she smiled her eyes and nose and lips twinkled with laughter.

"You are," she said, "very impolite. You begin the conversation, and almost at once you falter."

"Sorry," I said, "you shouldn't twinkle."

Her two silver toes were close together, such slim little silver toes. "Really," she said, "I seem to be altogether wrong. First I'm an American, and now I twinkle."

"But you do twinkle."

"Is that more important than being an American."

"Well, not exactly. But it is much more interesting."

"Interesting?"

"Yes," I watched her silver toes, "there're so damn many Americans, —."

"One hundred and twenty millions, to be exact," she said.

"So I've heard." I watched her nose wrinkle as she smiled.

"You don't like being interrupted, do you." Her eyes were deep and blue and they seemed to sparkle as she spoke.

"When one is in the middle of an original, (well at least slightly original) epigram, it is very disconcerting to be interrupted."

"Oh," she said twinkling, "it was to be an epigram."

"It was."

She stood very straight and slender, silver heels together.

"Proceed," she said, "the receptive ear is at attention."

"There are," I repeated with precision, "so damn many Americans, —." I watched her. She was twinkling with laughter. "—but so very few twinklers."

She laughed, and her silver slippers kicked at the pebbles. "That," she said, "sounds very much like a compliment, and one should never accept a compliment from a man. It's really, so I've heard, much more dangerous than accepting money."

"In that case," I said, "perhaps we'd better begin with the less dangerous practice."

Her hair was brushed back dark and smooth from her forehead. Her lips twinkled. "Oh, I see," she said as she smiled, "have you any sug-

gestion as to the particular type of money that I might accept. Let's see, it might be Burmese, or I suppose it might even be Tibetan." Her eyes and lips and nose laughed gayly. "Personally I'm awfully fond of the Tibetan variety, it has such nice empty holes."

She stood there, slim and grey, and twinkling. And suddenly I wanted more than anything else in the world to touch her. And I reached in my pocket and took out a battered old five-centime piece with a round hole in the center.

"Here," I said, "is a coin famed the world over for the emptiness of its hole."

And she reached out her hand. It was slim and slender like her body, and gay and twinkling like her eyes, and smooth and brilliant like her silver slippers.

"It does seem to be a very empty hole," she said.

And my hand touched hers as she took the coin.

Her eyes were gayly twinkling as they met mine. And suddenly they became deep and open. And she stood tall and very still there beside me. Her silver feet stood sharp and clear against the greyness of the ground. Her toes were silver-silent against the clicking of the pebbles. Her eyes were deep, and dark, and hidden.

And she seemed to shake herself, and her eyes began to twinkle again.

"To love," she said as she threw the coin into the clear water of the narrow pool. It twisted and twirled in a silver spiral towards the bottom, and her silver shoes kicked little

round pebbles into the shiny water.

"To love," I said and picked up a handful of grey stones. They fell with a soft little swish into the water of the pool. Little ripples began where we stood and spread out across the smooth surface towards the grey marble of the farther shore. And the old coin with the round hole lay in the silvery newness of its watery plumage at the bottom of the rippled pond.

"You are," she said very softly, "being much too serious."

And we stood there together beside the long silver pond in the gardens of old Louis Quatorze's patrician Versailles.

Two little French boys in shiny blue Sunday suits came running up the path rolling huge round hoops. Here and there little groups stood and chatted. Monsieur stood tall and straight and fingered his waxed moustache. The fountains, he declared, were late in starting today, *c'est très excellant*, too much water was being wasted anyway, what was the use of spending good gold francs to make water run through little round holes?

Madame was short and stocky, and the hair on her face was long and dark. Yevette, she said, was after all as good a daughter as a mother had a right to expect. She was, of course, her father's child, *n'est-ce pas*. What could one expect?

The two little boys rolled their hoops down the path out of sight. Madame and Monsieur and their friends chattered on down the road. It was quiet and still beside the pond. The silver coin lay still and quiet in the bottom of the pool.

And then great columns of white water leaped up against the still greenness of the trees and the cold whiteness of the marble. She stood slim and grey like a pillar beside the column of white water. And the drops fell down and wrinkled the smooth surface of the lake. And we stood and watched the white water leaping into the still air. And I could feel the whiteness of the water, and

the greyness of her, and the silver smoothness of her little shoes.

She turned and smiled. "You have," she said, "spoiled a most carefully planned afternoon." She was again gay and laughing, and her eyes and lips and nose seemed again to twinkle.

And I wondered if for her the mood had passed away, and I tried to cast out of my mind the smooth whiteness of the water leaping into the air.

"Plans," I said, "are made to be broken."

"That was very trite," she said.

I looked at her. My head was full of the whiteness of smooth water, full of the greyness of pebbles on the ground, full of the sharp silver of slippers that seemed to touch the ground so lightly.

Her eyes were gay with laughter as they followed mine. "Such crazy silver slippers," she said.

Such crazy silver slippers!

"You know," she said, "I suppose I'm the kind of person that wears leather boots to bed, and goes riding in satin mules."

"And goes walking in silver slippers," I added.

"Yes. That goes walking in silver slippers. But it's so much more fun that way, really it is. Silver slippers! I can't tell you why, but today was my day for silver slippers. I know it was. I woke up so very early this morning. It was all pink and silver outside. Pink, and silver, and clean sweetness. And there was something about the silver of the sky that caught at something in me. And I just had to go to the closet and take out these silver slippers. I just had to. And they were so smooth and silver like the clear newness of the dawn. And when I put them on it seemed as if they turned into a bit of the new day, all clean and silver and alive."

"Such crazy silver slippers," I said.

"You're laughing at me." Her eyes were deep and so very very new. "You're laughing at me."

"I'm laughing," I said, "at you, and silver slippers, and old empty coins, and—."

"You're twinkling," she said.

And we stood there beside the long pool of water and laughed to ourselves.

• I took her hand in mine and we started off down the walk. "Where," I asked, "does your twinkling majesty wish to go?"

"At the moment that I was so rudely interrupted by your arrival I was *en route* to the Petite Trianon. Could we go there?"

"It would be rather difficult."

"Difficult, really difficult!"

"Oh, my yes. You see, it will be necessary for us to go three miles in this direction, turn to the right for three miles, turn to the right for three miles, and then turn to the right for three miles."

"Perhaps it's just too complicated for me," she said, "but it does seem as if that would bring us back to this same general vicinity."

"Of course. That is the beauty of the plan."

"Oh!"

"And then in addition you would have to peal three Spanish oranges while standing on your head, and at the same time scratch your left ear."

"Couldn't they be California oranges?"

"That's a mere quibble."

"Could it be my right ear?"

"That's also a quibble."

I looked at her, and her lips and eyes smiled. I held her hand very tightly. "Quibble or no quibble," I said, "that's the only way to get from here to the Petite Trianon."

And so we stopped at a little stand on big brown wheels and poked our fingers into all kinds of sweet smelling jars. And in very bad French I asked, "*Monsieur, avez vous des oranges?*"

And he shook his head and wiggled his arms and talked very fast. But in the end he pulled out from beneath his stand a little basket full of shiny round fruit.

"Ask him," said Ann, "if they're really Spanish."

But my French wouldn't spread out to cover that, and Monsieur rattled off in a long parade of consonants and vowels.

"What did he say," whispered Ann.

"He said that these are very unusual oranges," I replied. "It seems that the mother was a Spaniard of the very highest family, really royal blood according to Monsieur. But, (I paused for effect) it's really very tragic. Would you believe it, she had an affair with a perfectly terrible young orange from California. You know, newly rich trash, and well—. You can imagine what happened."

"With oranges like that I'll have to scratch both ears," she said.

And we filled our pockets full of little round cakes with sweet citron on top, and long slender buns, and big round oranges, and lots of other things. And we walked hand in hand through the long grass of the open fields. And we wandered far beyond the holiday crowds until we came to the end of a long mirror pool. There, sharp and distinct, stood a tall group of poplars, slim and clear against the sky. And around them the grass was soft and brilliant green. And we sat there at the foot of the long mirror pool beneath the tall straight trees, with the palace of Versailles far away in the long distance above us.

"Must I stand on my head," said Ann.

And I looked at her with very stern severity and said, "no stand on head, no oranges; no oranges, no Petite Trianon." I was as didactic as possible.

"Very well."

And she put her head on the ground and kicked the silver feet into the air again and again until she stood there upside-down, slim and straight.

"Quick, quick, an orange," she shouted.

And I came over to her and

dropped on my knees beside her with an orange in my hand. It was almost successful but her ear just wouldn't be scratched."

"Please, scratch my ear," she said.

And with a gay little squeak a mass of grey and silver tumbled down on me and we lay all jumbled up together in the soft green grass. Her laughter was gay and unending, full of vibrancy and throbbing joy.

"For that," she laughed, "I'm going to get you." And she grabbed me and tussled with me in the grass till we both lay back hot and panting against the cool smoothness of the sod.

And we lay there together on the soft grass. And the sky was very blue and endless above us. And the sun was swinging low across the water of the long mirror pool. She lay there soft and grey against the greenness of the grass. And I noticed that one silver slipper had come off in the tussel and lay at a crazy angle on the rocky side of the pool. Crazy silver slipper!

And she jumped up with a youthful little bound and ran down to the lake.

"That crazy slipper's about to fall in the water," she said.

And she picked it up and brought it back to me and dropped it in my hands. And I took it and placed it on the slim smallness of her foot, and she gave me her hand and I stood up beside her.

And we sat with our backs to a tall straight poplar and pulled the little cookies and cakes out of our pockets. And they were all smashed from the jumping and tusseling. We'd pick out the bits of bright yellow citron and argue over who was to have the largest. And we ate the little cakes, and we sucked the sweet juice out of the oranges, and sat with our backs to the tall tree, and watched the sun set across the mirror pool of Versailles.

With the coming of sunset the gardens became still and quiet. The rambling crowds of Parisian tourists

had gone. Nowhere in the wide expanse of the park was anyone to be seen. And we sat there beneath the tall tree and looked up the long length of the mirror pool to the terraces and fountains of the palace. In all that silent openness there was nothing to break the majestic solitude of the royal park.

Ann sat close and still beside me, her dark head on my shoulder, her eyes far away on the dimness of the white palace. It almost seemed as if in the growing dusk I could see Louis Quatorze standing in front of the open doors of his glass walled salon, backed by the blaze of hundreds of candles, watching the still setting of the sun across his gardens.

"Louis," said Ann, "is looking this way. I hope he doesn't see us."

I looked down at her shining eyes. They were so deep and beautiful in the still sunset.

"How did you know I was thinking about that," I asked.

"How did I know that today was my day to wear silver slippers?"

Her hand was soft and slender against mine.

From his balcony Louis looked down and smiled, and his teeth were white and smooth. He loved his garden. He loved the tall white water in the air and the banks of dark green trees. He loved most the sun setting across the long stillness of the mirror pool.

Perhaps he didn't see us there at the far end of the lake, sitting close together against the trunk of a tall poplar, watching the soft setting of the sun.

"He must," said Ann, "hate to see his garden filled with the shouts and oaths of the rabble."

"He wasn't here today," I whispered, "perhaps he only comes when the common trash he so hated is shut once more on the outside of his walls. Perhaps he only lights his candles and opens his tall glass doors in the soft twilight of a summer night."

"I wonder if he minds our being here," whispered Ann.

Louis smiled again. Behind him stood the ranks of his court, stiff and white in their powdered hair and fluffs and frills. And Louis turned and closed the tall glass doors of the balcony and stood by himself in the cool newness of the night air.

"I think he sees us," whispered Ann.

And as she spoke the sun disappeared in a mass of gold clouds across the mirror pool. Ann's eyes looked up at me, and she touched her fingers to my lips.

"This morning, silver," she whispered, "tonight it is gold."

And for the first time I kissed her.

And the beauty of the sky, and the water, and a pair of silver slippers filled my throat till it became tight and it seemed as if I would choke.

• In the quiet stillness of the evening we walked back across the empty gardens to where the dark walls of the palace rose out of the dusk. And everywhere was a stillness unbroken by any sound or whisper, each window of the palace black and empty, the candles snuffed, the courtiers gone.

But Ann was there beside me, close beside me clinging to my arm. In the stillness of the night we seemed to blend together, blended into a oneness that was beautiful with the beauty of the All. I could feel her nearness as she walked there in the dark twilight beside me. I could feel her nearness as she seemed to crawl deep into something within me. I could feel her nearness in the touch of her hand, in the click of her feet on the gravel of the walk.

Sharp and clear above the dark bank of trees that marked the edge of the park rose a brilliant flower of shining fire-bits. The stillness of the night was broken by the blare of sound.

"Ron," said Ann, and stopped close beside me.

Again and again the sharp clap of sound came, and again and again

the showers of fire-sparks leaped into the night sky, blue, white, green, and red.

"Just fireworks," said Ann and her eyes and nose and lips twinkled with laughter.

"Just fireworks, sheer reality," I said and smiled at her.

And we stood there in the darkness of the night and watched the brilliant flashes of light that marked the Bastille day celebration. Sharp and clear the fire-beads broke in showers against the deep blackness of the night. From above the trees shot a shiny beacon of light, breaking, and falling away in a swinging shower of red and green fire.

"It's beautiful," whispered Ann.

"Beauty in reality?" I questioned.

Ann watched the swinging arc of a fire-bit as it raced upwards into the sky. With a flare it broke open and a shower of brilliant flame-stars leaped out into the blackness, sheer white against the darkness of the night. Slowly the light faded into darkness.

"Beauty in reality," Ann said, and her voice was sharp and clear and strong.

And I looked at her and at the soft lines of her face and hands. And I felt the upward swing of some fire-bit within myself. And I felt it break into a million shining little stars that flung themselves through my body. And I smiled, and looked down at the silver slippers. And suddenly I knew.

"Love is beauty, beauty is all, all is beauty," I whispered to Ann, alone of all the world.

"Love is beauty," she said.

• And we walked out of the park into the arc-light glare of the streets. Taxicabs went speeding by across the boulevard. The clang of a street trolley sounded sharp and blaring. Crowds of people filled the cafes and walked in the streets.

And I noticed a ragged boy standing on the corner with a pile of

copies of *Le Soir* in his hand. And I took from my pocket a ten centime piece and gave it to him. And even the turgid headlines of *Le Soir* seemed clear and beautiful.

Ann walked close beside me down the street. And we climbed on the train, and slipped into Gare Montparnasse. The boulevard was crowded and blaring, the cabs sped by, the blaring neon sign in front of La Coupole flashed in red and green shapes. Le Dome, La Couplade, Tony's Place passed in a flash and a flare of glaring biting color. In front of Charlie's sat some of the crowd, smoking, drinking gin.

"Howdy Ron."

"Howdy Mike."

"Who's the new dame?"

Ann clung to my arm and we walked on by.

"Pretty snooty, Ron."

"Who's the new dame, Ron?"

Ann clung more tightly to my arm and her silver slippers gave sharp little clicks as her feet struck the smooth pavement. Her eyes were sharp and deep. She was very close to me.

We crossed the Boulevard and turned down Raspail and then into Jules Chaplain, past the iron gate with the red lantern, past the lights of the cinema, past the studio of Jean O'Laran, down to its very end.

Ann stopped and looked up at me. "Home," she said.

Her eyes were still and silent, yet I could see deep into them even in the darkness of the street. Her lips were parted, sweetly parted.

"Ron," she said, "I just can't eat oranges standing on my head."

And I took her in my arms and kissed her. And she stood there still and silent beside me for a long moment.

And I turned and ran up Jules Chaplain towards the Boulevard where the bright lights of Charlie's Bar made a bright glare on the dark sky.

The private chauffeur

(Continued from page 23)

finishing school and was really out looking for the peerage. It seemed to be the style. And all the time the Kid would report back to the Governor and the Madam how I was acting nasty and wasn't being the true servant. I used to get it all back from the maids and the butler so I knew what was going on all the time.

The final thing that caused me to get the bounce was when I brought the Kid in cold about two weeks ago. She had passed out and some one dumped her in the car and told me to take her home. She had been tearing around every night and her nerves were all shot to hell. Well I tried to bring her to, but she'd just bable and throw her arms around. Well, I was carrying her in when the Governor and the Madam drives up in somebody else's car and catches me red-handed with the Kid in my arms. The Kid had just started to

babble again and had thrown her arms around my neck. It was rather embarrassing for me, and the folks, although they were pretty hard boiled, couldn't quite believe that it was their daughter. Of course the family thought it was all my fault as I was supposed to be the Kid's guardian or something. The Kid had a nervous breakdown or something, and the doctors hung around for quite some time, and after the Kid was coming around again, the Governor hands me a hundred and I get the bounce. I get the bounce because I had the bad luck of bringing the Kid home cold, because I was supposed to be her guardian and see that she didn't drink anymore than was good for her, because I didn't have enough sense to pack her up in a hotel for the night and alibi her out of it. And so I lost my gravy boat, and nothing's in sight. Let's have another drink and forget about it. The Governor was a right guy.

Came the revolution

(Continued from page 3)

When questioned as to what he thought,
He did not flinch or run,
There was one thing for which he sought
"I hope you have some fun."
Old Wallace Wade did hold his tongue
But feared the worst, 'tis said,
And thought it bad for man, when young
To try and use his head.

The story spread from lip to lip
It even got in *Time* (advt.)
And stodgy I did lose my grip
And set it forth in rhyme.
But through it all there stalked a man

As sinister as death,
A bomb in either pocket and
Blue fire for his breath.
Black villains always start these things
In fiction, song, and myth,
And angels duck to save their wings
From Richard Austin Smith.

Our story dies a natural death
I'm sorry, as you see
Our revolution lost its breath
Just like Technocracy.
For students come and rant and rave
To save us from oppression,
But what at sight appears so brave
Is youthful self-expression.

—DONALD MCNEIL

"EVEN HIS WORST
FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"



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The return

(Continued from page 18)

ten, long-neglected stores of learning I probed for further evidences of the superiority of this Bellini, on whom I had once made deep research. And as I thought back, all the wealth and richness of that world I had discarded returned to me—slowly at first, seeping, as it were, into alien soil, and then faster, and then rushing, pouring, pounding into my brain like the rush of air into a musty room, long-sealed. Facts piled on facts tempestuously, deliriously. Ideas hurtled. Theories crashed madly in. My mind became intoxicated with memories. It staggered and reeled with their tumultuous onslaught. I grew drunk, exultantly drunk, with the impact of returned scholarship. And I argued. From that headlong host of returning knowledge, I drew with agility and discrimination to shape my arguments. The fact that I felt myself to be confronted with a madman yielded in importance to our discussion. His keen intellect whetted my re-awakened enthusiasm. We argued. The sharp rapiers of our minds flashed like compact lightning. We warded, we countered, we thrust! It was exciting, compelling! I lost myself in it . . .

The first in-rush of scholastic enthusiasm done, I quieted. My arguments grew saner, less feverish, more deeply founded. The maelstrom of my mind subsided into a still, deep pool. It took form and order. Very much like my own mind of years ago it became, but now there was a strength, a determination, a power that had never been there before. And now the state of my mind was not like the impact of air into a

shut room any more; instead it was the gentle, sure, powerful entrance of night, as certain and as quietly calm and determined as the cool stars—night, which somehow I knew would alone—among all those turbulent emotions to which I had been subject that day—leave me no more.

My brain, as if this realization were that which it awaited, gave way to its inhibited fear. The cause of this fear had risen from his chair and come to stand before me. I became once more acutely conscious of the ominous deepness of his voice. I seemed to sound new fires in those flaming eyes. The candles turned the chiseled patrician sternness of his features into a weird study in black and white. I began to feel cunning in his still fingers, see design in the tautness of his nether lip, dark malice in the very set of his shoulders. Fear came back over me in great sweeping waves. I yielded in my arguments and began imperceptibly to press my way toward the door. I fenced for time. I fought my way delicately to the entrance. I gained it. I paused and made some plausible excuse for a momentary absence—I forgot—drinks, I believe and then I left, drawing the door tight shut behind me. For the first time I had occasion to regret that there was no lock on that living room door. Outside it I stood for a moment, weak. The palms of my hands were damp with sweat, and I was breathing heavily. I felt clammy, tired. But underlying everything in me was a deep sense of harmony and elevation. It was that spiritual satisfaction which had come from my re-

awakened interest in the arts, and which, despite my fear, had not left me and would, I knew, never leave me. Strange, that a madman should bring me that! I was filled with gratitude to my visitor for this which he had unwittingly brought about. "Earnest," I mused, "or spirit, you have this day brought me back to myself!"

I roused myself and hurried upstairs to my bedroom telephone to put through two calls. The first was to the police headquarters, and it was a request that officers be sent to apprehend an escaped maniac. The second call went to the Blackamoor Institution for the Insane. I was not at the moment able to get indirect contact with my brother's superintendent, but the message I had relayed to him was this: "Earnest is here. I will keep him until you advise me what to do. Call me immediately." After which, I returned with trepidation to the living room to engage the attention of my brother, lest he escape again. I flung back the door and entered. And then I stopped, amazed. I was alone! Strange—I had not heard the noise that Earnest must have inevitably made as he departed. I ran to the front door and threw it open. No sound, no presence! As I strode heavily back into the house, I realized the telephone was ringing. I walked over and picked up the receiver.

"Yes?" I said.

It was Earnest's superintendent calling from the Blackamoor asylum. He seemed excited. "There must be some mistake," he kept saying; "Earnest is here safe and well."

Hamlin's journey

(Continued from page 20)

He sent them from his room. He didn't want people. Left alone, he looked at the spots on the wall. He felt himself becoming enormous. The

furniture dwindled in size. He cried out in fear. The room assumed its proper proportions. He packed back and forth and back and forth, then

flung himself on his bed to sleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining, and there were no spots upon the walls.

And a little child shall lead them

(Continued from page 12)

Carlos Mendez took in the situation at a glance and called for his private bodyguard to come forward. They quickly bound the drunken revolutionists, and then the rest of the army put in its appearance. The private bodyguard boasted greatly of its prowess in the short but vicious battle they had put up in overcoming the men on the ground; but it was only too plain that there had been no battle. With the danger of bloodshed over, the army gave vent to its feelings and spent the night in drinking up what remained of the whiskey on the island.

The following day the city of Banana was dressed in holiday attire for the home-coming of its conquering heroes. They cheered wildly as the San Felipe banged and clanked into the harbor. The chief gunner fired the only shell as a tribute to the

first military victory in the history of Mosquitia. Then the drunken army, dragging one still drunker behind it, weaved down the gang plank—and this time Mendez preceded them of his own free will.

On shore he had to make his inevitable speech. The wise ministers had erected a large platform with the knowledge that win, lose, or draw Mendez would make a speech. Now they only sighed in the knowledge that victory meant a speech of magnificent proportions. They were right. Mendez spoke for hours of his personal greatness before telling of the tremendous battle at the Isle of Oaks. Finally he told a few details.

"We stole on them through the night—the genius of Mendez had caught them unaware—they were like babes in our hands—not a man lost—." On and on it went intermin-

ably until even the people realized that this *must* be a great occasion.

There was, however, one unbeliever in the crowd outside of the army itself. The army would never betray itself, of course, but José Tamale doubted all this gory tale he was hearing. In the first place there were no wounds. In the second place he had destroyed the water supply on the island, and battles are not fought without water. Somehow even the awesome Mendez could not make José swallow such a tale. Finally he went over to the public square where the gringo revolutionists were on exhibition in their rags and ropes. He spoke to one of them. In halting English he asked about the battle on the island. One of the prisoners looked up at the boy bending over him and made gestures towards his throat and muttered:

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"Water, for Christ's sake!"

José got a cup of water for the man and then repeated his question. The American looked again at the boy. For some reason he appeared puzzled.

"What the hell are you gabbling about?" he said. "There wasn't any battle. Some damn fool broke a hole in our water keg and we all got plastered drinkin' booze. All those goddam greasers had to do was walk in and tie us up."

José's mouth opened and his eyes widened as the gist of this tale became intelligible to him. It was he, then, who had ended the revolution.

What glory should be his! What medals they would give him! And then he stopped building his castles as a thought struck him. What chance would he have against the word of the great Mendez? José's boyish face saddened as he realized that his great deed would go unsung in the saga of Mosquitia. He turned slowly and walked down the gaily dressed street towards a dismal alley where he and his mother lived. He never got there that afternoon. Another idea, the product of his intriguing Latin-American mind, came to him and he again headed toward the palace where Mendez ruled supreme.

Mosquitia has had no more revolutions in recent years. The only fly in the ointment of a victorious people is the fact that taxes have gone up considerably. Mendez is the same except for a new wrinkle in his forehead and a haunted look in his eyes. He has found out about the game of blackmail too. José and his mother now live in the most beautiful house in Banana and can look out at the statue commemorating the victory over the revolutionists of the Isle of Oaks. José often smiles when he looks out at that statue. Mendez frowns when he passes it, but maybe that is because he has to send a barrel of whiskey to the island each week.



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THE ARCHIVE

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Edited by RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH





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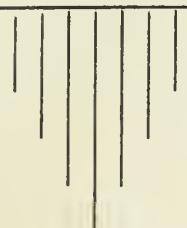
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Phantom Ship

NANCY HUDSON

A tale is told by men of old
Of a ship that sails at night,
Whose deck is cold with phantoms
bold,
Whose hull is a ghostly white.

They say she sailed and sank 'neath
a gale
Many a year before,
Yet now on her scale the dead men
wail
And journey forevermore.

Her spars reared high into the sky;
Her bow was narrow and gliding;
When she passed by, the waters nigh
Rebelled in flagrant chiding.

Bird-like she soared through lake and
fiord
And never a reef could change her;
Her rudder-board ever headed toward
The open sea and danger.

The blight of death could not affright
Nor fear of worlds to come;
For when the gale's might swept into
sight,
She staunchly stood her doom.

Sweeping over and on the storm
swung along,
Scattering the wreck of the ship.
The bow fell at Hong-Kong, the keel
at Rangong,
And the spar at "Dunbar's Slip."

And yet, they say, when day gave
away,
And night stole in, so sooty,
Each star-light bay—the places were
fey—
Gave up its naval booty.

And all together the boat did gather,
Rose up in the white twilight
As light as a feather—and far from
heather
It sailed into the night.

(Continued on page 28)



On such a day, we sat, just you and I
 Beside a quiet, rambling little stream.
 The time was still, all nature was a'dream,
 The little clouds were sleeping in the sky,
 The only sound, a wind rippling the trees;
 A water bug the only living thing;
 It was as if our world had taken wing
 And left us deep in lovely mysteries.
 We spoke no word, yet something in the air
 Wrought something in our souls with magic power
 So that we held for everlasting dower
 That precious moment as a balm for care.
 If we could know the time when skies were blue
 And life held loveliness; if we but knew!

Two Sonnets WALTER CUTTER



We stood one time upon a river bridge
 When night was swiftly flowing to the dawn,
 The moon, upraised beyond a ridge
 Of clouds and stars, looked calmly on.
 We stood in that immense and vibrant peace,
 Soundless, save for the water flowing placidly;
 Sky, water, silence, served to increase
 The feeling of a vast immensity.
 No word was spoken, only heart to heart
 Spoke deep, undying words of life and love
 More eloquent than all our skillful art,
 Whose precious memory Time cannot remove.
 Well that our hearts can clasp from Time's swift wings
 These handfuls of undying, timeless things.

Karl Nylesson's Wedding

NANCY HUDSON

(Author's note: In 1904 a great fire swept over Aalesund in Norway, destroying the whole city of wood-built houses. Upon the ruins brick edifices were erected, and Aalesund has since become a fishing center, and a port of call for the Norwegian-South American line because of its export of klip-fish. Aalesund lies northwest of the vast cod-banks of Storregen and Nyggen in the North Sea.)

In Aalesund of Norway the long season of the midnight sun had descended, and there was no longer any day nor night, but only a pale twilight suckled by the wan half-sun. Sometimes rays shot from this sun, filling the heavens with strange color; then glory spread over the land. But the rays were gone now, and the sky was pale pearl gray with twilight, and it was evening. The fishermen were coming into port with their catch; all the skiffs glistened with silver fish—some of them filled with short klip-fish, gleaming like plates of armor, while on the decks of those who had ventured as far as the great cod banks of Storregen long codfish shone like spears. There was a great stir on the wharf at this time of evening. The seamen docked their boats, calling out and laughing to one another. Women hurried from their homes to welcome the returning men. Children danced along the board walks. Boat sides crunched against one another, sea gulls called out, and the lap of the waves was agitated with the motion of the returning vessels. As each boat docked, its men were welcomed with familiar shouts, its cargo was unloaded, and its sailors went away to their homes. Gradually the people disappeared down the cobbled streets that led to their houses, and all the noise of their return died away. Only one stayed there on the pier—a tall girl, fair,

and with silver hair flowing in great waves over her shoulders—Hilda Karenden. Long she waited there, alone, while the shadows of the spars of the gently swaying boats lengthened, and the white twilight grew gray, and the sea winds began to blow cold inshore. Presently a sail appeared on the far waters, and Hilda stood up straight to watch it. Larger grew the white patch, and larger, until, with a smooth veering, the boat had come into dock, and from its prow sprang Karl Nylesson. He was big, big as the stalwart Vikings, and he was bronze blond, and like a god. He gazed at Hilda for a long time, and their eyes as they looked on one another were as the eyes of one person.

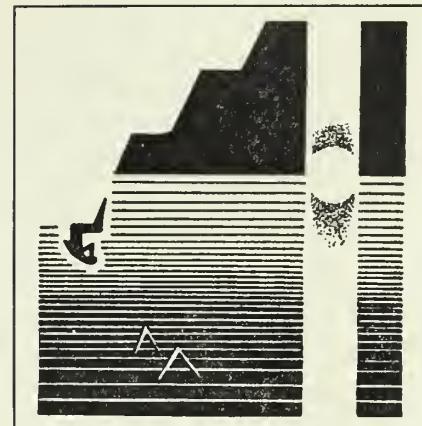
"Why have you come to meet me, daughter of Karendin?" he said slowly.

"I have come because I love you," she answered him. "Even as you love me, Karl Nylesson."

"Yes," said Karl Nylesson, but he did not smile, and there was no happiness in his face.

"It troubles you still?" she asked, her own face troubled.

"Yes," he answered simply. He took her in his arms and kissed her, and then they turned, arms locked around one another, and stood facing the wind. It cut around them, blowing Hilda's skirts sharp back against her body and her long silver hair out behind her. In Karl's face it lit a kind of radiance, an exultation mingling with his sadness. Thus they stood for a moment, and then they dropped their arms and crossed over to the boat. Karl pulled out cod-fish lines, swinging them over his shoulder onto the pier. They were heavy, but Hilda carried them one by one to the end of the pier, her lean muscles rolling with effort, her strong, slender brown hands straining at the lines. When



it was done, they walked together down the cobblestone street, wearily, in silence.

After he left Hilda at her home, Karl walked alone toward his cottage, which lay a little beyond the village on the side of one of the Kiolen cliffs. He walked slowly. He was very tired—worn from the heavy catch, sick with love of Hilda—Hilda of the silver hair and the strong and beautiful face, whose mouth was warm and sparkling. He longed to court and win this Hilda, and bring her to his home as his bride. But he could not marry her. He knew it, and yet how he knew it he did not understand. He only knew that ever since he had been a child and heard the wind howling from the fjords and breasting the mountains he had known he would have no other mate. I am a wanderer, he would say, like the wind. Like it I am lonely and alone, and its soul is my soul. ("Karl, Karl," his mother, Garde, would rebuke him, "The wind has no soul.")

"I think, mother, it is made up of souls—the souls of Viking ancestors, fierce as hurricanes, the souls of fishermen forefathers, gentle as summer breezes, the souls of all the restless, all the wanderers.") And he had always felt in some inexplicable way that he belonged to the wind, that he was a part of it, inviolably bound to it, and claimed for

its wanderings. Then when Hilda came, the silver-haired Hilda, whom he loved more deeply than his life, he had tried to tell her, and yet could not all explain that which was a feeling inside him.

"Oh Hilda, my soul, and soul of my soul, what have I to give you?—A heart already claimed, a body filled with strange wanderlust, a slavery to an element, a sadness and a discontent. No, my beloved, leave me and go to another who can make you as happy as I long to make you."

"But I love you, Karl."

And he had had to see the pain in her eyes, and feel the constant anguish surge inside him. Was his feeling for the wind but a phobia, a mania? Shouldn't he marry Hilda anyhow?—many times he had asked himself this, but always he had known that a man must be true to the feelings in his heart. Now as he walked he turned the old old problem over again in his mind, and again could get no other answer. At a shallow place he waded across the wild and somber Stor fjord, his boots sinking deep into the sea sand. Then he climbed onto the opposite bank and took the path that lead to the cliffs. Around him the marshes lay, scented with wild flowers and new growth of grass. They were green and lonely. Far away in the background their green was fringed with black as it was swallowed up by the great forest of Starsvenggen. His path grew narrower as he walked, and gray cliffs began to form little ledges around him—not standstone cliffs, with their varied colors, but the hard granite cliffs of the Kiolens, grey and severe as the path on which he trod. The way became steeper, and a great cliff reared up on one side. By looking far up Karl could see on ahead the light that shone from his cottage, and presently he heard the laughing shouts of Maria, his little sister, as she ran down the slope to meet him. He sighed and quickened his pace.

That night after dinner the Nyleson family had dispersed to pursue

its various interests. Maria, the little one, had helped her mother, Garde, clear off the supper dishes, and then had run out in the yard to play until bedtime. Garde had finished her work and taken down some knitting from the mantelpiece, and was now rocking in the big chair and knitting, her face very placid. Edvard, the younger brother, had rushed out of the house to play with Maria. In a corner of the room Ole, seventeen years old and flushed with enthusiasm, was finishing a model of a ship. Hans Nyleson, the father, lay napping on the couch, his Bible still in his hand, as he had been reading his usual chapter after dinner. Karl alone was restless and unoccupied. He heard the wind moan low around the house. Its voice was silken and pulsing. It was like a deep crying out, and a calling. He watched the flames of the little hearth fire dart up and twist. He stared at the grey light beyond the window. He listened to the crackle of the fire, and the clack of his mother's needles, and the wind. Presently he stood up and tiptoed to the door, and stood there on the threshold looking out. There was nothing concealing in that long twilight, as there was in the black curtain of night. His eyes could roam over miles of green marshes below him, and could perceive the glacier that crested Mt. Jagesvard far above him, and could see the whole of the naked sides of Jagesvard itself, all great grey rocks and bare slate. About half a mile up there was a flat plateau to which no path lead. Karl went out and scaled the grey rocks one by one, with the ease of long practice, until he reached the Jagesvard plateau. He threw himself down on it lengthwise, and put his head on his arms. Far below him he could hear the ocean, and to his left a bird circled about its nest. And Karl lay and looked out on the gray rocks and the ocean, and heard the north wind singing. And its song was low and wild, and like the song that Karl sang to himself. And in the wind was a rhythm

that joined with his own pulse, deep-beating. In the wind Karl heard many voices singing, but they were all his own voice—like, he thought, the songs of all his ancestors, pulsing within him. And as he listened his heart threshed inside him like the strainings of mighty wings with the wind, and he loved the cold northwind that sang, and he knew it for his own.

On the next day Karl was twenty-six years old. Early that morning before his family was stirring, he arose and ran down to the wharf to mend his nets. And Hilda came also to the wharf. She knelt beside him, and her long fingers bound the threads deftly together as she worked with him at the nets. Her silver hair flowed over her back in shining spray; her face was fresh with the morning. She was eager, and smiling, like a child. And she knelt so quietly beside him, mending his nets. Karl ached with love for her. Surely no fate, he felt, could keep them apart any longer.

"Today I am twenty-six," he said. "Oh, my Hilda, I am growing old. If I have been right, if I do belong to the wind, surely she will claim me today. If she doesn't this night I will marry you. I am twenty-six. It is my wedding day."

Hilda smiled, and her face grew radiant. And they worked together on the nets, in silence.

The wind was wild that day. It stirred the sea into great breakers. It uprooted trees and hurtled them along the islands. It caught up a spark that had fallen from Leaf Severn's pipe as he shook the ashes from it, and carried that spark to a bit of dry grass. It fanned the blaze of the grass into a flame, and then drove the flame toward the little wooden houses of the city. It caught onto them and devoured them, ever leaping and devouring, and growing higher as it spread. Not even at the Torv, the market-place, did it pause, but swept on and over it. When they saw that their homes were irretrievably lost, and that the intensity and

rapidity of the spreading flame prevented even attempts to salvage their possessions, the fishermen of Aalesund began to flee. The city of Aalesund lies on three small islands, on none of which is there any protection from sweeping fires except on the island of Norvo, where, beside Karl's home, rose the almost unscalable Kiolen mountain. Accordingly the island inhabitants were forced now to turn for protection to their boats. Like thousands of little black ants scurrying from a wrecked home, they rushed to their vessels, darting along the beach, shouting and hurrying, running this way and that, blindly, wildly, the women weeping, the men calling, the children screaming and sobbing. Down the beach they ran, searching out their various fishing boats to pack themselves and their large families into them, making as ponderous a cargo as the codfish that they brought in the day before. The Karenden family with its eight children tried in vain to stow itself on board its small skiff, the *Karen*. With all of them in they bulged over the sides to the extent that the boards of the *Karen* cracked beneath their weight. The Karenden father was in despair when Hans Nylesson, who was running up the sails of his *Vjaldhmir*, which was anchored next to their skiff, perceived his trouble and called out, "Send two over here. We can take care of them." The Karendens readily assented and dispatched Hilda and her eight-year-old sister Vaard to the neighboring boat. Karl sprang out to help them on board and pressed Hilda's hand, whispering, "My wife to be." Then he unloosened the rope that held the boat, and they were off. Hilda heard behind her the shouted advice and lamentations of her old grandmother, Allamara Karenden, who was sorely grieved to be parted like this from her favorite granddaughter, "Hilda, don't lean over the side." "Hilda, wait for us when you get there"—until the boat had sailed out of hearing.

Presently Garde Nylesson came up and took her by the arm. Wouldn't you like to come below with us, dear? There's a bad gale blowing." Hilda reluctantly followed her, turning again and again to stare at Karl, who was standing straight at the helm

by the wild and howling wind, the terrible wind that drove forward and sucked in, that propelled and repelled, always augmenting its fury.

In the hold with the silent Nylesson family, Hilda put her arm around Vaard and drew her close beside her. Opposite them old Garde was holding the little Maria on her lap. Young Edvard had leaned his head back against the wall, grown white with sickness from the ship's rolling. Ole crouched at a port-hole, eagerly watching. Only Karl and his father Hans were missing. Karl stood at the helm; the stalwart old Hans was leaning against the rigging.

For hours the storm lasted unabated. Through it all the little *Vjaldhmir* plunged steadfastly on, rolling and quivering from stern to rudder, but plowing her way. At last, when they were all exhausted and broken, Karl had shouted from the helm, "Storregen ahead!" and they had revived their hopes. Running to the port-holes they could make out the lights of the city ahead of them, and they all began to feel relieved and happy once more—Hilda especially—Hilda, who had felt her heart tearing during all those long hours when Karl stood on deck, braving the storm. "Now," she thought, "The wind has not claimed him, and he will be through with his superstition, and we shall be married!" In her relief, she felt tears of happiness run down her cheeks.

But then, as they were fast approaching the harbor at Storregen, the gale hit them again with mighty force. Those in the hold turned pale and scuttled to their corners. On deck old Hans took a new and tighter grasp on the rigging, against this fresh and wildest blast. "Hold tight there," he called to his son, "Hold on tight, lad." He strained his eyes through the rain to see his son. The wind was roaring triumphantly, and Karl was standing very straight with both hands flung backwards. Hans shuddered and screamed, "Hold on,

(Continued on page 27)



To One In Thessaly

A cool glow murmurs
that the day is near;
To us who love, this
world which lies be-
tween
Forestalls all; even
revelry of moments;
Darkness is still your
shroud when I see
dawn.

EDWARD HUBERMAN



with the wind blowing his hair back
from his head.

The Nylesson mother was right; there was a bad gale blowing. The waters grew rougher and rougher, and the wind blew even more wildly. The family huddled inside the cabin grew terrified when they realized what the sudden onslaught meant—that they had left behind them the safety of the Skajaergarrd, the island-fence which serves to mitigate the fury of storms, and that in their small boat they were now openly facing the gale-ridden coast of Norway. The waves rolled high and crashed down on the deck, stirred

DUKE UN

For Better

Duke University is, potentially, one of the finest educational institutions in America. With its endowment, present equipment, and faculty personnel, all extremely favorable factors for development, its future should be one of great promise. Class rooms, dormitories, and scientific equipment are of the very best obtainable. The college itself has the triple advantages of convenience, permanency, and beauty. To the latter consideration, architects studied abroad for some years, developing designs for Gothic buildings.

Libraries on both campi offer the best in books, both classical and contemporary. The Library of the Women's College houses a Book Lovers' room, where students are at liberty to browse among volumes ordinarily too expensive for them to own—this privilege eliminates the tedium of going back into the stacks. Also excellent opportunity for keeping abreast of contemporary affairs is offered through generously stocked Periodical Divisions, where newspapers and magazines, foreign and domestic, are to be had.

The Faculty at Duke is large, and, from point of view of the degrees acquired, distinguished. All conventional fields of scholarship are represented. Particularly strong are the Departments of English, History, and Economics, where younger men teach live courses. There are also men of national and international importance engaged in undergraduate instruction at Duke. McDougall, Rippy, Newman I. White, and Jay B. Hubbel being among the number. McDougall has achieved international recognition because of his researches in Psychology. Dr. Rippy is well known as an authority on Spanish American Affairs, and Doctors White and Hubbel attained distinction, the former as a Shelly Scholar, and the latter as the editor of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*. Several faculty members have been drafted by the government for the N.R.A., Calvin Hoover being one of these taken from the Economics Department.

The climate at Duke is very pleasant the year through. Living expenses are quite reasonable. Board, tuition, room, medical, commencement, library, and damage fees total somewhere between a minimum of \$543.50 and a maximum of \$632.50. While the city of Durham offers few cultural advantages, at the University some effort is made to compensate for this. Approximately four plays and two musical comedies are performed each year. An entertainment series brings such artists as Jeritza, Heifetz, Paderewski, Clairbert, and the Monte Carlo Ballet to the campus at a fairly reasonable cost. Duke University offers, then, the material advantages made possible through a large endowment.

VERSITY

Duke University is a shell. In the place of normal interests, the Administration is so busily engaged in a publicity program for the University that they have no time for consideration of the Student Body. Our football team, our buildings, even the National speakers invited here, all are ballyhooed to create the illusion of a great university, without going through the actual labor required in its construction. The Student Body is, of course, only incidental, any student body would fit into the picture they are trying to frame.

Duke University is filled with deadwood. Heads of Departments still linger on, long after their use has been outmoded, simply because they serve as key men for the Administration. It would be very embarrassing to ask such men when they had last engaged in any active research in their respective fields.

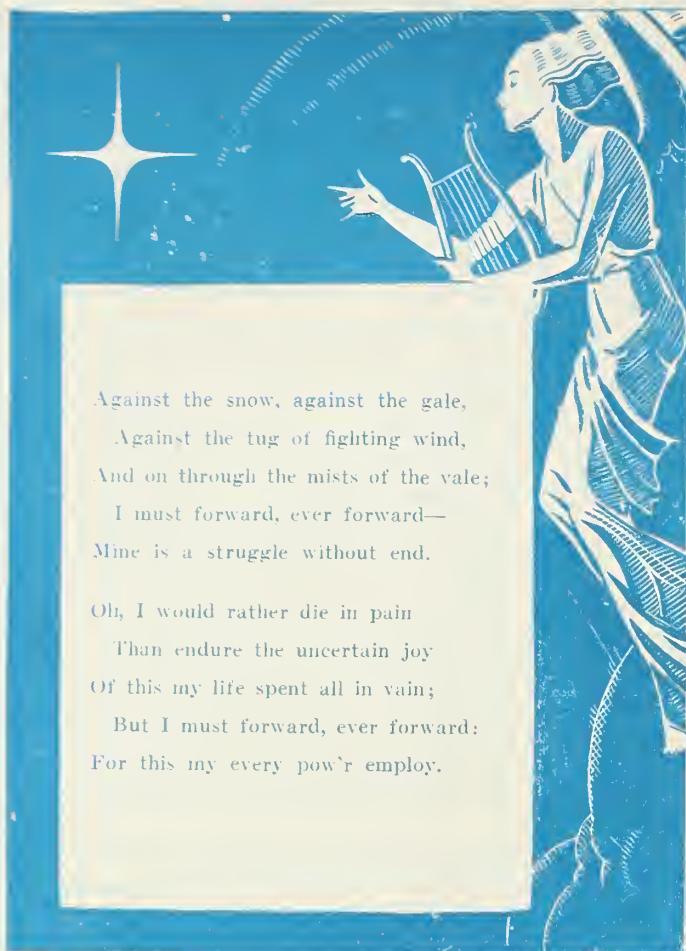
Duke University offers nothing that could be either loved or venerated. There is no effort made for the social comfort of the students. The lobby of the Union has the air of a funeral parlor, although an expensive one. There is no place on the entire campus where a student may go and feel at home, or comfortable. All the furnishings are the same unending brown, unrelieved by color of any sort. As for hallowed halls, the meaning of them is here unknown.

Duke University offers neither opportunity nor encouragement for the arts. The Duke Musical clubs have to depend entirely upon the sale of tickets for their funds. The same is true of Duke Players, which organization, so far from getting the little theatre promised them five years ago, actually has to fight for a place on the Auditorium schedule. Yet these are vital arts, contributing much to the growth of the college. For intellectual pursuits, there is also no encouragement—there are but ten scholarships offered. This from one of the best endowed universities in America! Because of this attitude of *front* sponsored by the Administration, the Student Body is extremely lethargic and uninspired. The faculty feels the general mugginess and restraint, and the result is the teaching of a minimum education.

Duke University Administration meddles in student affairs. The Administration controls election of student editors. It concerns itself not with the ability of these editors, but with their "Citizenship Records" carefully filed away in the Dean's Office. The Administration has a thin skin and a long memory to judge from the copy of the telegram with names of signers sent to the Board of Trustees, and now filed for reference in the Dean's Office. Their attitude in the last student revolt was best expressed in the opinion that the leaders of the movement were in the employ of an anti-Duke ring, working their evils outside the college. Duke University will never be worthy of the name College, will give nothing of insight or satisfaction to its students, until the Administration begins to build it from the inside out, not from the outside in.

—R. A. S.

or
For Worse



Against the snow, against the gale,
Against the tug of fighting wind,
And on through the mists of the vale;
I must forward, ever forward—
Mine is a struggle without end.

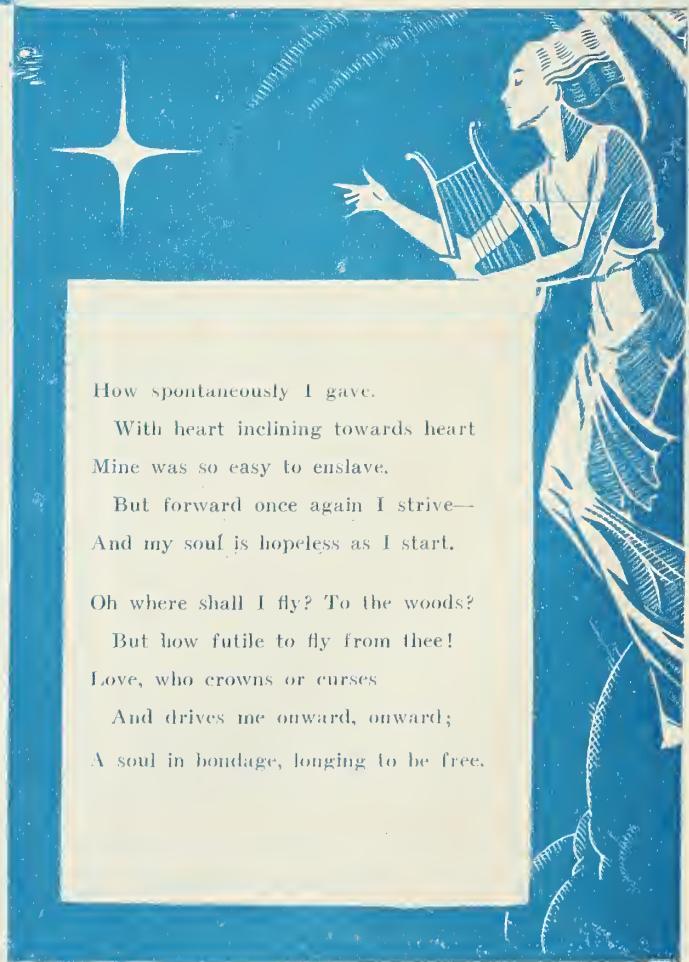
Oh, I would rather die in pain
Than endure the uncertain joy
Of this my life spent all in vain;
But I must forward, ever forward:
For this my every pow'r employ.

Goethe's Rastlose Liebe

Translated by
LOUISE C. WARREN

How spontaneously I gave,
With heart inclining towards heart
Mine was so easy to enslave.
But forward once again I strive—
And my soul is hopeless as I start.

Oh where shall I fly? To the woods?
But how futile to fly from thee!
Love, who crowns or curses
And drives me onward, onward;
A soul in bondage, longing to be free.



Incident in nowhere

LESLIE ALBION SQUIRES

I ran along the top of the swinging train. Close behind me I could hear the sharp breaking breath of the short fat railroad bull. I jumped the swinging little gaps between the cars that came up to meet me with methodic recurrence. Ahead I noticed the swirling blackness of the smoke as it swept out of the lead-engine. I could almost sense the belching whiteness of the bull's breath upon my back. He was close on my heels. The end of the train was just ahead.

I ran to the edge of the car, grasped the top-iron of the side ladder, and let myself down. The metal was chill and sharp and clung to my flesh. I pushed my legs down. Above me the bull lowered his legs over the edge of the car and kicked them about in a wild effort to loosen my hold. I reached the bottom rung and dropped off in a cyclone of sand and cinders and dirt. The dirt was in my eyes and hair, and I could feel where the sharpness of the cinders cut my skin. The little cuts stung like rancid little insects penetrating my hide. I ran to the edge of the right-of-way and turned to watch the passing train. The bull was running back down the cars, shouting and waving his arms. I looked up at him and saw his fatness shaking under the vibration of the train.

And I thumbed my nose at the railroad, and turned and walked towards the lights of a town I could see in the distance.

The night was black. I lifted and dropped my feet methodically. Little puddles in the road kept splashing against them. I could sense the passing of the telephone-poles, tall and gaunt, like a long line of cadets in a marching drill.

The streets of the town were dim and dull, and the cold was chill and intense. I walked up the main street and watched the people as they passed.

"Scram," said a blue-coated man, "keep-moving, buddy; this town just don't take to bums."

I turned into a side street and walked down its murky length. I was hungry and cold, and the murkiness of the night chilled my spirit.

"Listen," I said, as I passed a tall man in a long black coat, "how about a dime for something to eat."

He stopped and stood in front of me, tall and black. "My good man," he said, "we do not allow begging on the streets of this city." His diction was precise, and his nose was long and white. His words had a twang and a whine as they came out of his thin mouth, "If you will go around this corner you will find a place fit for one of your sort."

His tall black form passed on down the street. I turned the corner and stopped at a wide dark door with "Free Lodging" written across it in scrawled letters. I knocked.

"Well," said a voice from inside.

"I'd like to get a place to sleep," I said.

"You would, eh," said the voice, "well it's too late to come in here." The words came in short bits through the thick door, "You'd better scram out of town, buddy."

I turned and walked down the street. Something inside me was turning over and over and curdling into a bitter solid mass. I could feel something dying within me and yet I couldn't save it. It was cold and the blackness of the night penetrated my soul. The bitter mass within me turned over and over in the chill of the bitter night.

Half-way down the street I saw a lighted window. The whiteness of the light spilled out into the street and merged into the blackness of the night. I stopped in front of the window and let the light pour through me. It was a cheap cafe. Inside I could see a crowd of people,



and steaming bowls of soup, and cups of black coffee.

I entered the door. Inside the air was heavy and dull. The place was full. Over at the side I could see a table half hidden behind a pillar. I went over and sat down. In the half-shadow sat a girl. She was dressed in red and her head was bent over the table.

"Mind if I sit here," I said.

Her eyes were heavy and her lips scarlet. She looked up and her lips parted in a sad half smile.

I sat down. The place was heavy with the sultry smell of cheap food. Over at the side was a long wooden counter covered with oil-cloth. In back stood a tall stained coffee percolator that now and then belched a stream of black water into thick heavy cups, cracked and with broken handles.

A dark squat man with a greasy apron came across the room and said, "What'll ya have?"

"Coffee," I said.

He turned and went away. His head was bald in the back where the greasy hairs were brushed away. He looked young and old all rolled into one. I felt dull and all bleached out. The dampness of the night had penetrated into my bones. The dryness and heat in the room took it out

again and left me uncomfortable and stiff. I could still sense in my mouth the bitter stench that rose from the curdling mass below.

The waiter brought my cup across the room and placed it on the table. The coffee was black and swirled against the cracked edges of the cup. I picked it up and let some of the blackness swirl into my mouth. It tasted bitter and sharp, but I liked it that way.

The girl across the way was eating bacon and eggs. The yellows had broken and ran in little streams across the plate. She ate with care. Her hands touched the fork like one used to silver spoons and thin crystal glasses, but her hands were dull and worn and the finger-nails were scarlet-stained and sharp. I watched her across the steaming mist that rose from my coffee. Her hair was black and reflected the light from its million shiny surfaces. And yet the little waves of light seemed somehow not the sparkling reflections that flash from a crystal surface, but rather the satin iridescence of a slippery fish skin. Her lips were scarlet, terrible flashing scarlet.

She raised her eyes and say that I was watching her. I took a swallow of black coffee. Her shoulders rose and fell in a single twirling motion.

"Bad night," I said.

She looked across at me and her lips curved up and down in a smile of hopeless resignation.

"Must you begin with the weather?" she said.

I put the cup down on the table and looked across at her.

"Oh!" I said as I turned away.

Her dress was scarlet and wrapped close around her body. She had on a short coat of heavy red stuff that had a host of fluffy ends all over it. There was a heavy grey fur hanging loose around her neck. Her throat was white against the grey of the fur and the scarlet of the coat.

I gulped the last of the coffee and sat watching the door. I wondered how to get out.

I got up and walked across to the

end of the counter. The short squat Greek came up to me and said, "five cents."

"I haven't got it," I said.

The Greek stood in back of the oil-cloth counter and looked across at me. "You haven't got it, eh," he said.

"No."

He reached across the counter and grabbed me by the collar.

"Well, listen, bum," he said, "you don't want to come into Mike's place without any money, see."

His black face was close to me and I could smell the garlic tinge of his breath. "It ain't healthy to come in Mike's place and not pay, see." He pulled back his arm in a short swing and hit me in the face. I fell to the floor. "It just ain't healthy," he said as he came around the corner of the counter.

I got to my feet. I could have hit him. He was short and small and I was sure of my strength. He reached for my coat collar again and looked up at me. "You get the idea, bum; it just ain't healthy to come around Mike's place without any money, see."

I would have hit him then but I couldn't. My arm was long and I could feel the strength surging in it. But I couldn't move it towards him. I had taken what was his and it seemed right that he should hit me and that I should fall to the floor.

"Mike," said a voice from behind me, "what in hell do you think you're doing." I looked around as I got to my feet. It was the girl in red. She was standing close to me with her hands on her wide hips.

"Listen, Mike," she said, don't be a pig. Here's a nickel for the poor guy's coffee. Why in hell don't you give a bum a break once in a while."

And without another word she took me by the arm and the doors swung open and we went out onto the sidewalk. We walked along the street. The night was dark and the mist was thick in the low parts of the town. I took her hand and held it as we walked. She didn't say anything. Nor

did I. Somehow I couldn't make words fit into ideas. Her grey collar was pulled close around her neck and the end was thrown over her shoulder. The grey tail hung far down her back and swung in a loose circle across her hips. I could hear the gentle swish as it passed back and forth across her back. Her hips moved in swinging circles as she walked.

I stopped at the corner and turned my collar up around my throat. It was a putrid night and the dampness penetrated my clothes. She stopped and turned to look at me.

"You look cold," she said.

She put her hand on my shoulder and brought herself close to me. I could feel the warmth of her through the thinness of my coat.

"Yea," I said, "it isn't exactly a night for a walk, is it?"

"Where you gonna sleep," she asked.

"Nowhere," I said, "nowhere."

"How about my place." She took her arm away from my shoulder and stood apart from me. The coldness of the night swept in between us. I could sense the redness and the blackness of her as she stood there. My lips opened and closed, and I kept looking at her.

"Well," she said.

"You got the wrong idea once tonight," I said.

She let herself fall back against me and I could sense the warmth of her again. "Let's get going," she said.

We walked down to the corner and crossed the main street. The lights were all out in the stores as we passed and only now and then did we meet someone all bundled up in a heavy coat and thick wool. The street lights were dim and flickering, and the street dull and grey. We entered a side-street and turned in at a brown house. She took a key from a pocket and opened a door. We went in and she turned and closed the door. I stood in the darkness of the hall watching the thin strip of light left below the bottom of the closed door.

"Come along," she said.

We slowly climbed the stairs in the darkness. I could sense her presence just in front of me on the steps. She stopped and opened another door and went in. A dull bulb in the grey ceiling lighted up.

"Well," she said, "here's home," and threw herself down on the bed.

I sat down on a chair and looked at her. She had thrown the red coat across the foot of the bed. Her scarlet dress made a blaze of color on the dingy whiteness of the bed-covers. She looked across at me and smiled. Her body seemed open and warm in the coldness of the room.

"I haven't got a cent," I said.

She looked at me and her eyes went hard. The warm scarlet body on the bed seemed to freeze.

"I gathered that," she said. She sat up very stiffly on the bed.

I crossed to it and sat down beside her. Her hands made a futile effort to brush me aside.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I've got so used to being treated like a dog." Her hands were thin and white, and I touched them. "I'd quite forgotten there might be someone in this world who would see something human in me," I said.

She smiled again and lifted her hand to my face. "You're human," she said.

I got up and crossed over to the table. It was broken. The floor was dirty and covered by an old grass mat. The windows were small and the green of the shades cracked and torn. High up on the wall was a nest of cobwebs and the red flowers on the wallpaper were withered and faded.

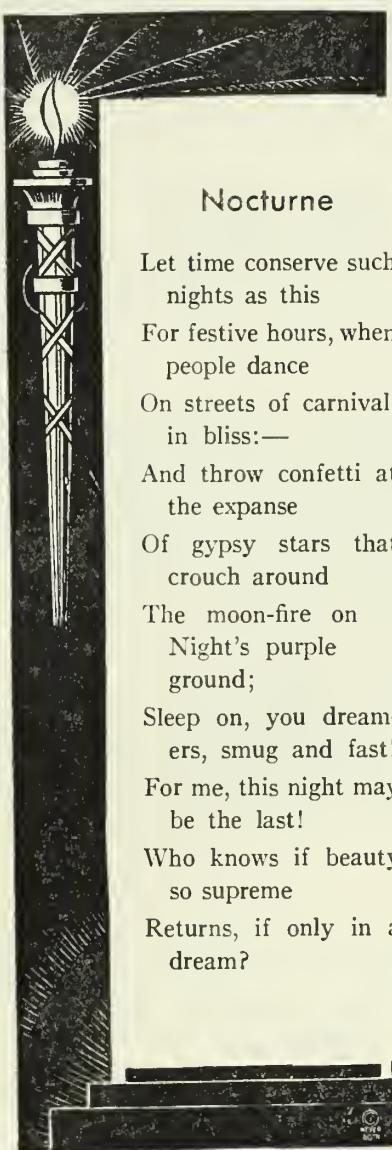
"Yes," she said, "This—, this damn shack—, this is home."

I looked at her. She seemed small and colorless between the white of the bed and the red of the burning dress. Her eyes were darkly shaded, yet now in the dimness of the room they seemed quiet and open like a child's. Her arms were white and open and her body small and thin. I crossed the room and, kneeling over the bed, kissed her. Her arms held

me for a second and then let me go. I sat down on the bed beside her and took her hand.

"Thanks," I said.

She smiled and moved her hand in mine.



Nocturne

Let time conserve such nights as this
For festive hours, when people dance
On streets of carnival, in bliss:—
And throw confetti at the expanse
Of gypsy stars that crouch around
The moon-fire on Night's purple ground;
Sleep on, you dreamers, smug and fast!
For me, this night may be the last!
Who knows if beauty so supreme
Returns, if only in a dream?

"Thanks," I said, "for the first time since—, since, well, since—, oh hell, what does it matter."

"Yes," she said.

I looked at her and her eyes had lost the last trace of their hardness and were soft and quiet.

"For the first time," I said, "in a long long while, I feel as if I were a human being."

She looked at me and once again I kissed her.

And heaven and earth and all the

little stars seemed to crash down on me, and the bitterness passed out of my mouth, and the curdled mass in my stomach melted away, and I looked at her. And I kissed her.

And I thought of all the swell things I'd known, the swinging lilt of skies in summer, the steady rumble of a heavy train, the surge as one went over-the-top in France. Time seemed to spin in unending circles.

There was a loud knocking on the door, and I felt her body go tense under mine.

"So soon," she said, "please don't let them in." But the door opened and three men entered. Two were policemen. The third was dressed in black and had a white band for a collar.

"There," he said, "there, it is quite evident what she is up to."

"Listen," I said, "what's the idea of—."

"Quiet, buddy," said the man in blue, "you two get your coats on, you're going places."

I sat down on the bed. She had pulled herself up beside me and was sitting there too. Her small body had shrivelled into a bit of nothing in a scarlet cloth. She looked at me.

"So soon," I said, "so soon."

"Hell," she said, "they gotta act this way, they gotta pretend we're beasts, they gotta act like inhuman monsters, they gotta—, goddamn their bloody souls." She shivered and fell back against me.

"There," said the man in black, "you see, she not only picks men up off the street and brings them to her room, but she blasphemous, and she—"

"Listen," I said, "I don't care what in hell you do to us. You can't hurt an animal that runs into its hole. But I want to tell you this. I landed in this town without a cent. Did anyone help me? Did your proud citizens give me a hand? Did you or your damn church touch me? Hell, no! But you can take away from me the one person who has found in me a bit of human feeling, the one human soul that—."

(Continued on page 27)

HISTORY IN

Duke Campus Goes Football Mad As Blue Devils Continue Winning Streak

November, 1933—Duke vs. Carolina

DEVIL ROSE-BOWL HOPES VANISH

December, 1933—Duke vs. Georgia Tech

Students Protest Autocratic Action Of University Administration; Investigation Committee Formed At Mass Meeting

February, 1934—Student Revolution Begins

Duke Students Demand Self - Government

March, 1934—Student Revolution Continues

Faculty Members Join Committee As Cirsa Begins Work; Joint Group Ends All Talk of Student-Faculty Conflict

March, 1934—Cirsa Begins Work

CIRSA PRESENTS INTERIM REPORT

March, 1934—Cirsa Presents Interim Report

Administration Fails to Accept Cirsa Program For New Publication Boards

April, 1934—Cirsa Presents Final Report

HEADLINES

STUDENT ASSEMBLY VETOES NEW CONSTITUTION; SEES INFLUENCE OF WANNAMAKER IN ALTERED RULES

April, 1934—Constitutional Assembly

Students Accept Original Cirsa Constitution

April, 1934—Constitutional Assembly

POLITICAL LEADERS WHIP GROUPS IN LINE FOR MONDAY'S ELECTIONS

April, 1934—Student Government Elections

Fraternity Line-Ups Break As Burke Wins Student Government Presidency

April, 1934—Student Government Elections

Administration Begins House-Cleaning Campaign Against Cirsa by Control of Publication Election for Coming Year

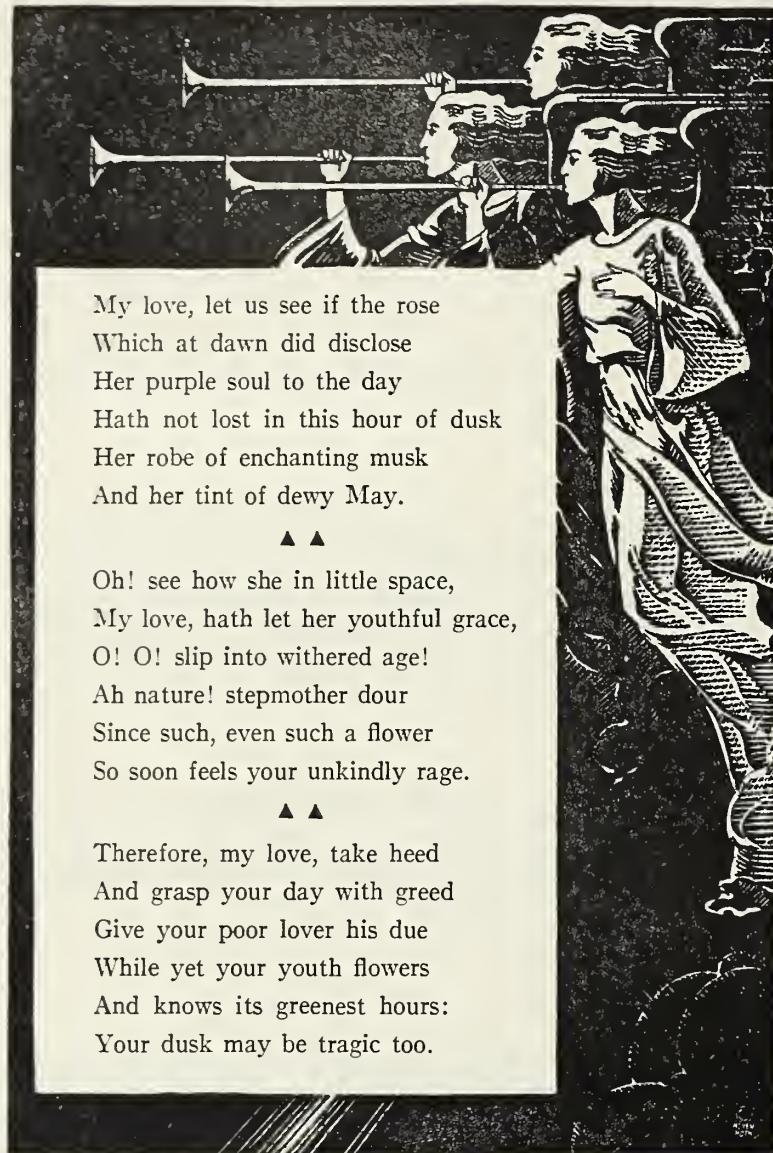
April, 1934—Publications Elections

Moorehead and Nixon Head Chronicle

April, 1934—Publications Elections

Duke Administration Forces "Campus Revolters" To Vacate Their Offices

April, 1934—Publications Elections



My love, let us see if the rose
Which at dawn did disclose
Her purple soul to the day
Hath not lost in this hour of dusk
Her robe of enchanting musk
And her tint of dewy May.

▲ ▲

Oh! see how she in little space,
My love, hath let her youthful grace,
O! O! slip into withered age!
Ah nature! stepmother dour
Since such, even such a flower
So soon feels your unkindly rage.

▲ ▲

Therefore, my love, take heed
And grasp your day with greed
Give your poor lover his due
While yet your youth flowers
And knows its greenest hours:
Your dusk may be tragic too.

Pierre Ronsard's To Cossandra

Translated by WOOD STANNARD

Prelude

DORIS FISH

Ann sprawled in the big chair with her long legs dangling over the arm of it. Occasionally she swung her feet out in front of her, turned them from side to side to ponder on the possibilities of her ankles, slim under the sheen of flesh chiffon. Each time she admired anew the pale blue catin slippers with their amazing high heels. She had been home from Margery's wedding reception no more than a hour, and how could Mother think that she could care anything about Cicero, much less understand a line that she read. Her mind was full of the glory of the tall white candles and the roses that she had so recently carried on her arm. She kept recalling what Mrs. Warren had said at the reception. Ann had been having ices with Uncle Ned, and Mrs. Warren had been standing near talking to a strange young man, who had said, "Who is that young lady by the fireplace?"

"Oh," Mrs. Warren had answered, "that's the bride's cousin. Didn't she look sweet coming down the aisle? Mark my words, it won't be long till we'll be going to *her* wedding."

Then people were beginning to recognize that she was growing up. For a minute, Ann closed her eyes and let the book lie motionless in her lap. She permitted herself the brief dream of a slightly older Ann coming down from the altar with her arm through Tom's. She could see the approving smiles of the congregation. She could see the tears in Aunt Lisbeth's eyes. It was those tears that brought her back to the girl who was supposed to be doing Latin. No; wedding bells and flower-filled churches were not to be hers. She would be like Aunt Lisbeth and go to other girls' weddings to recall what might have been her own. She would be the straight, proud figure of whom people said, "So tragic. And she's always so game about it. She lives in

his memory."

Ann could never quite decide what to do with Tom. Sometimes he ran that devilish roadster of his over a cliff while trying to get to the home of some poor sufferer, a worthless individual whose life meant infinitely less than Tom's. Sometimes at the last minute, a transfusion had to be given when Tom was operating, and Tom was the only one whose blood typed. There was always an unaccountable loss of blood, and then the horrible moment when they came to tell her that he had died. Sometimes Tom married some scatter-brained beauty who made his life miserable. Then people would say, "How could he do it when Ann loved him so completely? He'll rue the day." Ann always bore the cross bravely. She continued with her music and became a concert pianist. She lived in New York, and every day she walked in Central Park to play with Tom's children when their nurse brought them there. They learned to love her and confide in her. One day Tom would come by when she was helping the little girl learn to ride one of the Shetland ponies. The little girl would say, "I wish she were my mummy," and Tom would look gravely at Ann and say, "She should have been yours, Ann."

The last was by far the best and most complete of her plans for herself and Tom, but she really preferred the others. It seemed a bit hard on Tom, but she made up for that by letting him die a noble death, something like the one Aunt Lisbeth's young lover had died over in France.

At this moment, Aunt Lisbeth entered with just enough of the wedding march on her lips to let Ann, and her mother who was also in the room, know that her thoughts were still in the realms of fulfilled love. There was something dear about Aunt Lisbeth and weddings. Mother never



did anything more than listen attentively, congratulate the young couple whole-heartedly, and come home. Aunt Lisbeth wept ever so silently, told the same young couple how thankful they should be for having each other; and for days the wedding marches were on her lips and an old lost dream in her eyes. It made her very beautiful to Ann.

"The most horrible storm is coming up," said Aunt Lisbeth. "I hope that the train Margery and Ted are on doesn't run into a washout."

How sweet of Aunt Lisbeth to concern herself with Margery's and Ted's welfare. Of course it was natural that she should be afraid of something coming to mar their happiness. Suddenly, Ann could not endure Cicero and the stale old Roman senate another minute.

"Damn!" she said with a secretly admired finesse.

Her mother looked up from her magazine.

"Ann, you are not to swear. I have explained exactly why to you before this."

Aunt Lisbeth looked hurt.

"Ann dear, it is so unbecoming. Your mouth is so flower-like, and ugly words are not in keeping with it."

Ann blushed. "I'm sorry, Aunt Lisbeth," she said in a muffled tone.

She returned to her book. Undoubtedly, Mother wanted her to be good and she always explained things like why you should not swear, but

she never put things as beautifully as Aunt Lisbeth did. Tragedy, thought Ann, really sweetens your whole nature.

For a long time no word was spoken. Outside the thunder and lightning held a wild Kermis, and very soon the rain swept against the panes of the French doors. Then Aunt Lisbeth began to talk to Mother.

"Judith," she said, "I used to hate the rain, for I could see him cold and wet in the trenches, but now—now I know he's safe. I can listen to it in peace."

Mother smiled and looked out at the rain, but she did not say anything. She could say something too, if she would. Father had been an aviator in that same war. Surely Mother must have wondered about him flying around up in the clouds with all of that thunder and lightning. But he had not died in France. He had died of pneumonia at Grandmother's. Perhaps that was the difference between Mother and Aunt Lisbeth. What if it had been Father that had been killed in France? Then Mother would have been a young war widow with a baby, and she would have need of much gallantry. Father would have been the lost hero. As it was, Father was very unreal to her. Mother never told her how much she had loved him. She only spoke of him as someone fine and good like whom Ann must grow. But how could she really try to be like someone she had never seen?

A thought came to her. Here they were, talking about not wanting people out in the rain, and this was the very night that Tom was going to be driving back from Detroit in that same roadster that so frequently went over the cliff. The thought was akin to panic. Ann rose from her chair with a sudden burst of passion.

"How can you sit there and talk like that when you know that Tom is out in that rain right now probably driving like a fool? I have *some* feelings too!"

She swept out of the room and ran upstairs crying, not quite knowing how the tears had come. She went to Aunt Lisbeth's room and flung herself onto the bed. She should never have acted like this, for it would make Aunt Lisbeth feel bad. But the idea of Tom in the storm and the possibility of his accident exaggerated itself into reality. Perhaps in the morning they would wake her, and both of them would be very gentle. Then they would tell her that Tom was gone. She must do her weeping now, for tomorrow she must be brave.

She remembered that the book of poems which Aunt Lisbeth's young lover had given her was always on the bedside table. Ann had never read it, never touched it, for it had seemed so sacred. Now she decided that reading it might help, particularly if Aunt Lisbeth had underscored any of the most poignant lines. She reached for it, and as she did so, a letter fell from between its pages. It was one written by her mother to Aunt Lisbeth. It was dated September 15, 1915, and it detailed the daily routine of college life. Ann skimmed through it, but the last paragraph startled her:

"And now, Lisbeth, I must tell you something. I am going to marry John. I know you'll not like the idea, for you think him so inferior to your Hugh. Hugh is dashing and has money, but that doesn't matter to me, if I can know John's love and strength. Glamour has its place, I suppose, but gnarled old apple trees, oaks and pines, blooming vines, a pleasant garden, a clean tastefully furnished, if small, house, with a hospitable fireside and a company of books, a round of daily tasks and supervisions, the association with friends, an occasional trip supplemented by rides, walks, and picnics in the woods, the seasons going round—day and night, sunrise and sunset, spring winds and brilliant autumn leaves, white winter and green summer days—and the quiet pres-

ence of someone so well-loved,—out of these things grow roots and strength and traditions of people who make a nation and a world worth living in."

Ann stared at the page. To think that Mother had written that. And she had married John. She had had the apple trees and the fireside and the passing of the seasons for such a brief time. Ann could not bear to think of her losing it. Suppose—just suppose that Ann should marry Tom and then something like that would happen. She re-read the letter. When she had finished she knew strangely that she did not love Tom. She loved his dashing ways and his gaiety but not the way that Judith had loved John. She loved Tom enough for dreams but not enough for reality. She wanted to love someone enough for the sort of reality her mother had been writing about. She would some day. It might be Tom, or it might be someone else that she did not even know. It was nice to think of him still being in the future. It would be fun to plan where and how he would come. Then she thought of her mother who had really known that lovely feeling. How could Mother have stood losing it all? How did she manage to live?

Ann slid from the high bed and went to the full length mirror. So many times she had looked at a dignified self in the mirror and said quietly, "I shall live in his memory," as she knew Aunt Lisbeth must have said it. Tonight she looked at an equally dignified self and said, "I shall live for the sake of my child." She repeated it. Then she knew that Mother would never have said that; she would have . . . just . . . done it.

Suddenly Ann looked at the play-acting child in the mirror and sobbed, "Stop it, you fool!" She went toward the window against which a maple tree was slapping its drenched branches.

It seemed that never before had she really cried without finding relief in her tears.



Chesterfield
Mrs Smith?



Yes, thank you
Mr Smith!

They Satisfy

May Day

Ten years ago today they brought you back
In your flag covered coffin.
I felt the radiant splendor leave the Spring
And joy die.
Then came that Decoration Day
Under a cloudless sky. The stalwart trees
Marched up the hills to blue infinity.
The regimental band played martial airs.
Some great ones spoke:
They are our heros . . . their splendid
youth . . .
For God and country . . . save Democracy . . .
Their lamps burn brightly . . . altars . . .
sacrifice . . .
The air sweeter . . . life brighter . . . since . . .
They lived . . . and died . . . so gloriously.

But, dear God, lad, how will they ever know
How warm your kisses were . . . how brown
your hands?

—Walter Cutter

Moon Thunder

RICHARD AUSTIN SMITH

I

Ann looked with open admiration at the blue and yellow Italian dishes on the table. She had never tired of looking at them, although by now they were usual, almost familiar objects. When first she and Christopher had come to this little Italian restaurant, she had asked the waiter, whose English was none too good, where they had come from. He had immediately gone to get the head waiter, who, it appeared, took particular pride in acquainting patrons with the pottery. Thus Pietro, with much ornamentation, told them the dishes were the creations of one Carboni, who never made two pieces alike. The beautiful blue, he further explained, was the color of the Grotto of Sirenne, near which Carboni lived. Sirenne? Ah, Sirenne was a little town near Capri where the babies cry so loudly.

And so Ann had liked the place, had come often with Christopher to sit at the little garden tables beside the orange fountainhead. She had never been able to become quite accustomed to the people there, however; they seemed so certain, so sure of their touch. Even Lorelli, famous as much for his sculptures as for his labors, sat quietly at dinner, his long brown fingers still faintly touched with clay, as if they were never quite free of the stuff to which they gave life. How, she wondered, could anyone like him, who saw great horses straining in untouched marble, how could anyone who wrought the images of his mind into something of physical proportions sit so quietly, in such peace? For her, there had never been much of peace, only conflict between the phantasy within her and the realities outside. Especially since Christopher had come.

An architect and builder in cold stone, he lived only for the expression of beauty within him. Tonight, Ann

thought as she looked at him in the dim candlelight, he seemed even to rebel at the evening sky overhead, almost as if he wanted to fill the inexpressible beauty of that great vault with expressions of beauty, buildings, tall and slim, reaching to the stars. Ann, too, felt the urge to express her abstract ideas of beauty in concrete terms, but always she shrank from changing dream into sunlight, fancy into something obvious, something other people might understand.

Because of this great gulf between their natures, she wondered that they had come to fall in love, and spend many such quietly happy evenings as this. And yet, something strong bound them together, mutual want, and the loneliness. All her life, Ann reflected, she had been lonely, living with the shadows of her mind, always alone, watching the wind run with silver feet across the waters of some hidden pool. Christopher, too, had lived to himself, but the creatures of his fancy were not afraid of the sunlight like Ann's. He knew that anything he built would be pale beside his dream of it, but he was not afraid of seeing it turn slowly before his eyes from gold to clay. But Ann was afraid, felt she was incapable of creation, feared changing beauty from her mind into physical things. Christopher knew that she hated having to put her thoughts into words, even in everyday conversation seemed striving, ever striving to live within herself, to forget that people had to live with tangible things, had to express themselves with these same tangible things. This he had felt when first he knew that she was beginning to love him. She seemed somehow trying to steel herself against it because it was real. That night they had been walking along the waterfront, and grey fog was blowing in



from the sea. Suddenly, Ann had stopped and, swaying there in the dim yellow light, had told him breathlessly of the man she had pictured from childhood as her husband. Someday, she felt that she would meet him and be married. Strong he would be and gentle, walking in dawn and twilight. Christopher knew then that she lived in her mind, would admit nothing real, and strove to find everything, even love, there. And so for him out of her words seemed to creep shadows, shadows like those the sun makes striding over the mountain tops, shadows that come between earth and the heavens. Watching the long, flickering shadows cast by the yellow candles, Christopher thought shadows good for those who think too much.

Across the table, her eyes were dark and luminescent, like day shining in the darkness. Always she seemed to be dreaming, seemed far away in lands where the dogwood was like laughter in the forest, where mountains and valleys were still but ideas in the mind of God. He knew, and could understand, but for him there was a real world, too, a world in which men strove to express what was in them.

"Christopher," Ann said as they left, "look at the clay on Lorelli's hands; it seems so lifeless." And Christopher felt the shadows creeping in around them. In a moment they

were outside with buildings soaring whitely into the sky, buildings like great giants breathing starry breath into the night.

II

As she got into bed, Ann knew that He would appear again and tonight. How she knew, she could not tell, but always He seemed to come, after her spirit was sick of Christopher and his realness. Dimly, cloaked in shadow, this other had come, and more and more she grew to depend on Him, to need Him. She would talk to Him there in her room, there in the darkness, and feel within herself a reply to her own questions. At first there had been much about Him that resembled Christopher, all that she admired in him, his vivid imagination, and feel for phantasy, but there was nothing about Him that even faintly suggested Christopher's belief in translating mental beauty into something physical. After awhile, He grew less and less to resemble Christopher, and to become more like some creature of her own creation. Strangely enough, Ann knew that Christopher had felt a change in her during this time, had felt her slipping backward into the shadows, away even from the realness of their love.

Tonight, as she lay there in the darkness, there were shadows in the room, shadows of things beyond description. A damp earthy odor swept in through the open window, a smell that must start from the center of the earth and creep upward through the dust of a thousand centuries. Her mind seemed to reach out and grasp the furniture in the room, to color everything with shadows from its wings. The flapping window curtains brought visions of some ancient galley taking its luminescent way among pale, unearthly things lost upon a lonely ocean. The great patches of shadow on the wall became the wings of day beating in darkness. She was filled with strange images, phantoms taking the form of men. Always the darkness had held this for her. In the darkness she knew things were

without trying to describe them. She found in it some strange release for the creatures of her imagination, creatures that could not live in sun-



Evening

Upon the horizon
Rest the glowing embers
Of the day,
And before the dying fires
Stand the black sentinels,
The silent pines,
Fast gathering darkness
Into their perennial green;
Until, from nowhere,
A cool breath
Stirs them to whisperings,
And then to slightly bowing,
As though in some primeval chant
And slight obeisance
To their far bright queen and god,
The moon, who now in cloud-robed
glory,
Majestically is rising in the east,
Rising in the fullness of beauty,
At first with opulent veil of golden
mist,
But soon in the deep heavens
Unveiled it shines
Touching high broken clouds
With luminous silver,
Dimming the stars,
Filling the heavens
With lustrous light,
Transforming earth
Into a shadowy garden,
Lovely, tranquil, deeply dreaming.

TOM CARRIGER



light, Christopher's sunlight. Sometimes, she felt that this shadowy thing was but a wild creation of her mind, a defense against the reality of Christopher, but tonight as she gave her imagination full sway, she

felt He had some definite meaning. Suddenly, out of the chaotic whirl of images, out of the gossamer mist half of dreams half of dim rememberings, He appeared, and Ann found herself talking to Him, telling Him of what was in her mind, what of beauty, what of fear, and there was no strain of putting things into words. It was almost as if she were talking to herself. She told Him desperately how she had always lived in her mind, how she could never change. As she talked, she became aware that rain was beating in at the window. She rose to close it, rose half in slumber, unconscious of her action, and stood there for a moment, the rain beating on her face. Turning she poured forth her thought again, incoherent thought, telling of what was in her heart, what her fancy longed for. She spoke to Him of strange lands, where lived her mind, of the dull stirring of dead legions, the flash of old spears under a new sun, of skies brown with the dust of chariot wheels. She told Him desperately of things she was afraid to tell to anyone else, of the mountain Gods that filled her sleep with lonely voices and far cry of forgotten victories. Song of the earth filled her and her voice rose with the glory of new wings. She found herself telling of golden wheat called in splendor from the ground, of the slow, measured forces moving under forest and plain. Suddenly, she became aware that she was alone. Her words seemed to tumble out and fill the shadowed corners of the room. She listened to her mouth speaking of what was in her mind. Never before had she been able to put her feelings in words. Always the darkness in the room had seemed to leap upon her words and turn them into clay before they left her lips. Now she found herself pouring forth the poetry within her, found herself speaking gently of the night, the night of asking, ever asking after day.

Outside, in the garden, the trees were heavy with ripe fruit.

Love is a glass god

RUBY FOGEL

The sky was beautiful that night, and the stars were like luminous dust sprinkled on black earth. The swishing of oars dipping regularly in the shiny water was the only sound, and suddenly even that noise stopped and the canoe glided silently. The stars shone with rippling irregularity upon the otherwise glassy surface of the water.

"If we could gather stardust," Sybil mused, looking up. "If we could gather beauty and press it materially into our hearts forever—"

"We can remember. . ." Ralph ventured. He was thinking that she seemed as intangible and unreal as stardust to him, as he looked at her earnest white face.

"Oh, of course we can remember . . . but we never can really possess beauty. It is always so distant—and transient. The sky is something like imagination—a dream at night."

A mist came over the river and hung there, dimming the pale moon glow on the black water . . . drifting through the trees that bordered the river like great grey ghosts.

"Beauty is a glass god," he said, "that sentimentalists like to pray to. Pressed violets, you know, and faded romance and withered roses and all that sort of thing. False gods. We love them, and they break."

"No," she said. "They don't 'just

break.' We break them between our own hands."

The mist was wet and cold around them. Ralph dipped his paddle into the water with a deliberate stroke. The moss from the low-hanging trees on the bank touched the water and quivered.

"This night," she said, "is like the sky. Tomorrow you will think perhaps that you only dreamed that stars really existed . . . that there ever really was such a time as tonight. You'll hardly believe it tomorrow. . . You'll only remember."

"I'll always remember this," he said. "I'll always remember this . . . this perfection."

"It is a glass god," she taunted him. "It will be deliberately broken—forgotten."

"I'll always remember that I love you. I do love you, you know. . . "

"Love is a glass god, too," she said softly.

* *

Ralph hated to remember that—hated to think that she had really said those words. Why couldn't he have seen that she was acting strangely? God, why hadn't he known! The mist was hanging low over the river again tonight, and somewhere down there beneath that oily river with its mist blanket lay Sybil. He tried not to think of it, tried to shut from his mind all the terrible last minutes of that night . . . how she had said, "I shall keep this night, these stars, your love, forever. Never shall I see my glass gods break!" And then she had disappeared and he could only remember after that a brief episode of his own struggle in the water, calling her name wildly, and a blurred vision of an upset canoe.

Somehow he felt that she was at rest in the river. She had loved its beauty and the lowmists and quivering moss. He was glad almost that they had never brought her body up,



a horrible remnant. "Rather," he said aloud to the river, "let her sleep there with her dream, holding her glass gods in her heart. Poor child, to care so much because they break. . ."

But the years had passed, and that night had become, as Sybil had predicted, merely a memory, a faded dream.

Tonight especially he wished that he had never consented to go on this boatride. But they had pleaded and coaxed, and he could not show himself silly and superstitious by remaining away.

The crazy party below deck had gotten the better of him. A blaring radio sounded incongruously over the silent water. And then there was Sue, so pretty in her lavender dress, and so fond of him too. And in a few months he would marry her. Perhaps then, he had thought, perhaps then I shall forget. How sweet to forget, to let it remain a nightmare from which he had awakened . . . not a nightmare, he corrected himself quickly, a dream. A beautiful dream full of stardust. Too full of sky and moon and water.

When he thought of Sybil in that light, the horror wore off. She became to him as some water nymph whom he had loved, but never quite possessed . . . not even when her head lay upon his arm until morning and saw the pale sun break through the



river's mist. She was a water nymph gone back to her rightful home.

"I must forget," he said to himself as Sue came on deck. "I must forget."

"Darling!" Sue accosted him, "why don't you come on downstairs? I think you're acting perfectly awful to stay up here and sulk this way. I think . . ."

She looked at him, and his eyes were so full of wild dreams that they frightened her. If he could only explain to her, if she could only understand how he felt. He thought he had loved her first because she looked so much like Sybil. But in reality, she was so different that she disappointed him even as she refreshed him.

He thought, as the years had passed, that he had really found an antidote, as it were, for his love for Sybil. Sue was a delicate creature who loved him frankly and devotedly. Sometimes a twist of her mouth, or the way her hair curled in back, reminded him of Sybil, and a horrible fear would clutch at his heart and twist it.

"I'm sorry," Sue said, almost afraid

of the blankness in his eyes. "I really shouldn't have made you come anywhere near this horrible river again. . . . I should have known that"

"Please—" Ralph faltered.

"Oh," she said with a hurt whimper, "You do love me, don't you, Ralph? You really do, don't you?"

"You know I do," he said hurriedly. He wished he could explain how he half loved her and half did not . . . half because she was like Sybil and half because she was not.

Good God, cried his tortured mind, let me forget!

But through the ages the poets have sung great songs of undying love; the novelists have made it the subject of their mightiest themes; and the great composers have attested to its eternal quality as emotionally as harmony permits.

His head seemed warm and whirling.

"I love you," said Sue.

As if a great white cloud of mist had floated across his hot forehead and cooled it, he heard these words. And it seemed that his whole soul

was filled with a great love for this woman who stood beside him. She was so close, warm, alive. None of the water nymph about her.

Terrified, he realized he was glad of it—glad that she was so human and vibrant with life. The blood throbbed through his veins and with its throbbing seemed to vanish his dire remembrance of Sybil.

For remembrance is like a dream, and night is as fleeting as the stars which adorn it. Reminiscence must tread the path of pressed violets and faded love and withered roses, as the sentimentalists say.

And Ralph wondered to himself if there really was such an emotion as love undying. He did not know—he could not care—he could not think for feeling. He only knew that once he loved, and now he loved again. . . .

For even as he kissed her hair, he whispered, "Love is a glass god too."

And Sue, half wondering what he meant, clutched him to her breast and watched the stars disappear from the lightening sky.



YOU CALL ME FRIEND

Ruth Anne Bennett

You call me friend
And even send
Some violets home to me—
Once hand in hand



Across the land
We walked out toward the sea,
But now I cry
When you're not by
For what you've done to me.

You call me friend
But cannot mend
What to me was so dear—
My soul's as lead
For when I said,
"I know the faeries that live here."



You laughed and said,
"You're queer,
My child." I smiled
Sadly as you took my hand
I'd thought that *you would*
understand.

Top sergeant

I never thought I'd see you this way, Jim. I wonder if you knew you were going to be killed? You were purty young, you know. Jees, the times we used to have! Remember the day you fished me from the creek? Funny thing—you told me about the deep hole, too. Gawd but I was bull-headed, I suppose that's why you got the chance in town instead of me. Never anything but a farmer, was I? And mother—she always tried to treat us alike. She loved you best, though—and you know it. Gawd! what'll I say to her. She told me to look after—

What? Huh! Naw, it's this rotten weather—cold settled in my eyes. Say—what the hell business is it of yours anyway? What outfit—Oh, burying detail. Yeah, this is the place. I hope you got plenty of guts. How old are you? Huh! Just a kid. Well kid, you got a get used to it quick. See in this box. Yeah, the fellow on top. Well, we don't have enough boxes. Can't tell much by lookin' at his face, eh. That's what a 60.05 does to a guy. Look again—well—that's my brother. Yeah, my own brother. Huh? Oh sure, I liked him all right. He wasn't a bad kid; never cut out for the army though—too fine and high strung. I never could understand why you young kids wanted to go to war. Maybe the girl wanted medals to go with her fraternity pins. Bet she didn't even know what the war was about. But come to think of it, neither did I. And I still don't. Some big shot got hot over a piece of worthless land and blew his horn for us to get it. What do you think? Oh well, never mind, let's get busy, kid.

Oh hullo, Captain. Yes sir. There are ten ready sir. Where do you want 'em—block B? What? No sir. Cold settled in my eyes. Very good sir.

Eh—eh—hey kid, got a drink on you, this was my brother here—never think so to hear me talk, eh! Huh? I told you—Oh yeah, so I did. Well, we better get busy—Oh, say—thanks!

•▼•

The room looked so strange—just like before we moved in. All bare—and everything gone, and—no—there was a tin trumpet in the corner—they must have forgotten that. I could give that to one of Peg's kids, I suppose.

I hunched on my heels and looked out of the window. Little wonder he had liked this room. Maple tree peakin' in the window, the funny little creek singin' across the road, and the birds always kickin' up a ruckus around the barn. Why—by gosh—a limb comes clear up to the window. I'll bet the little rascal could climb from—so that was how he got out the night Bess had the calf. My, how funny he had looked when he stuck his head in the barn. I didn't have the heart to scold him; but you can bet I packed him off to bed in a hurry. Mother and I had a laugh over that. Then mother got sick and—well I had to look after things purty careful after she had gone.

The little mutt could get in the darndest scrapes. He would always set up a great howl for my sympathy, too. Somehow I wish I hadn't whipped him so often. But then without mother I had a hard time tellin' what should be punished and what should go unnoticed. There was that time he played hooky to go to the circus. I whipped him good then and felt ashamed the next minute, for what do you think the little devil did? He dried his tears with a quick swipe of his dirty little hand and reached in his pocket to fetch out a bag of popcorn.

"I was savin' my money to get you this, daddy."

Now whata you think of that? I guess I choked a bit when I took the grimy bag from his trembling fingers.

"Well say, that's swell—that's sure swell—but a—but son, you know your daddy wants you to get to be a big fine man and you got to go to school to be one."

Happy birthday

That night I sort a askt a little help from mother in heaven. It was hard at first because I'm not what you'd call a prayin' man. I did get a lot of help out of it, though, and I felt a real happy feeling as I climbed into bed. Sonny had watched me from across the room and when I finished he stood up like one of those little critters you see in fairy books and said, "Dear God, please tell mama that I will be a good boy and wash the dishes like she told me to do and make daddy proud of me." Wasn't that swell? Gee, I tell you a little boy is the greatest thing in the world. And I loved him; that's why I can't understand—. I had so many plans for him. The crops had been good for several years and I had quite a bit laid away. For college, you know. I didn't want him to be a dumb-head like his father.

Nothing much left for me around the farm now. Guess I'd better move into town—job in the rollin' mill ought a keep me busy. Funny thing, today would have been his birthday and I was going to get him a new bike. He had hinted for an air-rifle since last fall, but I was afraid he might hurt himself with it. Twelve years old—that seems so young—but I guess God knows best, and—well, perhaps mother was waitin for him.

•▼•

Sit perfectly still, Calder. If you move or cry out I'll kill you instantly. Surprised to see me, eh? Who would have thought a condemned man could escape on the eve of his electrocution? Johnny engineered that—but more of Johnny later. In the five minutes that I will be here I want to carry out a little plan I conceived in prison. I had a great deal of time in which to think things over. The days went rather quickly, though,—that is until last week. Then I became restless and couldn't sleep and began watching the clock. Yesterday morning I watched the minute hand at the far end of the row—the clock hangs over the final door, as we call it. The hand jerked every sixty seconds and made me conscious of the fact that the same juice that operates the clock passes through the chair. Well—I stood by the bars and counted the hours; at eight I said to myself, just thirteen hours left; at nine I said, just twelve hours; at ten, just eleven; at eleven, ten; like that I called them off. Tell me Calder, did you ever watch a clock like that? Clocks are odd things, aren't they? You can smash and destroy them but you can't stop them.

You certainly are a genius before a court—I believe you could sway the Devil himself. That trial of mine, for instance—the way you spun the web 'round and 'round until I was helpless. And I didn't even commit the murder.—Let me see—we are on the eighteenth floor, aren't we? I once saw a man fall four stories from a window rig. Four stories were enough, too. I want to ask you one thing Calder, how can a fellow like you have such a sweet little kid.—Three minutes—well here is my plan. Simple, but rather good, I think. You walk to the window and jump. Nothing to that, is there? We'll make it a sort of game. I'll count one, two, three.

If you won't play and decide not to jump—suppose you cry out and risk a shot—well Johnny is in the car below. You remember Johnny—he was the fellow who escaped during the fire and riot last July. He had been sent up for murder—a little girl had surprised him while he was cracking a safe and he shot her—rather stupid of him, don't you think? Well, Johnny is outside in the car with—well look for yourself—the black coupe in front of the drug store—see it—I'll wave—watch—that's Johnny waving—now again—there, that's your little kid. We picked her up near the school about an hour ago. Now you know Calder, I have nothing against the kid. When Johnny sees you fall from the window the kid goes free. If I'm not back to the car in five minutes Johnny drives off. Simple, eh? I have two minutes to get to the street. Let's go, Calder. One, two, three.

—ROBERT G. BRIDGES.

One, two, three

Carl Nylesson's wedding

(Continued from page 7)

Karl! Hold on!" Karl turned and looked at him curiously, as if he did not understand him. His face was radiant, and his eyes burning, and he was laughing. "Can't you hear it?" he shouted. "Can't you hear it calling me?" He turned around again and threw back his head. Then suddenly a great blast of wind swept along the deck and carried him off the boat, tossing his body—not down into the water, as usually happens—but up, high into the storm-ridden sky.

* * *

Three days later they found his

body forty miles away, in Sogne fjord. His clothes were a little torn, but there were no open wounds, and his face looked strangely peaceful. His funeral was held at the foot of Jagesderne in Aalesund. His family and friends were there, all weeping, but the silver-haired Hilda Karenden did not come. Instead she went out on the beach and sat very still, listening to the sigh of the wind; and it seemed to her lonely heart that the mighty voice of the wind had a new voice, and that to the manifold song of the wind was added another song.

Incident in nowhere

(Continued from page 13)

"Cut it short, buddy," said the cop, "you can talk about it later."

I put the red wrap around her shoulders. She leaned close against me and I felt once more the warmth of her drifting into me. She stood so close in front of me. "Kiss me," I said.

She kissed me, and all that was in her melted completely into all that was me.

"Cut it out," said the cop.

They broke us apart. Yet as she stood there, separated from me, she held something of my spirit in her thin hands. The something within me that was imperishable passed from me to her in that brief moment. She looked at me. Her eyes were deep and bright.

"Let's get going," said the cop.

We went down the dim stairs and into the street. We went through the streets behind the sharp blare of the bell. She looked at me and smiled. I looked at her. When I looked away I could sense a bitterness rising into my mouth.

There was a scramble as we got out. There was a little alley just at

the side of the station. The policeman in front turned to speak to someone. I jumped, and ran towards the alley. I ran into it, and down its length, and ran, and ran, and ran.

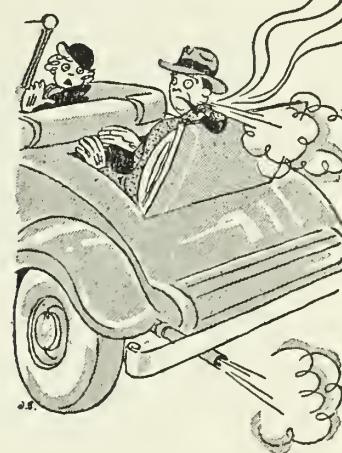
Towards the edge of town I picked up the bright glare of the rails, bits of long silver in the dullness of the night. And I dropped my feet on the ties over and over again, and walked away from the town. And I heard a freight coming from below on a long heavy up-pull. And I stepped off the right-of-way and waited till she came along side.

I reached up and felt the coldness of the steel sharp against the flesh of my hands. And I pulled myself up and climbed to the top of the car.

And the night seemed dull and black, and the swinging train crawled through the night. Something inside me was as black and bitter as the night. And I turned and watched the lights as they twinkled on and off in the dimness of the valley below.

And I thumbed my nose at the town and turned and walked along the tops of the cars towards the head of the train.

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Phantom ship

(Continued from page 3)

On the deck stood the dead, and at their head
 The slaughtered pilot steered.
 The helm was red with the blood he'd shed,
 And ghost gulls 'round him veered.

Into the night and the pale moonlight
 The phantom ship did glide,
 Herself as white—in ghostlier light
 Than ever man had spied.

In the dark hours while in the bowers
 Landsmen lie asleep,
 The ghost ship towers, like the wan lily flowers,
 Upon the crest of the deep.

And men do say in a hushéd way
 That on the clearest night
 Far from the bay can be seen the sway
 Of the ghost ship in its flight.

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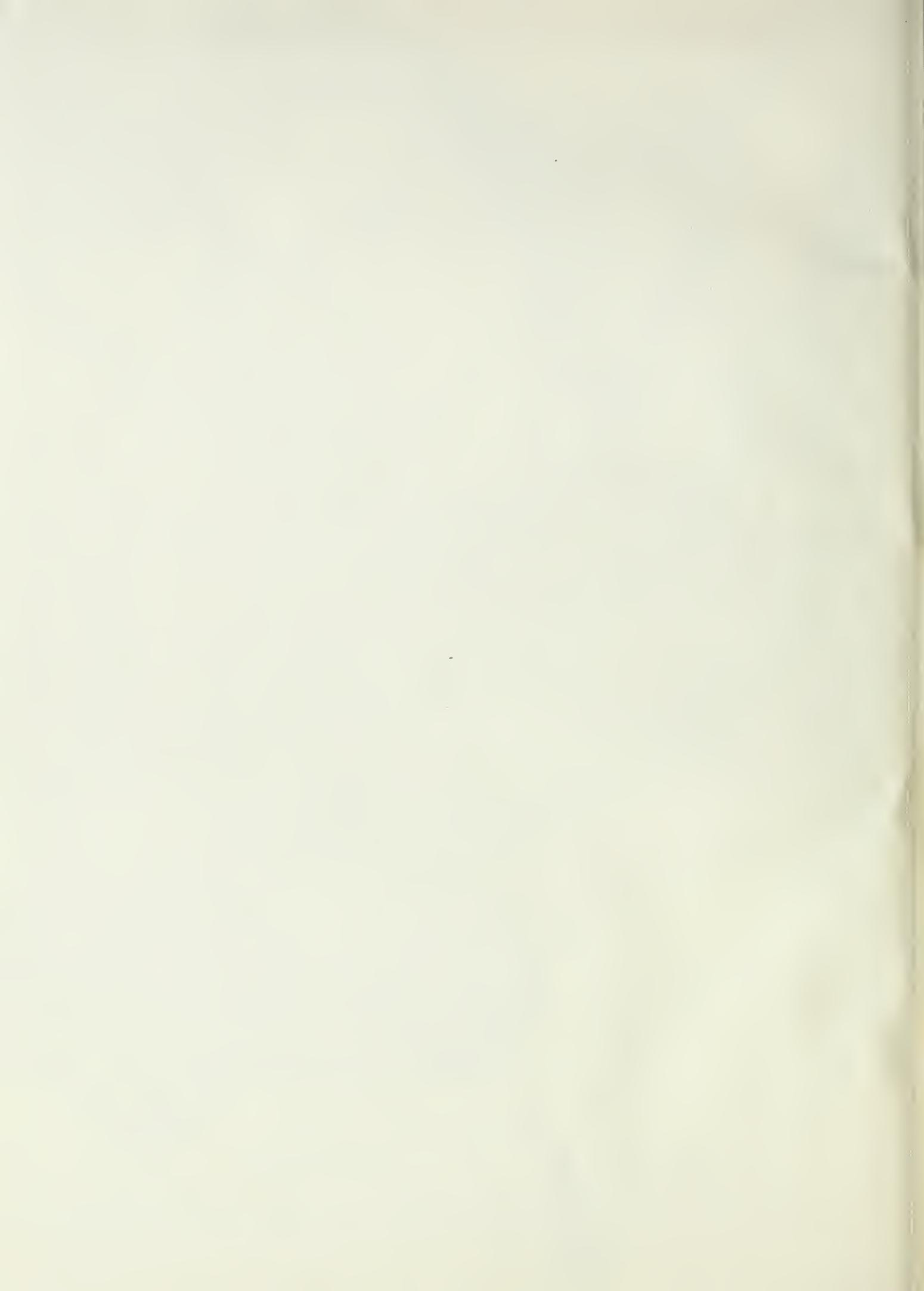
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